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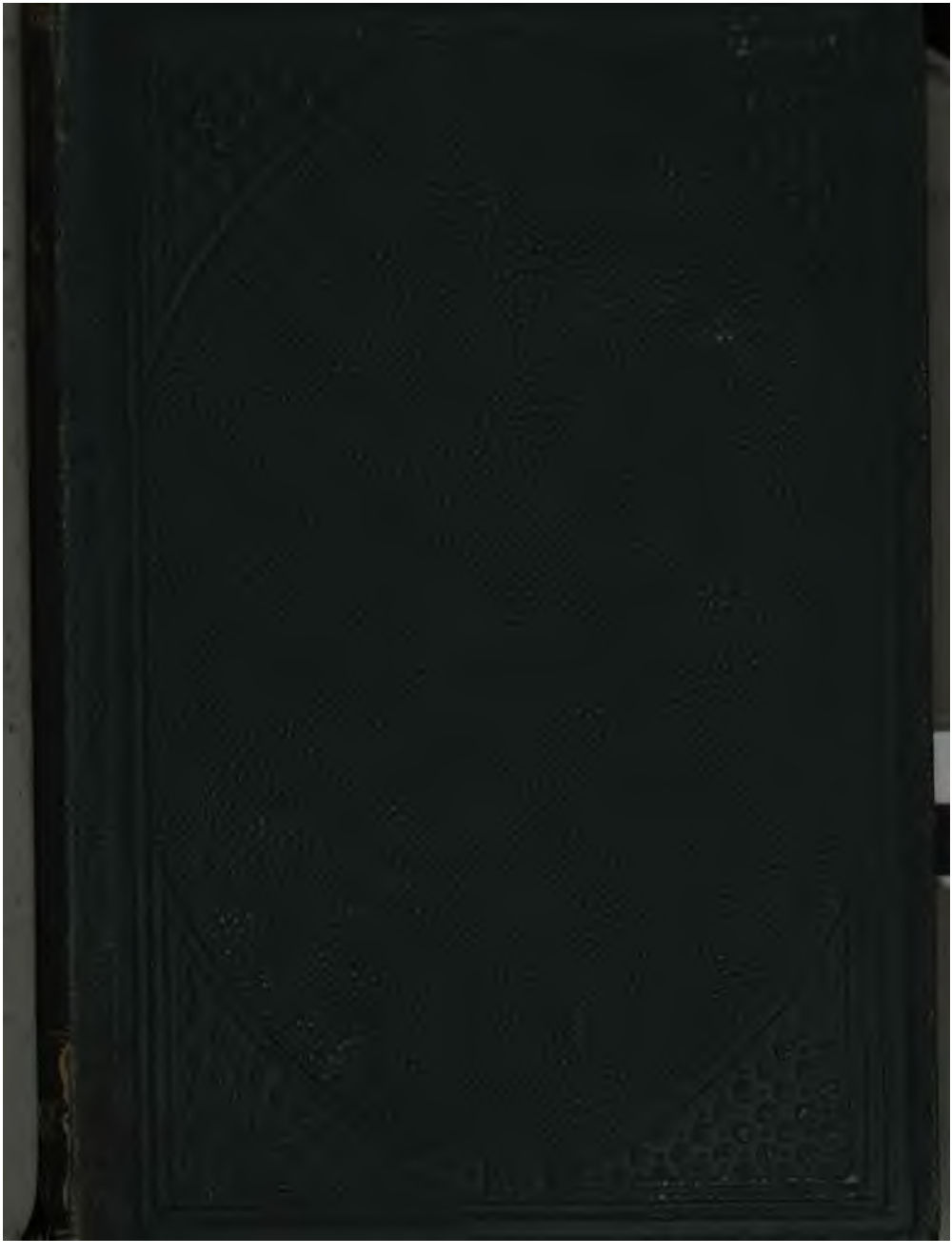

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CHINESE SCENES AND PEOPLE.

Your Loving Mrs Lovejoy
Laura

CHINESE SCENES AND PEOPLE

WITH NOTICES OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND MISSIONARY LIFE IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF CHINA

BY JANE R. EDKINS.

With Narrative of a Visit to Nanking

BY HER HUSBAND THE REV. JOSEPH EDKINS B.A.

OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY, PEKIN.

Also a Memoir by her Father

THE REV. WILLIAM STOBBS, STROMNESS.

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TO

MRS. HENDERSON OF PARK

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE INTENTION OF

THE LATE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

THE letters that are here presented to the public were written from China, during a residence of two years there. It need hardly be said, that the Authoress had not the remotest idea of their being published. It was not till after her early death that her father collected and transcribed those letters which appear in this volume. He submitted them to the consideration of some friends wholly unconnected with the family, who were pleased to speak highly of their merits, and recommended their publication.

The volume would have been issued some months ago but for the melancholy event of my father's death. The Memoir was completed, and every other necessary arrangement was made, when he was seized with sudden illness, and died in a few days. He had scarcely finished writing the touching record of the last moments of his dearly beloved daughter, when he was summoned to join her in the world of life and light.

The letters must speak for themselves, and the public must judge of their merits. The Authoress has given her own vivid impressions of China, without consulting any previous books.

More valuable, however, than sketches of scenery and people, is the ripe Christian character in one so young which they incidentally unfold. Nothing was more foreign to her modest loving heart than ostentation of any kind, especially of religious feeling. Her reticence on that subject, save to those in whose heart she trusted, was extreme, and this fact gives value to the interspersed religious remarks in her letters. They are the utterance of her heart's experience, and reveal the humility, the love, and the trustfulness of her nature, her ardent desire for usefulness, and her intense application to accomplish that desire. The letters show with what energy my sister worked to acquire the Chinese language, even when her health, never robust, was beginning to fail—her earnest wish being to speak of Jesus to the Chinese women, and become a successful Missionary amongst them.

S. S. STOBBS.

GLASGOW, *September* 1863.

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MEMOIR OF MRS. EDKINS.

MEMOIR OF MRS. EDKINS.

JANE ROWBOTHAM STOBBS was born in the United Presbyterian Manse of Stromness, Orkney, on the 28th October 1838. She was the sixth child of her parents, whose family consisted of four sons and six daughters. One of her brothers, a vigorous young man in his twenty-fourth year, and three of her sisters, all in very early life, died before her; and the other five "remain unto this present." Her maternal grandfather was the Rev. Simon Somerville of Elgin, county of Moray, who was greatly esteemed in his time as a most acceptable and useful minister of Christ. Jane bore the name of his widow, her honoured grandmother, who died about eighteen months before her, and left a Christian name which will be long fragrant in Elgin and other parts where her varied excellencies were known.

Though my daughter's life teemed with incidents towards its close, there were not many things in the early portion of it which call for special note. She was physically of somewhat slender make, and rather beneath the average height of her sex, but with an open, intelligent countenance. She had great sweetness of disposition, a remarkably warm and unselfish heart, an acute intellect, a lively imagination, and great vivacity

of spirits. Owing to a prejudice entertained by her parents against subjecting the very young mind to school discipline before the physical frame had considerably advanced, she was not put to school so early as many; but this in no way hindered her education, as home-attentions to it were early commenced. Indeed she in a manner compelled these to be given her. When she was only between three and four years of age, she took so kindly to her book that it became her very close companion, and her application was so incessant that she rapidly acquired the art of reading.

She soon began, also, to show a deep interest in many parts of Scripture level to her capacity, and made very marked progress in acquaintance with Bible characters and incidents, as well as with the elementary truths of salvation. She entered always with spirit into the devotional meetings held by her mother with the children of the manse on the Sabbath mornings after family worship. No false delicacy ought to prevent these meetings being adverted to, especially as it was in them that the God of all grace appeared first to deal effectually with her soul. Repeatedly did she speak of them in after years, and in one of her last letters home she says:—"Thank the Lord, my dear mamma, that He put it in your heart, amid your many cares, to find time for the Sabbath meetings, and for those other sweet times we so often enjoyed with you. They are my sweetest, happiest, sunniest recollections of home; and how many fond recollections have I of it!"

When it was deemed proper, Jane was sent to school, and continued there until her sixteenth year, when she

was under the necessity of leaving in consequence of severe domestic affliction. It was so ordered also in divine providence, that no opportunity was afforded her afterwards of resuming her school exercises. This, however, was less a matter of regret, as her time had been so well occupied when attending her teachers, male and female, that she had acquired a respectable amount of scholarship, though her education could not be termed a *finished* one. In addition to being well grounded in English and collateral branches, and also possessing a fair knowledge of music, drawing, etc., she was a respectable Latinist, being able to translate Virgil and some other of the Roman classics with comparative ease, while she also understood French, and a little of Italian.

Jane's tastes now appearing decidedly literary, it was thought right to gratify them by giving her access to a public library in town. This, which she readily seized on and diligently improved, brought her into acquaintance with a number of the eminent writers of our country, and tended greatly to the expanding of her mental powers.

About her fifteenth year my daughter was admitted into membership with the church, after giving evidence of having "chosen that good part which cannot be taken away." The fearful condition of the heathen, in being "without God and without hope," made a deep impression on her about this time, and she frequently expressed the desire that a way might open up for her to aid in acquainting them with the way of salvation. This, there is reason to believe, was more immediately the result of the deeply interesting services of the mis-

sionary anniversaries of the congregation, in which the various ministers who attended on such occasions advocated the claims of the heathen. Her parents at first paid no particular heed to what she was wont to say about her longing after missionary life, thinking the feelings expressed by her would pass away with the lapse of a few years at most; but, as the event showed, these feelings were too deeply seated, and too carefully watched over by the Head of the Church to admit of this. It became apparent afterwards that this formed part of the preparatory training for her taking her life in her hand, and going forth so willingly on the work of evangelizing the world.

Reference has been made to her being required to leave school sooner than was intended. This was in consequence of the heavy, and as it proved, long-continued affliction of her mother, brought on by the shock she sustained on the sudden and unlooked-for death of our eldest son. Jane, with characteristic devotedness, gave herself at once to what she saw to be her duty in the circumstances. She relinquished her habit of reading and the society of her young female comrades, and expended her whole time and energies in ministering to the comfort of her sorely afflicted parent. It will not soon be forgotten by those who had an opportunity of witnessing her self-denying labours, how assiduous these were, combined with such unvarying affection, respect, and wisdom, as commanded universal admiration. This, to her young mind, though a season of great trial, was evidently one also of great spiritual benefit. Nor was it an unprofitable time to the best interests of her

parent. This young disciple of the maternal meetings rehearsed to her former instructor many of those precious Christian hymns from the Olney collection and other sources, which had been stored up in her memory at these meetings, and refreshed her saddened spirit in return with them. Her apt use of Scripture, moreover, and especially of its promises and encouragements, with a view to sustain and comfort the sorrowful heart of her mother, was frequently such as to show where her own mind was seeking to be upheld and cheered during these dark days of domestic trial. No doubt, too, the Lord rendered the dispensation subservient to the better maturing of her mind for the important work she was ere long to be occupied with in the far-distant East.

On the ordination of her eldest surviving brother over the then newly-formed United Presbyterian congregation of Ardrossan, Ayrshire, on the 22d of December 1857, Jane went to reside with him, her mother's state of health being somewhat improved by this time, and her younger sister being now able to supply her place at home. This movement proved an eventful one to her. First of all, it gave her an opportunity of resuming her former habit of reading, which she was careful to turn to account under her brother's superintendence. By means of this, and the other advantages she possessed while there, she was enabled to add very materially to her former stock of knowledge.

Her facility and power in letter-writing first became manifest to us during her stay at Ardrossan. All the incidents passing within the range of her knowledge in the course of the week were chronicled with such life

and graphic representation as greatly to interest, and frequently to amuse. Her Monday's letters were invariably of a very serious cast, having reference to the sacred employments of the preceding Sabbath. In these were generally such full notices of the discourses delivered, and such pertinent remarks on them, as obviously showed an enlarging acquaintance with divine truth, as well as a cordial relish for it. While remaining at Ardrossan she was visited by a severe illness, which at one time threatened serious consequences ; but the Lord, who had more to do with her in the land of the living, mercifully brought her out of it. She often spoke with lively gratitude of the great kindness shown to her by attached female friends during that trying period. One of them, Mrs. Williamson, wife of the Rev. Alexander Williamson, missionary from China, then residing in the neighbourhood for the benefit of his health—writing to Mrs. Stobbs, on the death of our lamented daughter, reverted with much feeling to her mental exercises at the time of apprehended danger, and spoke of her strong faith in the Redeemer. It is hoped her affliction was a time of soul quickening to her, and that she could truthfully employ those words of an eminent believer frequently quoted,—"It was good for me that I was afflicted."

I now pass on to an important era in the history of my daughter, viz., to her acquaintance with the excellent man and zealous missionary, who shortly afterwards became her husband. The Rev. Joseph Edkins, of the London Missionary Society, who had laboured ten years in the mission field at Shanghai, was at that

time on a visit to England. Coming down to Scotland to spend a few weeks with his friends, he became acquainted with the young minister of the United Presbyterian Church, Ardrossan, and his sister, and soon formed such an attachment for the latter as to solicit her hand in marriage.

This, on being communicated to her parents, in connexion with the fact that she favoured Mr. Edkins' suit, and was willing to go with him provided she obtained our consent, was the cause of extreme perplexity and trial. We did not overlook the claims which the Redeemer had on us and our daughter. Nor were we insensible of the honour of having one of our family engaged in the noblest of all employments, that of a missionary of the Cross among the heathen, and being allied in marriage with one of high Christian character and attainments, and who had earned for himself a distinguished name as a Chinese scholar, and, better still, as a conscientious, able, and successful missionary. But then there were other considerations. Our daughter was of comparatively tender years; she was an object of very peculiar affection, not only on account of her loveable qualities, but of the singularly wise, affectionate, and unflagging attention to her mother during her protracted illness, there was the dread of her constitution yielding before the trying climate of China; and there was the fear that the trial of separation, which might probably be a final one, would tell crushingly on her mother's feelings, when she was still in a delicate state of health, though happily recovering. These, and similar considerations, made it very difficult to say, "Go,

and may the God of thy parents go with thee, and bless thee." In course of time, however, seeing what responsibility was to be encountered were we to oppose what appeared in all the circumstances to be of Divine ordering, we were enabled in some measure to say, "The will of the Lord be done."

The marriage was celebrated at Stromness, on the 7th of February 1859. After spending a few weeks in Orkney, she and her husband left towards the close of March, being detained more than a week in Kirkwall waiting the steamer from Lerwick, the weather being particularly boisterous at the time. During their stay there, they, along with Mrs. Edkins' parents and youngest sister, were guests of the Rev. Dr. Paterson, an old and very warm friend of the family, and for whom Mrs. Edkins ever cherished a reverential and affectionate regard, from her earliest childhood to the close of her eventful life. On reaching Granton, after a stormy passage, and spending a few days in Edinburgh, they passed through to Glasgow, availing themselves of the kind invitation of the Rev. Dr. Robson and his excellent lady to remain with them while in that city. Their sojourn in the western metropolis was a source of mutual enjoyment to themselves and their friends; but Mr. Edkins' time being somewhat limited, as he was preparing for the press his work on *The Religious Condition of the Chinese*, it was necessarily of short continuance. They now went south to London, where they resided with Mr. Edkins' relatives, until the time of their sailing for Shanghai, with the exception of two or three weeks, which they spent in France, chiefly in Paris.

Mrs. Edkins' pen during all this time was busy narrating what scenes and events came under her observation, and giving expression to many thoughts worthy of being preserved; but as the letters of that period have no connexion with the object of this publication, they have no place among those which are herewith submitted to the public. The time now came for her bidding farewell to England, and, as it turned out, a final farewell. This was a peculiarly trying time to her feelings, but the Lord sustained her wonderfully. What most afflicted her, was the thought of leaving her fervently-loved mother in a delicate state of health. Writing to her eldest sister on the eve of sailing, she said, "O how my heart is wrung when I think of dear mamma."

She bore the parting with her brother, the minister, the only one of the family who could go up to London ere they left, with remarkable fortitude. She and Mr. Edkins sailed for Shanghai on the 1st of June 1859, in the ship "Beemah," Captain Pickerwell commander.

Among the passengers who went out to China with them were the Rev. Mr. Cowie and Mrs. Cowie, Mrs. Knoop, whose husband was in business at Shanghai, and a Mr. Dunn from Glasgow. The weather being unusually mild after they put to sea, the vessel lay becalmed in the Channel for a number of days, during which we had several letters from her; but soon a long silence ensued, from which we hoped she and her husband and all on board were speeding on prosperously towards their destination.

The first land touched at was Anger, in Java, whence

she despatched a most interesting journal of the voyage up to that time, in which were recorded numerous passing occurrences, with observations of natural phenomena, etc., written with such ease and graphic power as to form a most readable medley of a three-months' voyage.

As the notices of Anger present some interesting views both of the place and people, as well as furnish a fair specimen of Mrs. Edkins' manner of writing, I shall here insert them :—

"OFF ANGER, JAVA, ON BOARD THE 'BEEMAH,'
20*th August* 1859.

"We reached Anger early yesterday morning. With what joyful feelings we hurried on deck to look at this long-talked-of little place. I had pictured a straggling, irregular village—anything but beautiful—and what was my surprise to gaze on a very Eden! What an exquisite scene! I shall never forget it. We were still outside the bay beating up against a strong tide, so that we had full time to examine its beauties. There it lay before us, its rich green trees and lofty hills seen dimly through the morning mist. Mr. Edkins and I sat and watched until we saw the mist gather up and pass slowly away, first from soft green grass, then from shady tree, and last, but finest of all, from the tops of those lovely hills crowned with rich foliage. There was something exceedingly new and fresh in this living scene, with all the soft dews of morning glistening over it, and the first sweet rays of a summer's sun gilding its hills.

"My heart felt, O how warm and joyous this morning, with such exquisite scenery to gaze on, and the fond, fond hope that many dear letters were awaiting me there! How earnestly I longed to see the captain's gig slip down from the ship's side with the rowers in it; but I had to restrain my impatience. Before we dropped anchor we saw two native boats advancing

to us. Steadily they came through the waters, and long before they were alongside we heard '*ho, ho,*' '*ho, ho,*' a peculiar sort of sound they utter at each stroke of the oar. At the helm of one stood evidently the principal man, his head wrapt up in a turban spotted black and white, while from underneath it escaped a quantity of black curly hair. His eyes were large, very black, and rather glassy-looking. His features were heavy and coarse, and his complexion a sort of nut-brown. His dress consisted of blue cotton trousers and a frock-shirt. On his little finger he wore a leaden ring with a dull grey stone in it. As they ran alongside he sprang nimbly from the boat, and after a little scrambling presented himself on the poop to our wondering gaze. He scarcely looked at all at us ladies, though Mrs. Cowie, who was rejoicing in a fresh pink muslin gown, Mrs. Knoop in a light grey one, and myself in brown of the same material, and all in brown hats and black veils, looked captivating enough for a poor Malay to be mesmerised ; but without bestowing a single glance, Casson, as he called himself, after a sagacious look round, readily picked out our captain, and, with a low bow, introduced himself.

" While he was busily negotiating with the captain, we examined the boat and these poor Malays in it. One, a sweet little boy of ten, with large, lustrous, speaking eyes, greatly attracted us. The rest of the crew really looked very uninteresting. One of them especially was a great tobacco chewer, and from a sort of pouch took a handful of that extraordinary weed, and, after first rubbing it all over his teeth, set to work and chewed in style. He opened his mouth wide, so that we could not fail to see the whole operation. Another was haranguing the sailors, and whining piteously for 'old clo.' They could all speak a little English. As the captain could not take us all in his boat, he made an agreement with the natives to carry on shore the rest of the passengers. He had kindly promised me weeks before that I should go with him ; however, when the time came, I preferred the native boat, and, after a pleasant sail of a few minutes, we entered the little

'Kannash' at Anger, and the boat ran alongside stone steps, and in another second Mr. Edkins and I were almost dancing on the green sward.

"It was now about nine in the morning, and the sun was not quite so strong as it gets afterwards—all the pleasanter for us. Underneath the shelter of a magnificent banian tree that would vie with, if not tower over, England's proudest oak, or Scotland's sturdiest elm, were grouped many of the natives, women and men, with but a slight covering to guard them from the hot rays of a vertical sun. I felt very sorry for them—poor people. I think I could almost have pitched my tent cheerfully among them, if this had been Mr. Edkins' sphere. O how delightful it must be to the missionary to watch that stupid, vacant stare changed into the intelligent, beaming countenance touched and warmed by the Saviour's love! I think I never so fully realized the missionary work until I gazed on that group of poor Malays; and what a glorious work it is! I felt thankful that my husband was a missionary, and that I was to labour with him, though with these feelings others I own were mingled. I felt myself, for the first time, on a foreign soil, far, far from home, and the dearly loved ones there; still I was happy and joyful, only all anxiety about my letters.

"We went, as we thought, straight to the governor's, but being misunderstood, and not having the captain with us, we had gone into the Dutch fort. We crossed a narrow little bridge, and gained a fine large open gate, beside which were two soldiers in uniform. We went through flowers, and hedges, and beautiful green trees, until we came to a long, large bungalow, with all the doors thrown open. A fine-looking youth of five-and-twenty was seated in a large airy office, and we were all grouped on the verandah. He politely rose, came forward and spoke, but nobody understood Dutch. Mr. Edkins was spokesman, and tried French. Directly he answered, and led the way into a large deliciously cool room, where we ladies got seated on delightful easy-chairs. It was such a treat to sink down in one of them after our walk in the hot sun. Cigars

were then produced for the gentlemen. Mr. Edkins now told him we were from England, and expected letters here. Before he could answer, another gentlemanly fellow came into the room. He was the doctor, and knew English very well. He told us we must go to the harbour-master, and directed us where to find him. Mr. Edkins asked for news from China and Europe, and we then heard a short account of that fearful battle in Italy. We all rose, and after wishing them good morning, hurried away for our letters, hoping to get papers now as well.

"I was counting up to my husband how very many letters I should have, when I heard a voice call, 'Mrs. Edkins, there are no letters for you!' My whole heart sunk within me. It was Mr. O'Collogan, one of our fellow-passengers, that called out. He, along with the captain's party, were making purchases in a china shop. I could not believe him, and said, 'It cannot be, I must have letters.' I thought they might have done it to tease me, as I was so intent on getting word from home, but the captain assured me there were none. Oh, what a bitter disappointment! Anger, the beautiful Eden, seemed overspread with gloom. Mr. Edkins and I separated from the rest, and I laboured hard to compose myself. We took a stroll beneath the shady trees, and I first tried to get cross with everybody at home, but that only made me more unhappy. He persuaded me it was the quick passage we had made that was the cause of all, and comforted me by picturing only a fortnight's more sailing, and the budget waiting us at Shanghai. I cheered up, and endeavoured again to see the lovely Anger of the morning, but it wouldn't look quite the same. I know my own vexed heart was the cause, for the exquisite scenery of that place had made a deep impression on me.

"Mr. Edkins and I wandered about alone, and this was a luxury you will better understand when I mention that we never can be alone on board ship. Those in the next berth overhear, at least if they listen, all we talk about, and on deck there are always eaves-droppers. We wandered to the Ma-

hometan mosque. It is a small building embowered in trees. All these poor Malays are Mahometans, and worship there. We tried to get into the interior, but the doors were shut. We still went on, and stumbled on a group of natives at tea. Some of them inclined their heads as we passed. They were all squatted on the earthen floor, under a verandah formed of trees, drinking tea. Several very aged women, some young, and a whole band of little brown children formed the party. I was amused at the table arrangement—table they had none, but the floor, and cups and saucers like what Maggie and I used when we were little things ; then what seemed preserved ginger, though in very small quantities, then two or three very diminutive tea-pots. The old people drank out of the cups, and the wee things from the saucers. It was the first time I had ever been the spectator of such a simple primitive tea-party, and we walked slowly past. We saw several more at tea, and got a glimpse from a verandah of a beautifully clean, airy bungalow, with couches and mattings in Chinese style.

"We now went in search of shops to buy a fan. The shops are all kept by Chinamen, and if you had only seen how their faces brightened when Mr. Edkins addressed them in their mother tongue ! How different from home ; we went all round the inside of the shop, indeed wherever we chose, and actually Mr. Edkins coolly took the money-box and counted out his change, after paying for my fan *whole sixpence !* In nearly all of these shops we saw a likeness of the Chinese divinity, *Kwan Yen*, and Chinese characters all round it. We then went in search of our party, and found the captain in a great hurry to be off. We all gathered on the pier ; still we had a few minutes, and Mr. Edkins and I recrossed the little bridge, and got a bouquet of lovely flowers from the Dutchman. We returned, and sought shelter from the burning sun under the ample shade afforded by the banian tree. The natives were gathering round from all directions to make something from the English. Mr. Edkins purchased a pair of beautiful little parrakeets for me, and a cage. He paid some half-a-crown for

the whole. Mrs. Cowie also bought some, and two large cages.

"We were now ready to start again. It was with a lingering step I re-entered the boat. I would fain have stayed and climbed some of those glorious hills with my husband, but the captain was urgent, and the boat pushed off, laden now with fruit, vegetables, and eggs. It seemed like coming back to an old friend, too, as we gained the side of the 'Beemah;' and if I had only had my budget of letters, I should joyfully almost again have returned to my cabin. As it was, it was with weary step; and what with the disappointment and excitement of the morning, I was fairly overcome, and sitting down on the floor, got my head buried into something, and had a hearty cry. I was soon obliged, however, to stir myself up, for one came in with first pananas, then pine apples, then tamarinds, Mr. Edkins' purchases." . . . . .

The disappointment felt by my daughter on finding no letters from home awaiting her at Anger, was greatly heightened by her solicitude about her mother's delicate state of health, and it is matter of regret to us that we did not calculate on the possibility of the "Beemah" touching there, and by sending letters thither prevent the painful experience adverted to by her; but as we were led to believe, when they left England, that it was a matter of great uncertainty whether they would touch at Anger, we thought it preferable to address the letters to her at Shanghai, which we did; but the voyage being a speedy one, the mail unhappily did not arrive there until a few days after the "Beemah," and hence a repetition of the disappointment. All this, however, was comfortably got over by the welcome appearance of the home budget along with the mail.

On arriving at Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. Edkins met

with a very warm reception from all in the London Mission, as well as from other friends. Mr. Edkins' intention on leaving Britain was to settle at Pekin, or as near to it as possible, should the relations of the Chinese government with ours admit; but he found on reaching Shanghai that this was impossible in the unsettled state of affairs, and consequently set himself to the work of the Mission at Shanghai, preaching to the native population in the city, taking his turn with his brethren in the English services in the chapel, conducting classes for religious instruction, going out to the surrounding towns in boats and preaching to the inhabitants, distributing copies of the Scriptures, religious tracts, etc.

In many of these boat excursions his wife accompanied him, and having her portfolio always with her, she sketched the scenes, and recorded the events on the moment, as they passed under her eye. Not a few of the letters in the first two sections will be found to be associated with these boat excursions. Immediately after getting her house in order at Shanghai, she resumed the study of the Chinese, which she had commenced on board the "Beemah." She applied her mind both to the colloquial dialect of the district and to the written language, and continued to persevere at both with remarkable diligence. She felt that until she became acquainted with the language of the people, she could be of little use comparatively to the Mission; and this consideration bore her vigorously through many of her difficulties. As soon as she found herself able to convey her sentiments in Chinese, she began to collect a

number of Chinese children, whom she formed into a class, committing the charge of their general scholarship to a competent female convert, and herself superintending the little seminary, regularly visiting it, and telling the pupils what her yet limited stock of Chinese enabled her respecting the person, love, and work of the Saviour. On this becoming known to an excellent Christian lady in the West of Scotland, a liberal remittance was forwarded to assist in defraying the consequent expenses of the Juvenile Institution. This, taken in connexion with the kind terms in which the benefactress of these poor Chinese pupils conveyed her donation, had a most encouraging influence on Mrs. Edkins' ardent mind. Though the reader of these letters will, doubtless, mark numerous indications of a pious state of heart on the part of the writer, yet an extract or two from a short journal kept by her, and sent home by her husband since her death, will not be devoid of interest. The first bears date, "Shanghai, 8th January 1860," and runs thus :—

"Another year has passed. To enter on a new year aright, great solemnity of spirit is needful. Lord, help me to live for Christ this year, and daily to keep this in view. Help me, my Father, to give *all* my heart to missionary work. I give thee thanks that thou hast permitted me to be one of thy labourers, however humble an one. This past year has been a most eventful one to me. I have given myself to serve Christ in a foreign field. Lord, accept me as one of thy servants, and give me strength yet to tell of a Saviour's love to many a poor heathen. Give me humility to think less of self and more of heaven. May I feel daily that this is not my rest, and that here I would not always stay. Help me to say

trustingly, 'Heaven is my home.' Help me to act in accordance with *all* those feelings which are now in my heart. Another year has gone by! How has it been spent? My Father, forgive me for my many sins. The *wish* has been strong to serve Christ, but, alas! the performance. Aid me in this incoming year to *perform* for thee, and may I influence some to think of Christ. Be with those among the heathen whose hearts are moved and touched by what they have heard; and, my Father, perfect the work thou hast begun. Grant me strength always to speak of Christ in all my behaviour, and let me be more holy in mind."

On the 16th of March, there is the following entry in her journal:—

"Lord, keep me near thee, close under thy sheltering wing. Keep this straying, worldly heart near the 'Rock of ages.' How sweet the promise, 'I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on me, because he trusteth in me.' In all my resolves for the future, in all my studies, in all my duties as a wife and a missionary, Lord, guide me. May I be enabled to leave all cares at the feet of Jesus. May I oftener seek the mercy-seat in prayer. So enable my heart, O God.

"One month and another, and well-nigh another of this year have fled. Let me ask my soul, Has it been drawn closer to Jesus? . . . Were it not for his wonderful love, what should become of us? As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his mercies, and his loving-kindnesses. How precious, sweet, and consoling is the love of God! Is it not to be prized higher, oh how much higher, than any earthly distinction? It would be well if we could see many coming out from among the worldly and ungodly to praise the Redeemer. Great is the privilege of the preacher who proclaims the name of Jesus. This is not woman's sphere. If it were, her heart would surely overflow with love to Christ when thus

engaged. Lord God, help me now to do what in me lies to honour thy name, and tell of thy love to those with whom I meet, always making the love of Christ appear in my daily life. Conquer in me, my God, that mistaken delicacy that would prevent me from doing this, if it be thy will. . . . Oh, for that mind to be found in me which was also in Christ Jesus. Keep me from wishing too much the praise of men. May I think far, far more of what will please my Father in heaven. When I look into myself, I hurry from the contemplation, so discontented am I at what I see. O Lord God, instead of this, give me strength steadily to look at *all* my faults, and, with divine assistance, uproot them."

Both her own and her husband's health began to be so impaired in the spring of 1860, that it was deemed expedient they should have recourse to a change of climate for a time. Accordingly, on learning that there was a vessel about to sail for Amoy, some five hundred miles to the south, and that they could have a free passage, they gladly availed themselves of it. And after making a voyage thither, and spending a few weeks with the missionary brethren in that town, residing while there under the hospitable roof of the Rev. John Stronach, whose kindness, with that of his family, and also the attentions of the other mission families, their letters acknowledge in most grateful terms, they felt themselves greatly recruited, and now only waited a conveyance to return to Shanghai, and resume their respective duties. Here they experienced considerable disappointment in not being able to obtain a passage without sailing as far south as Hong-Kong, thence back again past Amoy, and on towards Shanghai. There was one alleviating consideration at least connected with this, it would en-

able them to see Dr. Legge, Mr. Edkins' friend and fellow-labourer, and others belonging to the Mission there. It so happened, however, that when they reached Hong-Kong, they had not more than a few hours before they required to re-embark. Except a reference or two, I find nothing special among her letters respecting what she witnessed at this southern part of China. They arrived safely at Shanghai in improved health, after an absence of about five weeks, and after having sailed fully two thousand miles along the Chinese coast.

Mr. Edkins found that during their temporary sojourn in the South, the Insurgents had been making considerable progress. They had among other places made themselves masters of Soochow, an immensely populous city, about eighty miles from Shanghai; and the fearful carnage which accompanied their onward advances spread terror on all hands among the Chinese. Having at that time, in common with some of his brethren, a favourable view of the religious opinions and character of several of the leaders of the Insurgents, and believing them friendly to foreigners, especially to Christian missionaries, he and a few others formed the purpose to visit the chiefs at Soochow, and to ascertain on the spot both their views of Christianity, and whether missionaries could have access to disseminate divine truth more widely among them. Accordingly they left Shanghai, and after passing many sad scenes of desolation, reached Soochow, where they were very courteously received. On their way thither, Mr. Edkins despatched a letter to the Kan-Wang at Nankin, apprising him of their visit and its objects. This led the Kan-Wang, who had been

formerly well acquainted with Mr. Edkins at Shanghai, to set out immediately for Soochow in the hope of meeting him; but the latter and his brethren having left before his arrival, he forwarded a letter, couched in most respectful and urgent terms, to the effect that it would afford him much gratification if Mr. Edkins would return forthwith to Soochow, and instruct him more perfectly in the way of salvation. Accordingly, Mr. Edkins and his companions lost no time in paying a second visit to the Insurgents at Soochow, where he had highly interesting interviews with the Kan-Wang. On both occasions, Mrs. Edkins felt it a trial to part with her husband amidst such circumstances not unaccompanied with the prospect of danger; believing, however, that duty called him, she consented ungrudgingly, and was wonderfully sustained in his absence.

Not long after Mr. Edkins' second return from Soochow, the Insurgents made an attack on Shanghai, but were repulsed. On that eventful day all was consternation in the city, the natives flying in all directions, and only the foreigners maintaining anything like firmness. Mrs. Edkins was in such a precarious state of health at the time as to be closely confined to bed; and though it had been to save her life, could not have been removed to the ships for safety. Still, the Lord's kindness was remarkably displayed towards her, for though she heard the booming of the cannon, and was aware of the bursting of the shells at no great distance, yet her mind was kept in comparative peace.

These times of excitement, though they happily passed over, left certain injurious consequences both on

her and her husband. Partly owing to them, and partly to the effects of her late severe and dangerous illness, her strength was very considerably weakened. Mr. Edkins had been subjected to much anxiety, and both now seriously contemplated a change, where they might find a more friendly climate, and also a temporary sphere of labour, until the hoped-for success of our arms in the north should enable them to proceed to Pekin. What stimulated Mr. Edkins more forcibly to adopt such a course was the overcrowding of missionaries at Shanghai, both American and British, where facilities for carrying on the work were greatly narrowed in consequence of the movements of the Insurgents.

The question now presented itself, therefore, where should he attempt a new sphere of missionary effort, combining the advantages of congenial climate and promise of success? Chefoo, in the province of Shantung, a town about five hundred miles north from Shanghai, and at that time the rendezvous of the French troops, appeared the most eligible. On intimating this to his devoted wife, she assented without hesitancy, though she foresaw at once, that in everything, except in the matter of climate, their comforts there would be few as compared with those possessed by them where they were.

Chefoo, which lies on the margin of the sea, is overshadowed by an extensive mountain-range. The manners and employments of the people differ vastly from those at Shanghai and neighbourhood. When about to remove thither, Mr. Edkins, who had previously made himself acquainted with the character of the climate,

physical appearance of the country, pursuits and customs of the inhabitants, wrote—"We both needed a better climate than the autumn ague-season of Shanghai. I was fearing much for my dearest Jeanie. Now, I do fondly hope, she will get strong and vigorous in the keen mountain-air of Shantung. It is a noble mountainous province, open for missionary effort, or just opening. We shall see in it a new phase of Chinese life. Wheat for rice, Indian corn for cotton, mountaineers for rice-cultivators, ponies and mules instead of boats, mule-sedans instead of sedans borne by coolies. I am sure all this will make Jeanie's pen fly over the paper, and I hope that a gracious Providence will prepare a way for us, so that we may obtain our object, and secure a residence on shore."

Having arranged with a brother-missionary to accompany them, and taking with them one of the experienced native converts, and a supply of Chinese Scriptures and tracts, they set sail for Chefoo on the 27th of September 1860, and reached it in about eight days. The vessel in which they sailed being chartered for the Peiho, where the allied fleet was at the time, had of course to go direct north with its cargo, and no house being obtainable by the missionaries when they arrived at Chefoo, what were they to do? Out of this dilemma they were promptly and kindly extricated by Captain M'Donald of the "British Empire," who invited them on board, and treated them with the greatest hospitality until they obtained a residence on shore. In their letters of that date, and afterwards, they make very grateful mention of Captain M'D.'s disinterested attentions. It is

but justice to that gentleman—a native of Greenock, we have been given to understand, and a member of one of the Free Church congregations there—that publicity should be given to such well-timed and valuable assistance to the cause of missions, as an example to others of the seafaring profession.

It was not without difficulty that a house could be got, and that one scarcely habitable. But, in course of time, a better one cast up, along with premises for a temporary chapel, and anon the new cause began to awaken interest not only among the population around, but among others inhabiting the mountains, who were first apprised of it by individuals of their number frequenting the markets at Chefoo. The privations to which Mrs. Edkins was subjected here were such as would have overpowered many minds placed in her position, but hers rose with heroism to meet and overcome them. The miserable state of their dwelling for a time, the stupidity of the servants, the total want of female society, the long intervals between the arrival of the mails bringing intelligence from Britain, and even from her friends at Shanghai,—these, and other drawbacks, were borne with singular fortitude. What added to her other difficulties, was the necessity of her acquiring the colloquial dialect of Shantung (the Mandarin), as the Shanghai dialect, with which she was now pretty familiar, was of no use in her new sphere of action. This she did not shrink from, but applied herself in earnest to it, and also prosecuted the study of the written language. Her mind, amidst all these discouraging circumstances, was cheered with the prospect of being

ultimately useful among her own sex in China, and by the actual progress which the mission was already making through the labours of her husband, and Mr. Innocent, his coadjutor.

An extract from her Sabbath-day's musings, written about two months after she went to Chefoo, will serve to indicate the source of her comfort amid her privations, and her longing after usefulness, and the conversion of the Chinese around:—

"*November 26th*, 1860.—'My meditation of him shall be sweet.' Oh that this soul-cheering promise may be mine—*my* meditation. It is my most earnest wish and desire to love God, and to be a zealous missionary for him in China. Oh that the Lord may grant me the desire of my heart, give me strength to master the language, and, with aid from above, tell the story of a Saviour's love to these poor Chinese. Many a time my heart yearns with love to them, and earnestly do I long and wish to talk to them, but I must have patience. My earnest wish and prayer is that I may be of some use to my Saviour's cause in China, may bring some *one* to the feet of Jesus. May my faith burn bright and strong, and may my meditation of him be sweet! Lord, help me to dedicate all my powers to thee, my Lord, and my God. Enable me to say, *my* Lord, and my God. A deep, holy joy overspreads the soul when the Lord is indeed our God. May the Holy Spirit descend and abide in this cold, worldly heart, and make it more like what thou wouldst have it to be. Another week has passed, and its cares and its trials too. Truly this is not our home. We've no abiding city here. This is the wilderness, and many a thorny path and a dreary way have we to pass, but Canaan is before us, the land of promise, and it is ours. All our little grievances will soon be over, and oh the joy, the happiness of being *for ever* with the Lord! Would that I could say this past week has been well spent, but I have not

studied enough, nor prayed enough. Little troubles have vexed me, and I have fretted over them, instead of bringing them to Jesus. Lord, grant me a double portion of answer to prayer, and give me more earnestness in prayer. Lord, guide me always to do what is right; and oh may I give myself now and for ever to the service of Christ. May the week be spent in doing something for thee, and for thy cause, and may my meditation of him be sweet. And, O Lord, bless my dear husband; strengthen him with all might in the inner man. Help him to spend and be spent for Christ. Uphold him in his arduous work. Speak words of comfort and joy to his soul, and greatly bless his labours in thy vineyard."

Owing to the hilly nature of the country around Chefoo, she found it impossible to go far inland on foot, and became desirous to acquire the art of riding on horseback. She had two objects in this, viz., that she might be better able to prove of use to the females in the neighbourhood, as soon as she knew their language, and enlarge her acquaintance with the scenery and manners of the people. The almost complete isolation from female society to which she had been subjected for months was happily terminated early in spring by the arrival of several missionaries with their wives. While this rendered Chefoo far more desirable as a place of residence, Mr. Edkins, who had only chosen it as a temporary sphere of labour, began to see his way open up in Providence, by the signing of the Treaty with the Chinese Government, for settling permanently at Tientsin.

While Mr. Edkins was contemplating removal to the north, a pressing invitation reached him from one of the Insurgent chiefs, that he and some of his fellow-labourers

would select Nankin, the capital of the Rebels, as their sphere of missionary effort. This, along with an intimation which he received shortly afterwards, that Admiral Hope was going up the Yangtse-Kiang, and that he had offered a free passage to any of the missionaries who chose to avail themselves of it, led him to form the purpose of visiting Nankin, and of endeavouring to obtain an interview with the Rebel chief there, to ascertain with what prospects of security and success a mission could be commenced in that city. Accordingly, leaving the promising station at Chefoo in the hands of a brother missionary, he and his wife, accompanied by their esteemed friend, the Rev. Mr. John (now of Hankow), returned to Shanghai, in hope of arriving before the expedition set sail. In this, however, they were disappointed, as it had left two days before they reached. In the course of less than a fortnight, Mr. Edkins and a small party of missionaries engaged two boats, and accomplished their object of visiting Nankin, by way of Soochow. Though the result was not so encouraging as had been anticipated, still Mr. Edkins had serious thoughts for a time of attempting a mission at Nankin, but a combination of reasons led him ultimately to decide on Tientsin. It is superfluous to add, that parting with her husband on what was deemed a hazardous journey to Nankin, was another trying circumstance in Mrs. Edkins' brief history; but regarding it, as she did in the former instances, as a call in Divine providence on him to go, she was enabled to make the sacrifice with confidence that his great Master would throw his shield over him. It deserves also to be here recorded,

that she held herself in readiness to settle at Nankin, Tientsin, or elsewhere, as the Lord might point out in his providence. She had given herself to the work of Christ along with her husband, and sought to have *her* will in entire subordination to the Divine will, as to where they might be summoned to serve him.

Mr. Edkins having now resolved to go north and settle at Tientsin, about a hundred miles from Pekin, the latter city being not yet opened to Protestant missionaries, he and Mrs. Edkins, and Mr. and Mrs. Innocent, of the Wesleyan mission, embarked in a small American vessel bound for the Peiho, and after a tedious and very perilous passage, they reached Taku, from which they found their way up to Tientsin, by an exhausting mode of conveyance on land. Measures were at once taken to secure a house and premises for preaching, but as some considerable time elapsed before the house could be made habitable, they enjoyed the hospitality of an English gentleman, Mr. Henderson, to whom they had letters of introduction, and whom they found peculiarly attentive and kind.

Mr. Edkins lost no time in commencing mission work, and the cause began speedily to promise well. He and his wife were feeling much at home in Tientsin. The latter had got her house in comfortable trim, and was going to resume her study of the language, in which, according to the testimony of her husband, an excellent judge, she had made great progress. She was laying herself out for usefulness as she found opportunity, was contemplating an orphan school and other schemes of well-doing, when her health began to give way. The summer

heat at Tientsin was extreme. Many sickened and died, and it was the will of God that she should form one of the number. For a considerable time she contended with an inveterate attack of diarrhœa, and on its resisting all medical appliances, she was ordered change of air as the likely means of restoration. Chefoo was talked of, but a trial of Taku, at the mouth of the Peiho, was recommended first. Finding that a few weeks' stay there completely failed in restoring his beloved partner's health, Mr. Edkins, with her full consent, resolved to try Chefoo, and they had gone on board a vessel, which was only waiting clearance with the custom-house, to sail for that port, when her illness assumed a fatal aspect, and terminated her valuable life on the 24th of August 1861, a little more than two months before she had completed her twenty-third year.

The affecting details bearing on the last moments and obsequies of my deceased daughter are thus given by her bereaved husband :—

"While on board a vessel that we expected to sail for Chefoo in a day or two, the dear and worthy object of my warmest affection grew worse on Thursday night, the 22d of August. Decided dysentery affecting her constantly, and refusing to yield to the medicines I was using, alarmed me much. I spoke to the mate in the captain's absence respecting the practicability of obtaining the attendance of a physician. But the distance of the *Simoom*, five miles, rendered it impossible for him to grant a boat, the captain being hourly expected with the ship's papers to sail, and the complement of men being small. Friday morning, however, I persuaded him to let me take the boat to a nearer ship, when we found only the repeated answer, that there was no doctor to be obtained nearer than the *Simoom*.

That evening, a marked change for the worse took place at eight o'clock. She became partly delirious, then nearly sensible (but so uneasy as not to be able to talk much), then soon after midnight almost entirely unconscious. From this time, she only replied to my questions with an indistinct monosyllable. The boat went to the Prussian man-of-war lying near where the *Simoom* had been the day before, for a medical man, who, however, only arrived when the beloved sufferer's soul was departing. She had an almost painless death, being unconscious for many hours, and her last breath being breathed quickly without a struggle. No tremor in the limbs, or change in her face, except the fixed expression of those eyes that used to beam such love, such animation, and such intelligence. In the conversation of the evening before, which was imperfect, on account of partial delirium, she remarked my grieved and alarmed expression, but otherwise she did not seem to have any distinct consciousness of her approaching end. We talked of Chefoo, and she smiled sweetly when I spoke of the infant children of the missionaries that we should see there. Little did either of us imagine that she was already entering on the path of her eternal home up to unclouded skies, and the glorious happiness of God's redeemed people. I performed the last duties to the dear departed one with my own hands, and robed her in her bridal dress, which happened to be in one of the trunks. All the beauty that there is in death was hers as she lay in that dress, her face tranquil, and the calm of her soul now in heaven reflected from her lips and eyes, for the spirit had heard the call, 'Come up hither,' and had fled from the body which dies. That which remained was mortal. It must return to dust and ashes, but it is destined—

> 'From the dust of death to rise
> And claim its mansion in the skies."

It will rise again a glorious, incorruptible body, lovely in form, and incapable of dying. In the faith of the blessed resurrection, I look to see her whom I loved more than all beside rising

in her new and glorious body, at the second coming of the Lord.

"Covered carefully with a long white cloth, the remains were placed in the cot-bed which we had with us from Tientsin, and conveyed to the boat. Eight miles had to be rowed, but fortunately the weather was fine, and the wind fair, otherwise, I should have been obliged to bury them at Taku. This had been advised by the doctor. It is usual in these parts to bury the same day, on account of the heat of the climate. At the river-mouth, a friendly acquaintance asked me if he could do anything for me. I begged him to go to the Fort just by, and obtain the aid of English soldiers to make an English coffin, while I proceeded to the Custom-house, where we had been staying, three miles farther up the river. These soldiers came, and finished their work by evening, which enabled me to leave in time to arrive on Monday morning. I was most desirous to have the grave at Tientsin, in the cemetery set apart for foreign use, and where friends would have the opportunity of being present at the last rites. The river had to be ascended sixty miles or more including its windings, and my friends at the Custom-house, fearing the result, urged me as much as they could properly do, to give up the thought. I have rejoiced ever since that I did not listen to them. At half-past nine they bore the coffin themselves to the boat, and left me alone with it to pursue my sad way up the river.

"In the morning I procured some blocks of ice, and placed them over and around the remains, which proved very useful. Arriving at Tientsin at one o'clock in the morning, I landed at three, and had the dear remains conveyed to the house which was our happy home for two short months. I then wrote to brothers Innocent and Blodget, who, not expecting that I should arrive so soon, had determined to start on Monday morning to meet me. They quickly made the needful arrangements, with the help of the good soldiers, whose hearts were sorely grieved by the loss of one whom they very much valued and loved.

"The friends met in the parlour and verandah, the coffin

covered with a white linen cloth, lying on a low sofa. Mr. Blodget, for whom we have always had the highest regard as a devoted and earnest missionary, conducted the service at my request. He had frequently conversed with our dear departed relative, before we left for Taku, during her illness, and she greatly valued these conversations. He read the latter part of 1 Thess. iv., and 1 Cor. xv. He then prayed, and among other things asked specially for assisting grace to be given to the parents, brothers, and sisters of the dear departed, that they might be able to bear this heavy trial with Christian resignation to the will of God. He then gave out the hymn —'Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,' etc., which the soldiers sung sitting in the verandah. They then acted as bearers, each of them having provided himself with a black crape-band round his arm. On reaching the cemetery, more than a mile's distance, the English Church service was read previous to interment.

"After all was over, my friends, Messrs. Blodget and Innocent, pressed me to go home with them, which I did, dreading the dreary and choking sensations which would be excited by going back to our own late pleasant habitation. On the Sabbath following, Mr. Innocent improved the solemn dispensation. The text selected by him was, 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints' (Ps. cxvi.) The discourse, which was very instructive and impressive, was listened to with obvious interest by auditors, and especially the references made by him to the Christian character, attainments, and devotedness to the cause of Christ, of her who had so recently been among them, and whom they so much loved and esteemed."

Shortly after her interment, a tombstone was erected over her grave by her sorrowing husband, bearing the following epitaph :—

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

HERE LIE WAITING FOR THE RESURRECTION MORN,

THE MORTAL REMAINS OF

JANE ROWBOTHAM,

THE BELOVED WIFE OF

JOSEPH EDKINS,

OF THE

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

She was born at Stromness, in Orkney, Oct. 28th, 1838, and died at Taku, August 24th, 1861, after about two years' residence in China.

Warm-hearted as a friend, devoted as a wife, zealous as a Christian Missionary, her trust was in the merits of Jesus, and her hope fixed on the sinless purity of heaven.

It may perhaps now be expected that, before closing this Memoir, I should sketch the character of her who is its subject. This, from my near relationship to the deceased, I feel disinclined to attempt, beyond the notices of it which fell in justice to be made when narrating certain portions of her history. Other pens, however, than that of a father may be readily permitted by the reader to express what sentiments and feelings were entertained towards her by those best competent to judge of her excellencies, nor will they, I feel persuaded, be less acceptable that they are mixed with tender expressions of sympathy for a family smarting under the stroke of so trying a bereavement.

In selecting a few of the numerous highly valued letters of condolence addressed to us on the occasion of her death, I shall begin with the one written by Mr. Edkins himself, a few days after he became a widower:—

"TIENTSIN, 29*th August* 1861.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I wish to write to you all I can of that dear believer now in heaven, who has been our joy and pride till God removed her. I know how the love of her family gathered round her, and how they rejoiced in her admirable and lovely characteristics of mind and heart. The opportunity of knowing her thoroughly has been mine for two short years and a half, and it enables me to understand your high estimate and attachment for her. Her decease is indeed a heavy stroke upon us, but let us remember the Lord's hand is here. It is his decree. The sweet flower in his garden he has been pleased to pluck a little earlier, and take it to heaven. May it be our joy to meet her there, when our time shall come to follow her to the tomb. I read yesterday in a scrap of a letter of hers the remark, 'Surely it is a noble thing to die for the cause of Christ as a missionary among the heathen.' This was penned after a visit to the graves of some missionaries. It is a key to the feeling of her heart. She was sensible of the honour and privilege of the missionary, as one who is often called to die early in the service of his and her Master in heaven. An interesting indication of the bent of her mind recently, is the pleasure she felt in reading *Mrs. Bennis' Letters.* They contain a large number of communications from Mrs. Bennis to John Wesley, and several of his preachers, with the answers, continued for many years last century. They breathe ardent piety, maintain a high standard of holiness, and cleave to the central truths of the gospel. This book, which greatly occupied her attention, had certainly a good influence upon her in guiding her thoughts to spiritual things. She very much enjoyed it, and profited by it. I bless God for the clear evidence of her piety, as given by the bent of her heart's most permanent feelings. She was interested in the character of Mrs. Bennis, because she could not feel what the Americans call *perfection.* I remember her making that remark. Though she was always, since I had the happiness of knowing her, interested in spiritual things,

that interest obviously deepened as her brief life was drawing to its close. For the last few months, in particular, she abounded much in prayer and in the reading of Scripture, and manifested great interest in speaking on religious subjects.

"My darling wife, now in white robes, and a palm in her hand, before the throne, had it in her heart to do good, if any one ever had. Naturally diffident, she hesitated to pray before other missionary ladies; but not the less would she overcome the refined susceptibility of her nature when she visited sick neighbours. It was not long since that she gave me, I cannot tell how much, pure joy, by her recital of what she had said and done on a visit to a Mrs. G—, a Japanese wife of a merchant here; how she had talked to her sweetly of him who says in the gospel, 'Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' and then prayed beside her for a blessing. Another female acquaintance to whom she has done, I cannot but think, much good, is the wife of a store-keeper at Shanghai. The letters she wrote her were indeed admirable, and Mrs. K— loved her so much, that I am sure she will find them treasures to be read and re-read for her permanent good. You know her power in letter-writing; and what she wrote, coming from an ardent, simple purpose as hers was, and combined with such an affectionate spirit, could not fail to be very winning and beneficial. As illustrating the Christian spirit and desire after usefulness by which she was actuated, I may mention an incident which occurred one evening at Taku, when we were spending the sad, yet happy, time there shortly before her death. A young officer called on us, Lieutenant M—. He is very pious; came from Fifeshire, and had studied at St. Andrews University. The conversation turned on philosophy, and the existence of matter, and he seemed to hold singular views on the point, which Jeanie perceiving, managed to check us in our discussion, and introduced the Olney Hymns. I read some of them, and they made our conversation much more profitable than it otherwise would have been. Her tongue was often unloosed to speak of good

things to the soldiers who visited us at Tientsin, and she had planned commencing some visits to read, with such of them as would listen, from the Scriptures, and thus, if possible, add to the number of those among them who love the ways of Zion. She was also meditating a school for orphan children, and being otherwise useful to the Mission ; but the work which God had assigned her here was to terminate ere these could be carried into accomplishment.

"When I think of all this, and of her natural gifts, and warm, sensitive heart, which vibrated like a richly-toned lyre, I am tempted to ask, Could not her life have been prolonged for more good ? But our faith must not fail, however dark be the movements of Providence. The children of God have work provided for them in heaven. The deeper their piety, and the more lovely their characteristics, so much the more are they prepared to begin the work their Saviour will find for them in another world. I will hope, at most after a short interval, nothing being so speedy as the flight of time, to seek her out in the heavenly throng, where she will be loving with more than an earthly intensity the Saviour who has given her all the inexpressible happiness she now enjoys. Will not dear mamma, yourself, and the sorrowing sisters and brothers, receive comfort when you think of the everlasting bliss which is now the portion of your beloved one ?

"Dr. Paterson, to whom I intrusted the task, will have broken the tidings to you by the last mail. I earnestly pray that the shock of the intelligence may be lightened, especially to the heart of my deceased darling's mother. I pray daily to our benignant God that she may have strength to receive the tidings of bereavement with Christian resignation. She has offered on the Redeemer's altar a sacrifice such as his cause demands for the world's salvation. In proportion to the value and greatness of the sacrifice, is the honour of making it. My dearly loved relatives, I fervently trust that you will be able to feel this, and that the Saviour will pour his own healing balm into your wounds. That kind heart, that loving, cheerful

nature of her we mourn, has now found a higher sphere of existence. But should her spirit be cognisant (and who can assure us it is not?) of what her bereaved family and husband are feeling on account of her departure to the land of the unseen, and were she employed as a ministering spirit to infuse thoughts of Christian comfort into their minds, I am confident she would in effect say, 'I would not have you sorrow, even as those that have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.'—As ever, yours affectionately, JOSEPH EDKINS.

"REV. W. STOBBS."

The letter which immediately follows is from Mr. Wylie, superintendent of the Chinese press at Shanghai, and whose own wife had a few years ago died on the mission field in China. He had resided with Mr. and Mrs. Edkins during the time they kept house at Shanghai; and being on a visit to Britain, happened to be in the North of Scotland when the affecting intelligence of our dear relative's death reached us.' Only two months before, Mr. Wylie had paid us a most agreeable visit, in fulfilment of a promise he had made to our daughter, that he would endeavour to see her parents in their own dwelling before he returned to China.

"DRUMLITHE, 8*th Nov.* 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am sure you will pardon me intruding these few lines upon you in this the season of your domestic affliction; for as I feel that I share in your bereavement, I cannot forbear expressing my sympathy on the occasion. It was by chance that I saw a copy of the *Patriot* two days since, with a notice of Mrs. Edkins' death, to me a most painfully affecting and unexpected event, having been led by recent intelli-

gence in Aberdeen to look for tidings of a different character. It has thus been the will of our heavenly Father to take from the mission field one who was animated by a noble spirit, who promised a life of much usefulness in the Master's cause, and who, according to her opportunity, had cheerfully and actively taken her share in the great work in which we are engaged.

"In the limited period of the Chinese mission, there are few in the field but have had to mourn the loss of some near and dear to them. The greater number of such are female martyrs to the cause; and your daughter having now joined that band of faithful women, while we are left to sorrow over her absence, we have the joyful assurance that she is gone to receive an early reward to her faith and labours; to enjoy the blessings of a better state, thus forming another link to draw our hearts upward, and to lead us more diligently to prepare for that state, where we may hope again to be united under happier circumstances with the dear departed, upon whom our affections were centred while in this world. Believe me to sympathize most deeply in your sorrow; and desiring to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Stobbs, and all your dear family,—I remain, with Christian regards, most sincerely yours, A. WYLIE.

"REV. WILLIAM STOBBS."

My co-presbyter and friend, the Rev. Dr. Paterson of Kirkwall, to whom Mr. Edkins applied to break the intelligence of our loss, after doing so with characteristic delicacy and wisdom, kindly wrote the following letter to my afflicted partner:—

"KIRKWALL, 26*th Nov.* 1861.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—You have been much in my thoughts since I opened the letter containing the sad announcement of Mrs. Edkins' death. I hope he who cannot err in his procedure, and who does all things with an eye to the interests of his people, is sustaining and blessing you. Christians are never more sensible of the sustaining grace of their Saviour, and never

wonder more at his loving-kindness to them, than in the season of their sorest trials. The trials themselves, especially such trials as yours, are grievous, and they are ready to ask if they can be from Him, and if from Him, if they can be in love. But so it is. They *are* from Him, and they are from Him in both love and wisdom. They are His disciplinary treatment of His people in preparing them for His kingdom. Such are they that they would go astray like lost sheep, and in order to restrain, correct and keep them, He must use the rod. And well does He know when and how to use it. In all cases his reasons are good, reaching far and wide; his mode of treatment is perfect—love prompts and grace abounds. But to whatever extent we may see, or fail to see his reasons of action, the fact is certain. It is through much tribulation that His people enter into the kingdom. 'These are they who came out of great tribulation.' In your case, my dear Madam, the tribulation part of the passage—this historical characteristic of the saved—has been very markedly exemplified. And that you are seeking truly and earnestly to exemplify the other and the great characteristic, 'to wash your robes, and make them white in the blood of the Lamb,' I do not doubt. And if so, all is well with you, and for you. The most attractive and lovely in heaven are those who were here suffering saints.

"And if this is for you, what is there for her over whose early grave you are a deep mourner? Yes, her death has been early, but it has not been premature. It has been early, but it has not been too early. She has lived long enough to pass through that renovating process that fits for heaven, and insures it. She has lived long enough to be bound up in the bundle of life with Christ Jesus, to be a child of light, and to know God as her Father. She has lived long enough to be the Christian wife of a Christian and honoured missionary, to take her place on the heathen field, openly to interest herself in the salvation of men, and to speak and act for the Saviour. She has lived long enough to have her fine powers of mind finely developed, and to be trained for taking a high place in

the region of light and glory. I cannot doubt that she lived long enough to gain, and to gain in no small degree, the ends of her existence on earth. And is not this enough? Much may be crowded into a few years, and through the grace of God it was so in her case.

"Having been taken away from the evil to come, she has got through her tribulations more easily than you; but having the grand distinction, the washed robes, you will not grudge her the exemption. Her Saviour has taken her from China to heaven, from the bosom of her friends below to His own bosom above. The translation is a blissful one to her, and from the fine accession to the instrumentality of his praise, glorifying to him. There is a great alleviation of grief arising from what she was, and there is a further alleviation arising from what she is. The fine powers of her loving spirit have not been lost; they have only been perfected, and transferred to a higher sphere. I cannot say you must not weep; but I can say, if there must be tears, let there be joy beaming through them, because she has gone to the Father.

"With earnest desires that he who has taken away your beloved daughter, may himself be your comforter, and with sympathizing and kind regards to Mr. Stobbs, Alexander, and Margaret,—I am, my dear Madam, yours very faithfully,

"ROBERT PATERSON.

"MRS. STOBBS."

I shall now close the Memoir with the following letter from our beloved relative, the Rev. Dr. Robson of Glasgow. The letter is addressed to his cousin, Mrs. Stobbs:—

"2, QUEEN'S CRESCENT, GLASGOW,
23*d Nov.* 1861.

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—I received Mr. Stobbs' letter announcing the removal of your Jeanie to a better world. I knew of her death before the tidings reached you, and my

heart prompted me to write you a few lines of sympathy, but I found from conversing with your son John that he was not aware of the sad bereavement, and that you had not heard of it. I thought it better in these circumstances to wait till you received Mr. Edkins' letter announcing it. I assure you Mrs. Robson and I deeply feel for you, and with you, and that we have not forgotten you and our poor desolate, admirable friend Mr. Edkins at the throne of grace. It is indeed a sore, and to us a mysterious stroke. That one who had made such progress in acquiring the language of a teeming people, and who was developing such remarkable power and aptitude for the great work of the Master, should so soon be called by him from the field, and that her husband's heart should be overwhelmed, and his hands weakened by the blow, seems to us an inscrutable providence. But God does all things well. He has wise and kind reasons for his procedure. She has fallen in a noble cause, and she has gained an unfading crown. You have a new tie to heaven. It will not be long till you see her again, and fold her in your triumphant embrace; and that joy which surely awaits you shall never be taken away.

"May God give Mr. Stobbs and yourself, and your widowed son in a far distant land, grace and strength to bear you up and comfort you under the pressure of this bereavement. When you write Mr. Edkins, please say to him how very deeply we feel for him. I wrote him some months ago, and trust my letter reached him before the sad event which has left him alone in the world. I would feel it a kind of satisfaction to know that your dear daughter had not gone away to heaven without first learning that friends in Queen's Crescent sometimes thought of her, and prayed for her. We can the better sympathize with you that we have a beloved son and daughter in the mission-field, and that the stroke which has fallen on you may one day come upon us. As yet we have good accounts of their health, and I trust and pray they may long be spared. But I rejoice with trembling. . . . Just as I finished the preceding sentence a copy of the *Orkney Herald* came in,

containing a very beautiful and touching article on your daughter's death. I am sure many prayers ascend for you, and the other afflicted ones. Do you not begin to feel now as if you had more interest in heaven than in earth? So many friends passing away to it, does it not give it more the aspect of *home?* Above all, is not Christ there, and *with him,* shall we not have an ample recompence for all the sorrows and bereavements and heart-crushing trials of the present vain and passing scene?

"With much love to yourself, your husband, and family, believe me to be, my dear cousin, most affectionately and sympathizingly yours, JOHN ROBSON.

"MRS. STOBBS."

LETTERS.—SECTION I.

1. TO HER MOTHER.

Arrival in China—Woosung—Shanghai.

SHANGHAI, 19*th Sept.* 1859.

WE are now safely landed at Shanghai, and settled down in our future home. We met with a warm reception from all the missionaries; the only drawback was no letters from home. We heard, however, from Mr. Edkins' relatives, and they mentioned having received a letter from Stromness, and that you were all much as when we left England, and that was relieving so far; still I was much disappointed for a time. I am making myself believe that the letters have gone to Anger, and that our quick passage is the cause of this detention. I know it is not the smallest abatement of affection for me. We had rather a tedious passage from Anger. We were often amused at meal-time; whenever the wind was contrary or favourable the dinner-table always told the tale. We escaped all the typhoons, for which we ought to be very grateful. The captain said we had a narrow escape one morning. Our ship reached Woosung on Tuesday last, about two o'clock, and about four, we all started in a neat little boat for Shanghai. We were greatly charmed with the fresh

green grass and trees on each side of the river, and thought the scenery more home-like than Anger, though not nearly so beautiful. The Woosung river is broad and winding, and enlivened by innumerable junks of the most extraordinary build, and many English ships. It is quite lively, and almost gay-looking. I think the Chinamen add to the beauty of the scene, at least they make it picturesque, some walking on each bank in their clean cool garments, and others rowing cheerily about in their little boats called *sanpans*. As we turned a sharp abrupt sort of place, we encountered a strong opposing tide. Though we had a tolerable breeze in our favour we could make no headway, and we turned and ran into a creek, and cast anchor. Then we had a consultation whether we should take chairs, or wait for the return of the tide. We decided on the latter, and chiefly because the chairs were too expensive. We then got a sanpan, and rowed to the town of Woosung. The boat in which we were going to Shanghai belonged to a merchant, who attends our chapel, so we told the youth that had command to have tea ready for us in an hour or so. We gained the shore in a few minutes, climbed up a broken-down pier, and entering a large gate, found ourselves within the town. On all sides were Chinese buying, selling, talking, drinking tea, shaving, in short everything, and all in the open air. There are no windows or doors to the shops,—all is open, and exposed on tables. Here you find half-a-dozen tailors stitching and sewing, and next door a butcher, next fruit, and so on. The streets are about the width of your parlour window,—two people can

walk together, no more. We were fresh off a long voyage, and in a state of mind to enjoy anything, and we certainly were highly amused. I scarcely expected such narrow streets, but bating that, the Chinese are cleaner and more pleasing and winning-looking than I ever thought they should be. At last, passing through the town, we got into the open country, and spent a pleasant half-hour among paddy fields, and under the green trees. Here, however, we were not alone, as a crowd of people, old and young, came close behind us, quite a body-guard. They kept up an animated conversation about us ladies. One old woman came close up to me, and after inspecting me, coolly asked Mr. Edkins if I was his wife, and how old I was. He told her foreign ladies did not like to have their age made known, such was their custom, at which they all laughed. We now returned to the boat, and found a very comfortable tea waiting us, with fresh eggs, and nice bread and fruit. We enjoyed it very much, and then went up on deck, and seated ourselves in eastern fashion, and spent a very pleasant time, being all highly satisfied with our first impressions of China and its inhabitants. We started from Woosung about nine, and had a lovely moonlight sail up the river. The Pleiades came out in all their sparkling beauty as if to bid us welcome. We reached Shanghai about twelve. It is pleasant to land in the still of night, I think, at least I enjoyed it, and I felt so pleased with the prospect before us, as my feet touched the celebrated *Bund* at Shanghai.

Ranged all round with beautiful gardens in front are the houses of the merchants. They look more like

palaces than ordinary buildings, with their endless windows, and doors, and verandahs. The streets in the foreign part of the city are wide and airy; and having passed through them some considerable way, Mr. Edkins leading, and four coolies bringing up the rear laden with the packages, we came within sight of the Mission premises. They looked particularly interesting in the fair moonlight, and the trees rustled a gentle welcome as we walked up the avenue to Mr. Muirhead's dwelling. After ringing the door bell, Mr. Muirhead was at us in a minute, and gave us a most hearty welcome. Then Mrs. Muirhead appeared half down the staircase, and received us with open arms. Now there was a complete waking of the Mission, and you would have been amused to see the assemblage of dressing-gowns and morning-wrappers in Mrs. Muirhead's drawing-room, all were so happy to see us. Next morning there was quite a *levée* of friends. That evening we took tea with Mr. and Mrs. John, where, in addition to all connected with the London Mission here, we met with Mr. Burdon of the Church of England Mission. Mr. Burdon was highly gratified to see me, having been in the manse at Stromness, and knowing you and papa well. Altogether it was a delightful evening, and I felt it so refreshing to be in the midst of heart-working missionaries. Already I have met with many very nice people, and really enjoy Shanghai, and am cheered with the prospect of doing something ere long at missionary work.

My dearest mamma, let me now say that I hope you will not feel harassed in any way about me. You know that though we are far separated, I am with one of the

kindest and best of husbands. I'm sure you don't grudge me taking a part, however small, in the Saviour's service. You know the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. Had you been perfectly well, no one I know would have been more pleased and interested than yourself to have Jeanie a missionary. Let us think it is the Lord's will that I am here; and it is my soul's desire to do his work. Though none can have a warmer love for home than I have, yet I can cheerfully say, even to you, my own mamma, that I'd rather be here—I'd rather spend, and be spent for Christ, than anything in the world beside. Don't be in the least uneasy about this disturbance in China. We are perfectly safe here. It has only slightly altered Mr. Edkins' plans for this year. Instead of going into the interior as he wished, we remain at present at Shanghai. We have got a nice comfortable house; as yet, however, it is in splendid confusion, and I don't want to picture it out to you until the carpets are laid, and everything is neat. I am to commence my Chinese to-morrow, and then how hard I will work!—Yours most affectionately,

JEANIE.

2. TO MISS EDKINS, HER SISTER-IN-LAW.

SHANGHAI, *2d October* 1859.

It seems to me as if it was scarcely right to write on Sabbath, but I feel strongly inclined to do so to you, my dear sister, this forenoon. I have just come home from chapel, and from hearing your brother give a most beautiful address at the Lord's table. Mr. Cowie

preached from "Mary hath chosen the good part." It was a very good sermon. Mr. E. spoke from those words: "This is my body, this do in remembrance of me," and he discoursed of the Saviour's love with all the warmth of his heart. It was so pleasant to gather round the table of the Lord, all brothers and sisters (with few exceptions) striving in the same cause—serving under the same Leader. There is a wonderful feeling of unity among a band of missionaries, I think; and here we are all very happy together. Mr. Muirhead and Mr. John have been in the country for the last week, and have not yet returned. I hope they will bring good tidings of the converts. My husband and I have nearly decided on going out this week. Many of the ladies are astonished at me speaking of it, but I don't feel at all afraid to go, and I believe there is no real danger. We intend going as far as Soochow, accompanied by Mr. and perhaps Mrs. John; but please say nothing of it if you write to Stromness, as it would grieve and vex my beloved mother until next mail arrived, and she heard we were safe back again at Shanghai. If we go, I will be sure to send home an account of boat-life, scenery, and all the things of interest I meet with.

I am making some progress in the Chinese language. It is sometimes smiles, and sometimes tears, over the lessons. On the whole smiles predominate. Kih-foo is the name of my teacher, and we get along together very amicably. He can't understand my intense longing to be able to speak, and often says, by way of comfort, "Missus learn very quickly." I really like the language, and feel every week more interested in it. I

have already begun to blunder away this and that to my house-servant. He sometimes feels fairly puzzled with my odd Chinese, but in general we understand each other very well, considering I am only feeling my way.

You ask me to tell you all about your brother. He is very well indeed; his cough has perfectly disappeared, and he is as busy as a bee. We breakfast every morning at eight, and have prayers before; and with all this early rising, I always find the day too short for all I have to do. Your brother spends the morning at home studying, and in the after part of the day he is in the city preaching, and otherwise attending to the work of the Mission. I have got his study all in nice order, and there he is in his glory. From nine till one each day you might take a peep in, and find him excogitating, diving deeper and deeper into the mysteries of Buddhism and Confucianism. There he, so seated by his study-table, often puts me in mind of that picture, "as happy as a king," for he looks quite that, with all his Chinese books in notable confusion beside him. He has a class of Chinamen from eleven till one. These men are converts, who preach to the Chinese, and he wants them to have all the advantage of a thorough grounding in theology. He has five altogether. It is a delightful work, and just now probably the most important. I was much touched with his account of this morning's meeting in the city. After singing, praying, and preaching, and all were over, a Chinaman (one of these scholars) got up and proposed that the Chinese should adopt the English custom—they should have prayer-meetings, and

that he would propose to-day that once a month, especially in these troublous times, they should meet to pray to God for the upholding of all the converts, and for bringing China to the knowledge of Jesus. Was not this deeply interesting, coming as it did entirely from the Chinese themselves? O that every city through the length and breadth of China worshipped God! Let us not forget, "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump;" and it is to be hoped the time is not far distant now when every city at least will have a missionary! Things do certainly look rather dreary at present in this country; but many are hopeful, especially we missionaries, that all will be overruled for good, and that in a short time the whole of China will be thrown open. All is in wise hands, and let us endeavour confidently to leave all *there.*

We have just dined, and your brother has gone off again to the city. I generally go with him on Sabbath, but to-day was too wet, and, besides, he wished to go to various parts of the city, and that would not have done so well for me. He often preaches in the Buddhist temple, and gets a large congregation there. . . .

3. TO HER MOTHER.

SHANGHAI, *October* 1859.

WITH what joy I received home letters last Saturday. Oh, it was such delightful news when Mr. Edkins called out, "Jeanie, letters for you!" I wept for joy over them; but I so much missed your own dear handwriting. I hope I shall hear next mail from you, as

well as from the rest. I want to have a nice talk with you this forenoon. I wish it could be *vivâ voce;* but that being impossible, this is next best. My heart somehow is much with you all to-day. I fancy how happy I should feel if I could get a peep into the manse, see all in it, and then come right away back to China again. I am getting to know a number of the people here, and like some of them very much indeed. There are several very nice ladies. I have told you in my Journal about those who came out with us, and I have found Mrs. Muirhead and Mrs. John, who were here before us, exceedingly friendly. I have seen several of the wives of the American missionaries, in particular a Mrs. J—. She is a smart, lively person, but with strong American leanings. She is an excellent musician, first-rate at the piano, and sings with exceeding sweetness. The weather has been very hot, generally, since we came, and the mosquitoes have been most troublesome. You would scarcely recognise me, I have been so bitten by them. My face, hands, and arms are all red, blotched over. My face is getting a good deal improved, but my hands and arms still look out of sorts. However, the weather is now becoming much cooler, and I expect soon to get rid of them. As I am now settled down fairly in my new home, you will, I know, like to hear all about what kind of a house I have got. It is not all in trim yet, but what of it is, I shall endeavour to describe. . . .

We have been to Soochow since last I wrote. I enjoyed the trip very much. You will get the particulars of it by next mail. There were two little children with us, restless little things, so that I found it impossible to

write until they were sound asleep. In that way I have not such a voluminous Journal as I otherwise should. You will just be getting our Anger letters about this time. I know you will all be so glad of them. Surely, my dear mamma, you will now make an effort to write me? Oh, how it would rejoice me to hear regularly from your own pen! and I am sure it would do me a great deal of good. I feel day by day how young and inexperienced I am. I try to do what I can, but it is so little.

Last Sabbath I made such an effort. Mrs. Muirhead asked me to come to her morning Sabbath-school, and hear some little ones repeat verses, etc., in English. Well, I went. Mrs. Muirhead occupied one part of the room with the Chinese, and I took the other part with the little children. I got on with them all very nicely indeed. They were all quite interested. When we came to a close, Mrs. Muirhead asked me across the room to pray in English, and then she would in Chinese. I declined, but she insisted. I saw the children look, and felt directly they might lose the benefit of what I had been telling them, and began. How I got through I can scarcely say; I think tolerably, but my heart kept beating hard all the time. I know I ought to overcome this, as self-possession in prayer before others is quite essential to a thorough missionary. Pray for me, my dear mamma, that the Lord would open my mouth to speak his praises. I feel as if they were all in my heart, and I do trust I shall gather fortitude. I cannot say goodbye without assuring you how very much I like China, though my heart warms so to home, and the dear ones there. . . .

4. TO HER FATHER.

Boat-Trip to Soochow.

SHANGHAI, *October* 1859.

We left Shanghaï on Thursday morning. The sky looked cold and rainy. There was no bright sun to welcome us as we stepped into the little boat, our temporary home. Mr. and Mrs. John, with their children, soon arrived, and in less than half an hour we got clear away from the bustle of Shanghai, out amid the peaceful waters of the Woosung Keang. This is a pretty winding stream, its banks rich, and beautifully cultivated. We passed many an old bridge grown over with ivy, and many a little Buddhist temple, half seen through the trees, as we glided swiftly up the river's side. On Friday it was much the same with regard to scenery as on the day before. We got out of our boats when we chose, and had a pleasant stroll by the banks of the river. Many a lazy buffalo we disturbed from his watery home as he lay basking in the bright sun, plunging every now and again beneath the fresh, cool waters. On Saturday morning, Mr. Edkins called me to look at the beautiful view. I went and greatly enjoyed it. The dim light of grey morning cast its darkening shadows; here and yonder a sunbeam shone out from the dreary clouds. On each side hung weeping willows, dropping their bending branches into the limpid stream. Back from the river were numerous fields waving with golden corn, and many a neat farmhouse peeped out amid a very luxuriance of trees. We were now nearing a beautifully

arched bridge, green with flowering creepers. The sun by this time had warmed this lovely scene, and we waited anxiously a turn in the river to see to greater advantage the principal feature in the landscape. On the top of a pretty green hill stood a time-worn pagoda, its numberless corners and juttings, edged with bronze and brass, catching a glow from the morning rays, and glittering in the fair sunlight. Beyond us lay a bustling village, teeming with inhabitants. Already we were within the arched gateway, and coursing our way through the little town. Crowds of people came to look at us, and many a pair of chopsticks were arrested in the act of conveying the rice to the mouth, that they might gaze at the "barbarians." We soon passed through this village. I wish I could vividly picture the scene. I want to put baskets crowded with cackling ducks before you, tables spread with tempting fruit, bales of red cotton, with an endless diversity of men, women, and children, some pretty, some plain, all jabbering, talking, traversing narrow streets, crossing old crazy little bridges, and standing in crowds to gaze at us. Many a pretty face I noticed among the women, but in general the men of China are more interesting-looking than the females.

My pen fails to convey to paper the endless bustle of this little place. Eding is its name. We left one boat to make some purchases, and hurried on with the other to get beyond the town-land; and enjoy the scenery. On the way we passed a Buddhist temple. The front was low and small, but gradually as it went back got higher, and at its termination, was for China a lofty

building. The door was partly open, and people were constantly coming and going. We got a hasty glimpse as we rapidly passed in our boat. I saw some gilded things, but from the distance could not distinguish what they were. The beat of the gong came pealing over the waters long after we had passed. Three priests stood by the water's edge, innocent simple-looking men, boys, I might say, they seemed so young. At a considerable distance from the town we landed. I saw now for the first time in China, hills that could rival those of Hoy. Stretching before us was a continued chain of lovely mountains. Oh, how my heart beat! I felt as if we were old friends, and the dear Hoy hills would rise before me, every peak and jutting stamped in memory's cell—

> "And all unbidden the visions would come
> Of early companions, and childhood's home."

This caused a slight damp to my enthusiasm, but there was a deep joy in looking at them, and now our boat is peacefully anchored at the foot of one of them. But I am forgetting our walk. On we went by the river's side, plucking many a wild-flower, talking of things gone by, and of hopes and aspirations as missionaries. We spoke of Soochow as our future home, if it is so ordered in Providence. It was delightful to see how civilly the Chinese received us. We heard not one disagreeable word from them. We rested on the top of one of those Chinese bridges, and viewed the richly wooded country, and the river with its many windings, dotted over with numberless boats and junks, alive with population. Down by the river's side was a grave, evi-

dently of some mandarin. The design of some of those graves is pretty, and very suggestive. Guarding this one in front were two lions; close by it was an old monument, in the form of an arch crumbling with age, and yet green with vegetation. All round the grave were planted weeping willows, at every sweep of the breeze bending mournfully over the departed. Many high narrow monuments, standing and fallen down, were scattered here and there within the square. On one of these we sat down and mused on China and the Chinese, and came to a most favourable conclusion of both. The more I see of China the more I love it, and my heart warms to the people already, especially to the little things.

Again we went on board our little boat, and clustered on the prow of it found something constantly to admire. A long stone wall divided a beautiful lake, stretching out as far as the eye could reach from the river. We shortly gained the larger boat, and by this time had a view of Soochow, at least of its whereabouts, and a distinct view of its lofty pagoda, and the lovely hills we were soon to climb. Ere long we saw the city wall, with which I was agreeably disappointed. I had fancied it like Shanghai, old and mouldy-looking; what was my surprise to see it high and strongly built, appearing beautifully clean where it was not covered with green spreading leaves and creepers. It extends about twelve miles round. We went by the north entrance, not wishing to go straight into the city, in case there might be disturbance. Was it not an interesting thought to be so close beside two millions of souls, few of them having

heard of the name of Jesus? Fancy, two millions, fully two-thirds of all in Scotland; and look at her churches and ministers, and this immense population without a spiritual guide! Would that those at home could realize the fact. It is a different matter hearing this stated at a missionary meeting, and being actually at the very place. Oh, I think if Christians in Britain could be set down in some parts of China, even those among them who fancied they understood all about missionary work, they would shudder when they saw the many thousands, and tens of thousands, that "worship they know not what," and I imagine they would strain every nerve to get the most devoted men to go into the missionary field! Was it not a sight to see our little boat glide up to and along those walls, bearing within it two who could tell these poor Chinese of a Saviour's love? Was not this the few among the mighty? And yet, in God's good time, instead of those Buddhist temples many a neat chapel will spring up, and the smoke will be curling among the trees from many a happy manse, and each Sabbath will find those chapels filled with multitudes who have turned to the Lord.

Crowds now began to collect around and look at us, and Mr. Edkins thought it best that Mrs. John and I should stay in the cabin. Half reluctantly I assented, but I was soon thankful I did. What a collection of people gathered all round the water's edge to gaze at us. We had hove-to. Fifties, or hundreds rather, had come together, and talking so fast, but quite peaceable. We remained until the noise was perfectly deafening,

and the heat from so many breaths most oppressive, so we pushed off, and steered for a quiet spot three miles farther on. We had reached it about five in the afternoon, and directly set out to see this wonderful hill, crowded as it is with temples, and crowned with a lofty pagoda. We found we had quite a round-about way to go, the path leading us sometimes by the river's bank, and again winding through shady trees, tangled fern, and lofty sunflower. We saw a neat garden as we passed, and I persuaded Mr. Edkins to go in and look at it. Every plant and shrub was in a flower-pot. There were many magnificent flowers rich and variegated. The flowering shrub for scenting the tea was the principal product of the garden. It is a pretty white creeping flower. After leaving this, we went quickly on until we fronted the hill. We found we had a stream to cross, and after a little parley, persuaded a cross old fellow to ferry us over. We gained the other side, ascended several steps, crossed a most lovely little bridge green with moss, and entered the gate of the first temple. Directly before us was an image in a sort of case in the open air. We then climbed a long, long staircase, and reached the temple, a fine large room supported by beams beautifully gilded and carved.

A huge image of brass of immense size occupied the centre of the building. Ranged on each side were six images or figures dressed in full costume, many of them in soldiers' uniform, crimson cloth, gold and lace embroidery. It was such a strange sight! Before the principal image was the altar, on which three pots of incense were burning. Then there were two immense

wax candles, six feet high. Day-light was excluded, and the effect of these candles reflected on the immense lump of brass, before which they burned, was most singular. The figures on either side were on a raised platform. There was such a collection of people passing out and in, and through into other rooms, but we did not go. After inquiring, we found this centre figure was the "God of War," and this was the day for celebrating his victories. We passed out, and by a narrow pathway reached the hill. This hill, seen in the distance in a still autumn evening, has a fine effect. From the base to the summit, the whole hill is studded with temples. Pretty and picturesque-looking they are. Their black-tiled roofs peeping out from among the trees, and beautified by the odd abrupt peaks that strike out in all directions. We were now on the hill, and anxiously toiling up, inwardly saying "*excelsior*," but it would not do. My strength fairly failed, and I was obliged to content myself with half way up. Mr. Edkins and Mr. John had been there before, so it disappointed neither of them; but I was sorely vexed; still we had an extensive view from where we were. It was getting rather dusky, so we descended, and by the time we reached our boat it was quite dark.

We had tea, and as I was sitting writing this, we heard such a beating of gongs, and screaming, and talking. We looked to see what was the cause, and found that a dragon procession was passing. First went lanterns brightly lighted, carried high on poles; then came the gongs, striking and making such a noise; then an immense paper dragon, carried on poles high above their

heads, and full of little lights inside. It looked very novel, the variegated paper casting such a glow over all. A crowd of people wound up the procession, and noisily they passed us. It was a sweet, calm evening. We have not the lovely gloaming here that there is in Scotland; still it is a lovely time, too, just before the moon shines out. This evening it was remarkably so, there was something so sweet and pure in the air. The dark shadows fell lightly on the waters, and dimly we saw the reflection of the boat. The trees looked dark and mournful by the water's edge—their fresh green leaves darkening as the shadows fell. The sparkling fire-flies, with their bright beauty, were playing "hide and seek" among the branches. Presently the moon came out, and gave a rustle of life as it were to the whole scene, and took away the soft impressions of almost holy stillness that I had felt before. I think I should put—"China is beautiful" at the end of each page, I am so in love with "the flowery land." Indeed, in truth, it is the flowery land. I am often struck and pleased to watch the love the Chinese have for flowers. I think it is a very pleasing trait in their character. Many a time have I seen a lowly house, deserted and broken-down-looking, its inhabitants squalid and sickly, while close to the shattered window was pegged up a flower-pot or two, or three, with rich healthy flowers in them that would grace Kensington gardens, flourishing there; and often in the dirty junk, where everything looks and is disagreeable, where you would fancy nothing fresh could exist, I have seen in the midst of ragged bundles, saucepans, and what not, a lovely flower beautifying

all. I must say I never noticed this without directly after seeing a woman's form, showing pretty clearly who brought it there.

On Sunday it rained. After a short consultation, we agreed to go close to Soochow. We dropped anchor beneath the west gate. The teacher brought the three converts, and one inquirer, and Messrs. Edkins and John talked with them closely for several hours. The inquirer was very anxious, indeed, to be baptized, and as he was strongly recommended by all the rest, they (Messrs. John and Edkins) consented to do it. Mrs. John and I wished to witness the baptism, and they came into the cabin. Mr. Edkins baptized, putting first the regular questions to him. Perfect stillness reigned over the little apartment as my husband offered up solemn prayer over him. Would to God what was there done was registered in heaven. It must have been a pleasing sight to all those there. Oh that he may be kept from the many, many temptations he is exposed to! It was a touching scene, and one that spoke of hope for China. What a joy this is to the missionary's heart to see the fruit of his labour! In the evening, they went and preached, and Mrs. John and I had a retired walk. Next day we all set out to see the hills, and went to the top in mountain-chairs. Such a magnificent view as burst upon us I have not witnessed for long, but I have no further room for description. On Tuesday we turned our boat homeward, and said good-bye to Soochow, and here we are again in safety at Shanghai.

5. TO HER MOTHER.

SHANGHAI, *5th November* 1859.

I INTENDED to have had a long, comfortable talk with you to-day, so far as I could with pen, ink, and paper, but I have just been informed that the mail is to leave in an hour and a half or so, and I will have to write you hurriedly. My birth-day was Friday last week. I am sure you would remember it. I was not forgotten by some kind friends here. My husband presented me with a beautiful winter plaid, and a pair of handsome Chinese vases; Mrs. Knoop sent round to me a head-dress, lace collar, and bow; and Mrs. John gave me a tidy. Was not all this very kind? I tried to resolve a great many things that I should henceforward do, but, oh, I sadly fail every day. I want to become a most devoted missionary, and spend and be spent for Christ. I should like to do a great deal of work, and thoroughly uphold dear Mr. Edkins' hands. I want to be a useful, active wife, and, above all other things, to cling closer to Jesus. Pray for me, my dear mamma, that the Lord may strengthen me to fulfil these resolutions. I am getting on nicely with the language, and matters otherwise are moving on very satisfactorily. Mr. Edkins has got a flourishing class. Tell papa he uses the "Theological Class-Book" which he gave him. Of course he has it translated into Chinese. Our captain —the captain of the "Beemah" in which we came out— spent last Sabbath with us. He came to chapel in the morning, then went with Mr. Edkins to the city. He

seemed greatly to enjoy the service in Chinese. He thinks my husband a most energetic missionary, and so he is, for if he is not preaching, conducting his class, distributing tracts, etc., he is mastering more thoroughly the written language, and investigating the religious systems of the Chinese, that he may answer successfully their *literati*, as he comes in contact with them. Mr. and Mrs. Muirhead, our neighbours, have been in the country. Mr. Muirhead baptized one convert. Last Sabbath two were baptized in the chapel, and the ordinance of the Supper administered. I am keeping pretty well; the least bit of anguish occasionally, but it is very slight. Mr. Edkins is in good health. I must now say adieu, my dearest mamma.

6. TO MISS EDKINS.

Visit to a Pagoda near Shanghai—Notices of the Mission.

SHANGHAI, 18*th Nov.* 1859.

THIS day week we had a delightful excursion into the country. Mrs. Knoop was very desirous we should go along with her to see a pagoda some seven miles distant from Shanghai. We had a sick servant that lived close by the Pagoda, and your brother seized on the opportunity of going to see him, so we had him along with us. It was such a bright morning when we started; the sun shone sweetly over us, and the little birds warbled cheerfully among the branches all along the banks of the river. We had a strong tide in our favour, carrying us on at the rate of six miles an hour; so the time soon passed, and we found ourselves shortly

entering the Pagoda creek. The Pagoda is a fine high building, old and crumbling rather, but that is to me far more interesting. We landed, and with your brother as pioneer, scrambled through the narrow pathway on to a broad, green field, and then in among the many temples that are crowded together. We found it quite a busy day with them, and much to Mr. Edkins' annoyance he couldn't get an old friend of his—an aged priest —to escort us round the buildings, and tell us all about the divinities. We entered the first temple. I was perfectly struck with the number, size, and magnificence of the idols. On either side of rather a dingy room, with stone floor, were ranged, at least, twenty idols, all full size, splendidly dressed, many in Indian costume. All colours of the rainbow were there, decorated too with rich gold lace. They were all on a platform several feet from the floor, and we looked such pigmies as we wandered up and down. In the centre of the temple were three huge figures seated in brass, as I thought, but I found after it was only gilt paper. They looked rather dingy with all their grandeur. An immense bell, with a heavy rope-tongue, gave, every now and then, a dreary chime. Everybody that passed it gave it a push, and the singular way the noise reverberated through the temple was almost startling. After a second round, we passed from this and into a smaller one, where a female divinity alone presided. Many were the suppliants at her feet as we entered, but we seemed to rouse the women from their devotions, for most minute was their inspection of us; and such a laughing as they set up at us foreigners! We then went the round of

the court, popping our heads in at every open door, but drawing them pretty hastily back sometimes, the odour from the Chinese cookery being most overpowering.

We next entered a little temple, where we saw crowds of people, and I think I never witnessed anything in the shape of idols, or idol-worship, more imposing than this temple presented. Three immense figures, at least twenty feet high, glittering in the sun, perfectly new and fresh, their faces well cut, and a turban of pale blue round their head. They seemed of brass, and this turban, as I thought, of blue crape, done in honey-comb fashion; but it turned out they were gilt figures, and the turban was first cut, then painted blue. Large pots of incense were burning before Buddha, who was the centre figure. On each side was a disciple. Mr. Edkins picked up his friend outside the door, and went and had tea with him. We passed on, and, having reached the pagoda, we were rejoined by him, and climbed up to the very top. What a magnificent view we had from it! The hills of Soungkong far in the distance,—the lovely shading of the trees,—Shanghai, also remote, with its forest of masts surrounding it, the fresh green fields, and the romantic windings of this beautiful river, with a soft blue sky overhead! Was it not charming? We certainly thought so, for we lingered long on the height.

I must now tell you something of the Mission. On Sabbath, your brother gave us an excellent sermon. There was a very large congregation, and all were most attentive. His subject was Rom. v. 20, "But where sin

abounded, grace did much more abound." He first described the kingdom of sin—its origin, progress, and extension; then the kingdom of grace—its origin, spread, and glorious issue; and then drew a glorious contrast between the two. He came home with me from the chapel, but, before I could scarcely say a word to him, he was off again to the city, to address the Chinese. In the evening, we had quite an interesting service in our own house. Two of the native Christians had their little ones baptized. We met in the lobby—it is very large and wide—we had chairs ranged on each side; at the top stood your brother, a little table before him; on it a white cloth, and a bowl with water. He gave a short address, and prayed, and then baptized. Wang, the father of the little girl, asked him to give her a Bible name, and he called her Sarah. John was the name of the other child, given by its own father. Quite a crowd of women filled up the lobby. It was an interesting scene. Is it not gladdening to see those who were so recently bending the knee to Buddha, now bringing their little ones to the Lord? I have just been interrupted, when writing, by your brother's return from the city, where he has been preaching to the native population. He tells me two or three came up to him to-day, after the service, and conversed with him about their souls' interests. How gratifying such things are to the missionary! It gives him new life. Several now wish to be baptized. . . .

7. TO HER SISTER MAGGIE.

A Chinese Wedding.

SHANGHAI, 23*d Nov.* 1859.

I got your kind letter this morning, and was so delighted to hear from you. I am truly sorry dear mamma is not yet quite well, but you must not be cast down about her; she will, I trust, be ere long in her usual. Cheer up, then, my beloved Maggie. "Behind the cloud is the sun still shining," and bright and happy days are, I hope, under a kind Providence, in store for darling mamma and you. . . .

I am now going to tell you something about a Chinese wedding. Well, yesterday morning, about nine, I went to Mrs. Muirhead's to see the bride. She has been engaged for several months, and it has always been a topic of conversation how Funee's marriage would go off, when, and all about it. Mrs. Muirhead took her in, when she was cast off by her parents, three years ago, and she is now eighteen. Mrs. Muirhead had all the part of a mother to go through in the betrothal presents, arrangements for the wedding, etc.; and so yesterday she was married. I wanted to see her dress, so, when I had done breakfast, I hurried to Mrs. Muirhead's. She went with me to the little room, and when we entered we found the women first putting violet powder on her, and then shaving her face—actually shaving it. After this they shaved the back of her neck in like fashion. Then they brought her a hot cloth (the Chinese always wash in hot water without soap), and she rubbed her face and neck. Then the grand process of putting up the hair

commenced, and such a time as this took! They do put up their hair very beautifully. Well, it was all brushed back, and then a quantity of false hair was put in, and the back knot made. Elegant flowers were now put all round the back of her head, forming a complete covering to the back knot. Next came the putting on of the crimson robe and veil. Every bride here is dressed in crimson from head to feet, and their little shoes are made of crimson silk. Having to dress myself a bit, and order my chair, I could not wait all the time of her being dressed, and left before the finishing touch was given.

In a short time we were all gathered before the door, Mrs. Muirhead, Mrs. John, Mrs. Jenkins, Miss French, an American lady, and myself; also, Messrs. Muirhead, John, and Edkins; but while there we were, and our chairs, no word as yet of the bride. By and by, however, she came out all red over, with a quantity of dangling pearls depending from her flowers. Her veil was fastened far back on her head, and hung down to her feet. It was of thick crimson brocaded silk, and about a quarter of a yard broad. After a great deal of fussing, she got into her chair, and then every hole and crevice had to be covered with red. At last we set off, the bride taking the lead, I directly behind her in my chair, and the rest following, and away we proceeded to the city chapel. We were not long in reaching it, when in a little she came out of her chair, and entering the chapel, guided by Mrs. Muirhead and a China woman, took her place by the bridegroom, and the ceremony began. Mrs. Muirhead stood by her, and I

stood up too. It was quite a long service, and I'm sure she must have been tired of it. Instead of joining hands, they bowed to one another, and we sung a hymn, in Chinese of course. The native pastor married them. We went home with them. She was immediately put into a little bedroom, and set down on the bed, her veil still covering her face. Then all the China women crowded in to look at her, and the men were busy outside. I scarcely noticed the hall when first I entered, I was in such a hurry to see the bride, but it really was a very handsome affair. A great number of musicians were seated at the foot of it, playing the most doleful strains. Chinese wine was flowing copiously, and a quantity of fruit was spread out temptingly on the table. We were soon invited to come to the feast, so we seated ourselves. The first course was fruit in great varieties, next came hashed mutton and pork, plates and chopsticks. I looked ruefully at both food and sticks, but I was shamed into taking something, all the rest being at work. I tried to use the chopsticks, but did not succeed, and I was never so thankful to see a knife and fork as when the coolie brought them. We then had vegetables, and, last of all, rice. After separating, I went in the evening and stayed a little with the bride. She was still seated on the bed with her veil down. The merry-making, I understood, lasted all night. Mr. Edkins sends his best love to his little sister, and he wants her to write to him. Kindest wishes to all my Stromness friends. Most affectionately yours,

JEANIE.

8. TO HER MOTHER.

SHANGHAI, *25th November* 1859.

THIS minute almost the mail arrived and brought me news from home. Oh, it was most pleasant to hear from all, but I still sadly missed dear mamma's handwriting. Another time you will surely write me, though it were but a line or two? Indeed I feel as if I *must* hear from you. . . . I have been quite active since last I wrote you, what with house-keeping, the Chinese lessons, calling and receiving calls. Last Friday evening we spent very pleasantly at a Miss Fay's, a very accomplished woman, at least in Chinese literature. She is quite up in the Chinese classics, and can quote Menshow, the great philosopher, most readily. I am beginning to feel much drawn to her. During tea we had a long talk about England and America. She is a thorough American, and glories in the country. After tea we had some very pleasant conversation. Mr. Edkins and she then got on to the Chinese poets, and there I could not venture, of course, so I had to be listener. She has a large boys' school, numbering forty-seven scholars. We saw several of their translations from Chinese into English. She teaches them to translate English into Chinese, and Chinese into English. This afternoon I intend going along with Mrs. John to hear them recite. It will be quite a sight, so many boys. I am getting on as best I can with the language—stumbling out sentences, misplacing words, and so on. Many a quiet laugh my husband has at my orders to the servants.

However, I am progressing, I feel, and that is so far good. I have a Chinese lesson in the morning from Mr. Edkins before breakfast. We breakfast about eight generally, dine at two, take tea at six, and have no supper. There is a Mr. Wylie who boards with us, who is a very pleasant, quiet person, and of superior abilities. He is superintendent of the printing department, and an earnest missionary as well. Last Saturday, Mr. Edkins and I were in the country, at a little place called Fawho. It was a lovely afternoon, and everything looked so sweet and fresh. We were much pleased with the active life among the country people: the husbandman with careful hand watering the plants; the water-bearer with his cans descending cautiously among tall reeds and weeds, and bringing back his can laden with water; the women, with bright happy faces, spinning merrily inside the open door of the little cot, and lots of small children playing round in all directions; a happy scene it was. We reached Fawho about three, and such crowds gathered round me and peered into my face. I had on a hat, and pulled it far over my face, but they got on their knees actually to see me while we were seated in a tea shop. Mr. Edkins preached for an hour. I got tired of standing, and sat down in my chair, which I had with me, and they formed a circle all round. We reached home about six, very ready for our tea. The rest of the Mission are well, and quite busy. The American missionaries are very numerous at Shanghai. Several of them are favourable to slavery in America, and I know one lady who is a slaveholder. This is very melancholy; it seems fearful to me. . . . .

9. TO HER SISTER MAGGIE.

SOUNGKONG, *3d Jan.* 1860.

I had both your dear letters along with papa's on Monday. Oh, what a thrill of joy it sends to my heart when the letters come! Why does not dear mamma write? Tell her I'd be grateful for the *weeist* bit of a note. My husband has just gone on shore to preach. It is raining quite fast, so you must not expect a very sunshiny letter from me to-day. I am sitting by a little bit of oyster-shell window, my feet and all up on the couch, my portfolio on my knee, and penning this to you. Boat life is very amusing, a little dreary sometimes, but when I begin to feel rather discontented with it, I think of my dear husband, how much greater fatigue he undergoes, and without a murmur. Many a time I think, too, that all the labour in this kind of life is little compared to the honour and joy of saving immortal souls. Oh, what a happy work does the missionary one become when the mind gets into this way of viewing it! I find the want of freedom in the language a great barrier in the way of my usefulness. I wish I could jump into the middle of the language at once. As yet I am lingering by the threshold, and that is rather heartless work,—still I am getting compliments on all sides about it. Even my husband, who is very careful not to flatter his little wife, quietly remarks now and then that *I'll do.* I know very well, however, that he thinks more than that; when I'm rather in a dreamy mood, hopelessly trying to distinguish between this Chinese character and that, he will then tell me I am

getting on beautifully. This is somewhat satisfactory; and whether it is from praise, or real progress, I can't say, but this last week I seem to myself as if I had made considerable improvement. I am thinking of commencing a school by and by for orphan girls, and hope I may through that means do some good. We have been out a few days in the boat. A day or two before we started, I had a visit from the young girl whose marriage I told you about. She looked well and happy. I was overjoyed to hear from you that John had joined the church.

"How sweet it is the saints to join,
How sweet to call their Saviour mine."

I trust, my dearest sister, you will soon also publicly give yourself to Christ. I feel as if in your heart you had done so long ago.—Your most affectionate

JEANIE.

10. TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

Boat-Trip to Soungkong.

SOUNGKONG, *4th Jan.* 1860.

I was very much pleased to get all the home letters on Monday last. I wish you could see how eagerly I snatch at them, and how happy I feel; and, on the other hand, how *down* I am if there are none. This mail, I had loads, and your welcome one among the rest, and they were such a treat. We have been out in the country for several days. We left Shanghai on Friday afternoon, and proceeded by the Yah-huce stream, on to Soungkong, a city between thirty and forty miles dis-

tant from Shanghai. It was nearly dark ere we got clear out from the shipping and into the peaceful little stream; still we dimly saw its beauties. A bank of soft green grass on each side, dotted with pretty little kids, and fringed with trees, the warm tint of autumn lingering with some of them, and with others the dark green leaf as luxuriant and beautiful as in England's June. With others, to be sure, nature had done her work, and they waved their leafless branches mournfully; but nature did look bright and beautiful, though December was just saying farewell. We landed, and had a pleasant scamper by the bank before tea. We met a group of wondering natives. While we were in the distance a sharp dispute was going on, but as we neared, they forgot themselves in wonder at the foreigners. We re-embarked, and after tea passed a large establishment of the Roman Catholics. They have built chapel, school-room, and many houses in beautiful style. We would have gone ashore to see it, but a fair wind and rapid tide were hurrying us on, and night was rapidly advancing. Next morning a bright sunshine sparkled on the waters, and many a little boat filled with cormorants, and with a man to manage them, brightened the scene. I don't know that I ever explained this way of catching fish, nor am I sure that I can very clearly, but I'll make the attempt. The man takes one cormorant after another, fills their throats with fish, and then puts them into the river. They dive down, and bring up the fish in their bills. Of course they can't swallow. It is a pretty sight to see boat after boat pass, filled with them.

By twelve we reached Soungkong, and found some difficulty in getting our boat pushed past the many that were now crowding the river. After a most animated Chinese discussion, we succeeded in passing, and in a few minutes were at anchor, the city walls on the one side, and the western suburb on the other. Mr. Edkins went ashore at once, while I patiently waited in the boat, "the observed of all observers," I may say, for a plank was laid for him to go ashore, and was not removed; so, whenever he was at a sufficient distance, one and another thought fit to pay me a visit. I was quite besieged by them; however, I had the door shut, and though it was unpleasantly close, I preferred it, seeing Mr. Edkins was away. After dinner I set out with him, and went first to Yien, the teacher's house. Matters here are in a very prosperous state. There are no fewer than forty members. There was a meeting held at once, and Mr. Edkins addressed and spent a long time with them. I passed on to the room where the women were, and underwent such an examination. My hat, cloak, and dress were carefully handled. Fruit was brought, and I carelessly laid down my gloves. The hostess immediately took them up, and after satisfying her curiosity, handed one on each side for inspection. I fairly laughed, but when I saw one dirty hand after another disappear within them, I felt half vexed for the fate of my gloves. However, they were faithfully returned. I was very, very sorry I could not talk to them of the Saviour. I did what I could, but that, as yet, is so little. By and by Mr. Edkins came for me, and when I rose the old woman insisted I should "chik va," that

is, eat rice, literally, but really, take dinner. I declined, but she insisted earnestly, and we promised to come next day. We had a charming walk over dilapidated bridges and short bushy ground, and by many pretty-looking temples, some old and some new; and followed by fifty or sixty men, women, and children, all dressed in faded blue cotton, "tattered and torn," and shouting as they came. I was much amused, as at every fresh building out came another troop. They don't mind what you say, and the only way is to tire them by going a long distance, and then they quickly fall off.

Next morning was Sabbath, and Mr. Edkins was away to service by eight o'clock. I went at twelve, and found him quite occupied. Again I went to the women, and found preparations for dinner were going on. Soon Mr. Edkins appeared, and the dinner was brought in. No clean table-cloth was spread, the bare table was all. On each of its corners was placed a different kind of fruit; beside each fruit-plate was a pair of black ivory chop-sticks. In the centre was a little * * *, around which was fish and soup boiling together, then a plate with the smallest bits of mutton, another of the stamp of beef, and another of fowl, and another of pork. Egg-pudding and rice finished the arrangements of the table, and we sat down to partake. Mr. Edkins can manage chopsticks famously, and he made an excellent dinner, though he was assisted, as was I, by the very pair of chopsticks Yien was eating with. This is a very simple specimen of a Chinese dinner, for generally there are a great many courses. In the afternoon, Mr. Edkins set out to preach far inland, and he did not wish to take

me and little Mayfoo, my companion, so we went for a walk by ourselves, away to a lovely spot, "far from the haunts of men," if you can quote this in China, where every spot of ground seems thickly peopled. But it really was a sweet place. A small silvery stream rippled gently past a nice rising ground on one side, and a beautifully cultivated country all round, while three pagodas towering gigantically amid the scene gave it a picturesque, romantic appearance. A bright afternoon sun, and a mild, gentle air beautified all, and the clear blue sky seemed smiling over us. I reluctantly turned. Mr. Edkins had found us out, and came hurrying to meet us. He was afraid of the night air for my throat, which was rather troubling me, so we went to our boat. We had two Chinamen to tea with us. They gave me many compliments about the language, and said, in two months I should speak well. Already I find myself greatly improved. If I pay attention I make out pretty well what is going on. We resolved to go home on Saturday night, so we bade goodbye to the two Chinamen, and our boat started. We knew the mail would be in, and we wanted our letters; also, we required some provision, so we reached home on Monday, got the dear letters, spent a few hours, and then set out again. As I fear, however, I have already tired you with this rather prosy account of our boat excursion to Soungkong, I shall not inflict the *continuation* on you, but will give it to mamma in the letter I am just about to write her. I wish that, in addition to describing our boat-trip to this city, I could tell you that I have been teaching and endeavouring to influence the Chinese for good. Oh, I

hope I shall soon be able to do so! Their language is a hard one, but it *must* be got hold of. Write me often, and give me long letters. How my heart rejoiced when I heard that you had pledged yourself to be Christ's. O let us frequently remember our vows, and may we feel that His yoke is easy, and His burden light! Oh, to be an unbroken family in heaven! May every blessing rest on you, my beloved brother.

11. TO HER MOTHER.

Continuation of Boat-Trip to Soungkong.

SOUNGKONG, *4th Jan.* 1860.

AM I not a regular correspondent with home? I don't think I have missed a mail since we came to China. We are out on a trip to Soungkong. We left Shanghai on Monday evening about nine, after the monthly meeting in the chapel. The meeting was conducted by a Mr. Hall, Mr. Burdon praying first. Other two missionaries engaged in prayer, and after a short appropriate address for the times by Mr. Hall, we separated. It was rather a wet evening; however, we went on board the boat, and next morning, when we rose, we found ourselves far from Shanghai, in a broad beautiful river, the Wampoo. The sun was just shining out from the dim misty horizon when I stepped out, and the scene was delightful. The windings of this fine river are most numerous and interesting. On each side a beautiful country, green and highly cultivated, rich with trees, and the distant water of the Wampoo winding caprici-

ously out and in amid this lovely valley. What a busy scene too ! Boats were going in all directions, and when it is fair for one boat, it is consequently foul for another, if they go on opposite courses. A pleasant little breeze ruffled the bosom of the river, and set off to great advantage the boats speeding along with fair wind and tide, their white sails filled with the pleasant breeze, and glittering in the morning sun. The air serene, fresher and purer in the morning always, I think ; and this morning it seemed even more refreshing with the misty horizon. Presently a pretty little village appeared in a beautiful bend in the river. Minghong is its name. We landed. Mr. Edkins went and preached, and I walked through the street fronting the river. It was thronged with people. After Mr. Edkins had finished the service, he joined me, and we entered a smallish house, where we found a school. Several little boys were hard at work. Their teacher appeared a man of mark. His certificates, several of which a yard long, were suspended from the roof, and he had a half-dozen of them. We passed a large temple with an outside gallery, where plays are performed. Then we saw men treading, or rather working something with their feet, which Mr. Edkins said was the mashing process of the rice with stone mallets. Next door they were making matting, next was a rice shop, next a tea shop, and so on. On returning to the boat, we were followed by nearly all the inhabitants of this street to see us embark. We got on a little way, the country looking really beautiful, when the wind fell, and the tide being against us, we had contentedly to wait. Mr. Edkins

directly went on shore; I would go too; and our boat sailed into a snug little creek. We went on by a narrow footpath for some time, crossing such dangerous-looking, shaky bridges, until we reached a nice open space. Here he wished me to return to the boat, as I am quite an attraction among the natives, and they put such questions during the sermon to me. I went rather slowly back, and he mounted the stump of an old tree by the river's bank, and preached for a long time. He had a lengthened argument with a Roman Catholic, who was silenced, if not convinced.

After dinner, we went again out of the boat. It looked rather rainy, and soon it did rain quite fast, but we passed on, and first got into a temple, on a little eminence. Here Mr. Edkins talked to the old man who kept it, and gave him a Bible. We then went to some little cottages that were clustered together, where he also spoke for some time to the people on the great subject of salvation. They were much disposed to converse with me. One asked me my age, and when my husband told them—"How young!" they replied. They examined my hat very carefully, and when I began to walk, several of the little fellows ran before me, stooping so as to see my feet. They appeared rather shocked with their size. I had on a pair of thick leather boots, and certainly they looked rather "piccildy." We went to several different biggings, and did a good deal in the way of talking, and distributing books. We now came back, and had tea in our boat, and went towards Soungkong, and next morning found ourselves there, and at anchor. It was raining fast, and kept doing so all day.

I entertained two Chinamen to dinner. It was highly amusing how they rose, held each plate high, and thanked me as I handed them the things. Mr. Edkins spent part of the morning, forenoon, and afternoon on shore. In the evening we pushed off again, but the wind was too strong; such was also the case all yesterday, and we have not yet reached home. We shall now, however, we hope, be there in a few hours; and I am so anxious, in order to get our letters posted in time for the mail. I want to tell you all about a school I am going to form for little orphan girls, but have not time just now. I hope it will commend itself to some of the wealthy men here; but perhaps I may ask papa what he would think of requesting his Sabbath-school to collect for it; still that may be unnecessary, as the Shanghai gentry could easily support it if they chose, and I trust they will.—Your most affectionate

JEANIE.

12. TO HER BROTHER SIMON.

SOUNGKONG, *6th Jan.* 1860.

I RECEIVED your kind letter last Monday. We had been out for some days in the country; and was it not a treat to find all those dear letters waiting? I am so glad you got our Anger despatches. They would form an agreeable break in the long tedious silence since we left England. We are out again in the boat. This is a wet disagreeable day. Mr. Edkins is disappointed, as he wished to spend *all* the day preaching. I don't know exactly where he is just now; I think in the city,

in spite of the rain. I am all alone in the boat, which is rather lonesome, but I manage pretty well. I was busy with various kinds of work to-day, but have got wearied, and thought I would sit down and have a talk with you. I have given John a long account of the first part of this trip, and mamma the rest, so, as you will see both, I need not repeat what I have said to either of them. Mrs. Williamson's note was very sweet. We did like it so much. I am sure her separation from China must be a trial to her missionary heart, but I trust in a few months we shall hear the joyful tidings that she and Mr. Williamson are again to join us. I should feel like meeting a sister in meeting with her. We have been in the boat since Monday night. The weather is just now cold and wet. Last week all was sunshine; this is cloudy. Is this not like human life? One time bright and joyous, and ere long the reverse. Does not the end of the year bring many a thought, pleasant and painful? I think we should feel this most, we are a stage nearer death, and, let us hope, nearer *home*. Seeing it so, should we not put heart and soul most earnestly to work? I seem to feel this each day more and more. I am so anxious to talk to the women. It vexes me much when there are many gathered round me, that I can't sustain a conversation with them. We are to have special meetings next week at Shanghai for the outpouring of God's Spirit. Oh that He may powerfully descend upon us, and the blessing come until there be not room to receive! . . .

13. TO HER MOTHER.

Chinese New-Year.

SHANGHAI, 28*th Jan.* 1860.

ɴ I have been delighted with your letter. It is precious to me. Many a time have I perused am longing for the mail to come again to bring ıch another. Oh, do now write often, often to

. . .

ıat a busy merry week has this been all over . Their New-Year, looked forward to for months, last arrived, and, to all appearance, here at least ıave enjoyed it most thoroughly. You could form ıa of the gaiety of attire this last week among the se. Silk and furs of all kinds and colours have donned, and the dirty, hard-working coolie has enveloped in an elegant silk suit, and made his of "Kiangchi." I have seen ladies start and ɜr as tall fellows pushed open the door, and made salaam, dressed in full style, black hat, with crim- ıssel and all, and quickly ask who they were. ɔolie," would be the reply in many cases, occasion- Cook." My house-servant was waiting at table ɔnday morning in his usual dress. Directly after ıd gone up to the parlour, I heard a rumbling on airs, and, to be sure, Tabing and the cook entered, ıg in splendour, and made their bow, and "Kiangchi." greatly amused, but said "Kiangchi" with all nity. Mr. Edkins took me to the city in the oon, and it greatly reminded me of a "*fair*" at

home on a huge scale, this only difference, the windows were all shut. The streets were crowded with people, and the temples with worshippers. We passed on until we came to the tea gardens, and certainly such an assemblage of people I don't remember ever seeing. The wide square was filled. The bridges also seemed trembling beneath the weight of pig-tails, and the tea shops were crowded. The merry tale was being told, for many a burst of united laughter broke on our ear. One group was occupied with crackers, and kept constantly sending them up in the air. The little temples, dotted on either side the gardens, had many a worshipper. Altogether the scene was a gay one. The faces that were turned on you looked bright and happy, though, I 'm sure, there must have been some sad hearts amid such a gathering. The noise got very deafening, and I begged of Mr. Edkins to leave the place sooner than I should otherwise. When we got outside of the city again, and walked by the river, we had time and breath to talk. In the city this was impossible amidst such crowds. . . . .

14. TO HER FATHER.

Second Boat-Trip to Soochow.

31st Jan. 1860.

THIS day—Tuesday, 31st January—we left Shanghai anchorage at three o'clock P.M. As the sanpan ran alongside the boat that was to carry us, Messrs. John and Cox, who had preceded us, appeared to bid us wel-

come. A bright fire burned cheerily in the little stove in the principal cabin. Two straw chairs in front, and two little trunks on each side of the fire, were our seats. On either side the cabin was a small couch, in the centre a small table, and directly opposite the fireplace a door leading into a much smaller cabin, the sleeping-place of Messrs. John and Cox. We have two windows on each side, about a foot square, and with outside brown venetians. A fair wind and tide carried us on most expeditiously. Our sails were spread, and filled by the breeze, and on we sped, at the rate of eight knots an hour, up the Hwanghoo. We had a pleasant view from the window, of the ships, junks, and boats as we passed up the river, and Shanghai looked lively and pretty. But the cold wind blew strong, and the windows and deck were deserted. The candle was lighted, the stove-door was thrown open, and we had tea, that most social and cozy of all meals. After tea, we all sat round the fire, and spent one of the most pleasant evenings I remember since my foot pressed home sod. After talking a while of poetry, we began to speak of our work as missionaries, and our hearts blended with one another as we spoke. We were all deeply impressed with our high responsibilities, and yet we felt where our strength lay, and our hearts rose to our Father in heaven as we conversed; and earth, with its mixture of joys and sorrows, seemed to lessen, and our whole souls were refreshed. Oh, it is pleasant to drink from the wells of salvation, and it is surely the highest possible emotion of the soul, when it thus feels Christ near! For a long time we dwelt on this theme, but by and by the

speaking branched off to other topics. The remembrance of that holy conversation will long dwell in my inmost heart.

Wednesday, 1st February.—A bright sun shone on us very early, and I lay and watched the dancing shadows as they played, now here now there. There is something very pure and lovely in the first rays of the sun, especially when they gild up a dark little cabin. I was soon up, however, and had a fire lit before the gentlemen emerged from their dormitory. An opposite wind and tide retarded us greatly this morning. We had an early dinner, and then landed. A pretty little pagoda lay close to us, and thither we bent our steps. When we got near, we found it was on a small island, and first we must cross a long, narrow bridge, made of two narrow planks, with no protection on either side. It looked rather hazardous, but, with a little assistance, we all got across nicely, and first inspected the temple. It was dedicated to Buddha. He sat in the centre, and ranged round the sides of the building were eighteen figures, many of them in Indian dress, and all in the attitude of rapt attention, with eyes turned on Buddha, or rolled up in ecstasies. The priest was a garrulous little fellow. His name translated into English is "Sea of Wishes." He talked fast and well to Mr. Edkins. We now went through a narrow passage, and ascended the pagoda. The steps were narrow, steep, and well nigh broken down, and it was a species of hand-and-foot ascent we made. However, in time the top was gained, and the view repaid us. Stretched all along, as far as the eye could reach, were paddy fields of mud buried in water.

Opposite us lay the Soungkong hills, green and pretty, crowned with rich brown grass. They are not high hills, but look refreshing after the weary plain of Shanghai. A fair sun shone on the treeless banks of the river, and on the white crusting ice that glistened on the ground. A number had now collected at the foot, and while Messrs. Edkins and John talked with them, Mr. Cox and I walked round the little island, conversing and picking up all the green pretty things we saw. By and by Messrs. Edkins and John rejoined us, and we all had a delightful walk together before returning to the boat. An effort was then made to get our lazy boat under weigh, and we did push off, but soon we heard the anchor drop, and we rested for the night. In the evening, we again sat round the fire, and we read Tennyson's *Princess*. It greatly disappointed us after the *Idylls of the King;* still there are fine touches here and there, though Tennyson is scarcely a poet after my heart.

Thursday.—This morning we had got into a rough part of the river, and were tacking about, having a contrary wind. All day, nearly, the gentlemen spent on shore preaching. Towards evening we all had a short walk, returned, and spent a pleasant time again by the comfortable fireside.

Friday Morning.—We found ourselves anchored at the west gate of Soochow—China's Venice. After breakfast, the gentlemen landed, and went to the city. I was sure there would be a mob if I accompanied them, so I stayed in the boat. In a short time they returned, with rueful faces. The gate-keepers had refused them admission, but in a very polite way. This they almost

expected, as Mr. Muirhead and several others had been refused during the last two months. They then sent a despatch for the men, preached in the outskirts, and, ere the shades of night drew on, we took a boat and went to Houchew. The boat we now got into was small, a wee bit of a cabin, clean and neat, with two windows. We passed along perhaps the most populous part of Soochow. The river was crowded with boats and junks, and mandarins' boats with their gay bedeckings. Everywhere the noise of voices, the din of the boatmen, and the sculling, met you. Long before we reached Houchew the sun had sunk to rest, and the moon, calm and pure, rose slowly on the soft blue heavens. Soon our boat ran alongside a little wharf, and we climbed up, and now the pagoda, in all its time-worn ancient beauty, burst upon us. We climbed a rough, steep ascent, now rugged rocks, and again tangled moss and green, and on we passed through this romantic path. Then we went by a sort of gateway into the grounds, and they are truly beautiful. High rock-work on all sides, with a little bridge spanning over to this and that ledge, and often to a little green-clad cavern scooped out in the rock. A stone flight of steps, broad and wide, led up to the temple, through which we passed, and in all the beauty and charm of moonlight we stood at the foot of the pagoda, gazing up on its rugged sides and abrupt corners, all softened and mellowed in the fair moonlight. The tranquil grey sky formed an interesting background, and our hearts beat fast with pleasurable emotions as we looked on the great beauty that surrounded us. Seen through the misty shadows were

the lofty hills of Soochow, their tops now visible, now enveloped in shade, as the wilful moonbeams would have it. The plain beneath, the river with its many windings, seemed doubly beautiful as they lay illuminated by a sort of fairy light, and the soft mist seemed like a gossamer mantle, making the whole prospect more enchanting. Here and there the dark olive and evergreen fir-tree rose fair and high, and the starry light twinkled from many a cottage on the plain. Above were the blue heavens, bright with stars. "Was ever scene more fair?" was at least in every heart, as we four stood on that charming hill, and almost silently drank in its beauties. When the soul is revelling like this in nature, in the deep stillness of night, there is an intense enjoyment which cannot be expressed in language.

Lingeringly we passed from the brow of the hill, and, re-entering the temple, descended. Many a look was thrown back as we returned to our boat. We all felt so gratified with what we had seen, as walking down the lighted streets we made our way to it. Soon we were rowing briskly back again, and by the way we talked of *home*, and the nearly approaching anniversary of our marriage. We arrived at our boat about seven or eight, and found tea waiting, and the native teacher from Soochow, who took tea with us, and who had a long talk with Mr. Edkins and Mr. John. He said they were beginning to feel a little annoyance now and then on account of their preaching, and connexion with foreigners.

Saturday.—Mr. Cox was very desirous to go to the

hills. We therefore got a boat, and started after breakfast, first making arrangements with the teacher. It was rather a rainy morning, but the air was very pleasant. Slowly we were propelled along by a man and woman alternately sculling. The scenery opened up splendidly. Many a lovely vista we had through the old arched bridges; and what with the varying prospect, and the lively conversation among ourselves, and the hoarse guttural ejaculations of the family group behind, we had much to interest as well as to amuse us. In China whole families live together in one small boat, —cook, eat, and exist within six feet square. Soon the hills looked near, and, by turning into a narrow creek, we found ourselves surrounded on each side by high mountains. My heart danced with joy when I looked upon those hills. In a few minutes we gained the landing point. Now the rain was falling fast—a thick drizzling rain, or Scotch mist as the gentlemen insisted. I got muffled up in a wrapping plaid, and into a chair, and, borne shoulder high, proceeded up the steep. The way was remarkably clean, a regular gravelled walk, with stone steps here and there. The gentlemen ran lightly on before, one of them sometimes holding an umbrella over me, which, however, I requested they would not do, as it half hid the view from me, and that was most exquisite. At the first resting-place we looked down on a cemetery, not neglected and miserable-looking, but regular, and as beautifully kept as many of the home cemeteries, but in all the rich soft beauty of nature in her loveliest dress.

Though January had just passed, shrubs bloomed, and

trees bent over each grave rich and green; the long brown grass waved gently, and almost hid the small upright stone that was placed here and there. It was in a beautiful hollow or ravine in the hill, and it nestled there, embosomed on each side by steep acclivities embowered in trees. A feeling of pain passes through the mind generally in gazing on the resting-place of the departed, but here it was not so. The locality, the singular beauty of the place, with the fast flowing river at its foot, and the aged temple and pagoda at its summit, all took away the gloom of the graveyard, though a sharp pang passed through the heart as "These, where are they?" came to mind. Again we proceeded, and this time the way was most perpendicular, branching out in abrupt granite cliffs, on the very edge of which were trees. Little anchorite cells, with their green carpet, were repeatedly occurring. When we reached the top, the rain fell so thick and so fast that our view was limited; still, through the mist we had a commanding, though not a distant prospect. The Yaiho Lake stretched at our feet, a broad, fine sheet of water, dotted with little islets. The hills, one upon another and another, stretched on each side, added greatly to the effect. It was so enlivening to me to find myself up on a high hill. We now passed into the temple, and met the priest, who showed us through the different apartments. The idols were large and numerous, but similar to those I have already described. The priest was anxious for a contribution for some god or other, which, of course, we refused. We rapidly descended the hill, and ere long were in our boat again. We reached our large

boat about six, had dinner and tea together, and then met the two teachers, with whom Messrs. Edkins and John held a long conversation.

Sabbath Morning.—The day was fair, and the teachers with the converts came to the boat at ten o'clock, and stayed till one. The service was most interesting. I followed some of it quite well, and with my English Bible could tell where they read, and where each verse began. One or two of them prayed very beautifully, and we sung, too, several very pretty home hymns, translated into Chinese. After they left, the missionaries went and preached in the outskirts until half-past five, when the converts again returned, and stayed till past seven o'clock in the evening. Altogether it was a most sweet and profitable day. After tea, we all went under the walls, and had a moonlight walk. Our conversation was chiefly about China, and missionary work. Where we walked, the high walls, some forty feet high, were on one side, and the river on the other, with just so much light as served to show the hastily-plied little boats rowed at once by hands and feet. Next morning early, all the three gentlemen would go and buy some furs for a remembrance of Soochow; so off they went, and returned about eleven for breakfast, Mr. John bringing me a lovely fur, and my husband also marriage presents, for to-morrow was the anniversary of that day of days. Greatly to my amazement, each of the three came laden with a brace of pheasants and wild duck, bought for the wedding dinner, and carried by themselves for two miles. About twelve noon we pulled up our anchor, and turned our face homeward.

Tuesday, 7th February.—This being the anniversary of our marriage, Mr. Edkins and I had hearty congratulations at breakfast. The grand dinner came off at four, just before we dropped anchor at Soungkong. After it we went on shore, saw Yien the teacher, told him to come to the boat soon, and returned. In the evening, as we sat round the fire, thoughts of home came thick and fast, and the scene of this day last year in the drawing-room at Stromness would not be shut out. You, and mamma, and Maggie, and all came so vividly before me, that I had been home-sick but for the lively and interesting conversation of the evening. Next morning we had a long and instructive service in Yien's house, forty converts being present. Mr. Edkins addressed them, and baptized two. There is a third applicant also. Yien insisted we should dine, so dine we did with him. Fruit, fish, pheasant, fowl, and egg, all at once on the table, and little bowls of rice to each person, with black chopsticks. The gentlemen made a hearty dinner. I could not do so well. We then bade them good-bye, but many of the converts would come to the boat to see us off. I had heard through a note from Mrs. John that there were three letters for us, and was I not anxious then to be home? We started, and reached Shanghai about seven next morning, and I found the welcome budget of home news on the parlour table. Good-bye.—From your most affectionate

JEANIE.

15. TO HER MOTHER.

SHANGHAI, *Feb.* 1860.

How grateful I should feel that I have my own da ling mamma to write to! I did not prize you hs enough when I was with you. When I think of hon my heart is all affection, and such a gushing of lo I ever feel for you. What long, long talks we shs have together, if spared, when I return to Stromness few years hence. What stories of China life, roughi it in the boat, etc. And then, best of all, how we shs speak of what the Lord has done for us. Even no may we not say, "Bless the Lord, O our soul, and s that is within us bless His holy name"? Oh, mamm what I would give for a long letter from you every ma comforting me, and stimulating me to work Oh, ho many calls we get to labour, while it is called to-da A missionary lady, fair, blooming, and beautiful wh we arrived, has now gone to her resting-place. Sl died very suddenly of inflammation of the stomach. had met her several times at tea, and she has called f me. She leaves a very young family, and a most so rowing husband. How wonderful are the ways of Go and yet to His people all His doings are in lov Another and another have been taken in other par since we came to China. Should it not make us wl are spared doubly active?

My heart yearns over these poor Chinese. I wi their language was not so *very hard* to acquire. It r quires constant application. I am studying every d

at it, and once I do get hold of it, I feel as if I should be almost for preaching to them myself. Numerous though the missionary circle here is, American as well as English, we are not getting sufficient hold of the people, and "compelling them to come in." At least our converts are few, comparatively, but the leaven is in, and surely we should believe that the process of leavening will go on. There seems to be a great want of the spirit of inquiry among the Chinese. They are generally content to be as their fathers were. The Japanese, on the other hand, are different, from all accounts, and greedily devour every European book that is translated; but missionaries are not yet permitted to labour there, though of late three or four American missionary families have gone among them, principally to learn the language.

I went to a ladies' prayer-meeting last week. I think it might be better conducted. I took no part in it. I did not feel my heart sufficiently enlisted. Perhaps I was myself to blame. Am I right in thinking that religion should not always be on the lip? I feel it should always be in the heart, and should ever actuate the life; but I imagine those people who can, and do at any and every moment talk about religious experience and so on, cannot understand the deep depths of that love which passeth understanding. Some of my lady friends here do not exactly think so; but —— school is scarcely the place to foster humility, that most beautiful of all Christian graces. We have had a pleasant trip into the country, as far as Soochow, since last I wrote. I have sent my journal of it to papa. Mr. Cox, one of our

companions in it, leaves for Hong-Kong to-morr
He is a very interesting person, and Mr. Edkins an
will miss him much when he goes.

What a comfort dear Maggie will be to you, I'm s
I long sometimes to be able to do some good to you,
I am so far away. We can always, however, draw n
to God for one another; and if at some stated hour
raised our prayers together, we should feel almost n
Mr. Edkins has written to you by this mail. He r
over most of the responsibility of letter-writing on
and writes about as seldom to his own relations at
litha Villas as he does to Stromness. In this way I
a monthly correspondent with my mother-in-law. Si
I began this letter, he returned from his labours in
city, and having had dinner, went off on the pony
Fawho, a village six or seven miles away, to prea
On Sabbath we had an excellent sermon in the cha
from Mr. Martin, an American missionary from Ning
He and his family are thus far on their way to Ameri
His text was, "It is expedient that one man should
for the people." Dr. Bridgeman officiated in the ev
ing. It was his thirtieth anniversary in China. Is
that a long time to be permitted to labour in the miss
field? The occasion was very interesting. Dr. Brid
man is a fine, good old man. . . . .

16. TO MISS EDKINS.

SHANGHAI, 3*d March* 186

. . . . WE have had a sunless week at Shanghai.
has not shone since last Saturday. There has been ra

rain incessantly, and I feel sufficiently stupid in consequence. Every morning I drew back the curtains to see if there was any sun, but the constant dull heavy fall meets your ear, and the tread along the stone pavement, of the hob-nailed Chinamen. But I'm persuaded every season has its enjoyments, even the rainy one. Each forenoon now your brother and I study Chinese before a bright fire up in our parlour. The dining-room looks cold and dull, and after worship is over, we hasten through breakfast, and then repair up stairs, where I first take my accounts from the cook, then give my orders for dinner, etc., after which I seat myself by my husband, and, with book in hand, set to work. I touch his elbow many a time in the course of half an hour to know what this and that character is; and after I have given an hour's labour, sometimes two, I take his book out of his hand, and then I receive half an hour's lesson from him. He sometimes scolds and sometimes praises his little wife.

The forenoon thus passes both pleasantly and profitably, and at two o'clock we have dinner. Chinese dinners are rather more prolonged than home ones. Ordinarily we spend about an hour at table in interesting conversation with our friend Mr. Wylie, who is a very pleasant and intelligent person. About three your brother gets his great-coat, cap, and a most extraordinary pair of boots, with umbrella, and off he goes to the city. Meantime I resume my Chinese, or commence knitting, or some household work, until he returns, which he usually does about five. I hear from him his afternoon's experiences among the natives, which are

sometimes very cheering. Frequently we mal resolutions, and have much close conversation ab work as missionaries, and about our own state lowers of the Saviour; but at other times I con conversation on my part has a tendency to deg into gossip. And, when in a playful mood, him look at his comforts, as compared with tho bachelor, and ask him to take a peep with me fi verandah into Mr. Wylie's sitting-room. There him the bare floor, the table crowded with boc papers, with just as much space left as the dimly ing lamp can stand on; the fireless grate, grim ar the stray chair here and there, etc. Then I bri to our parlour window, and insist that he peep t the cozy curtains, and see the tidy fireside, the c able rug, and the bright fire sparkling and cr and glancing out on the crimson couch drawn side; the centre table with its white cloth, brig tray, and cups, with all the different arrangeme tea, our evening meal, and the warm green carpe ing so nice and beautiful.

After a brisk walk up and down on the veran turn in from the rainy sky and dreary prospe have tea before the lamp is lighted. After tea la I asked Mr. Wylie to hear me read some Chines read through the first chapter of John's Gospel somewhat surprised him. I feel daily a growing the Chinese character, and have great pleasure in ing it. My book during this rainy season has b constant companion, and I am teasing my husb all occasions to hear me. It reminds me of

papa tells of me when I was a very little thing between three and four years of age. I used to pay him a visit every morning in his bedroom before he arose, got inside the curtain, put my finger on his eyes to awaken him, and said, "Papa, here's Jeanie for a lesson;" for I regularly had my book with me. He used to be sleepy, but said, "Very well, go on;" so I read and read until he would say, "That'll do now, Jeanie;" but I pleaded, "A wee bit yet, pa," and on I set to it again. So it is with your brother, and my anxiety to learn the Chinese. He gets quite tired of my annoyances sometimes, though he much likes me to get on. We spent last week in the country near Soungkong. The scenery through which we passed was truly beautiful. . . . .

17. TO HER SISTER MAGGIE.

SHANGHAI, *March* 1860.

I HAVE been poking over my Chinese characters for fully an hour since tea, and for a relief I have taken pen and paper to write my dearly loved sister. This is a quiet evening. Mr. Edkins is seated by the fire with some Chinese books beside him, while I am at the table writing you. We had a German missionary with us to tea this evening. He is a very interesting, and very good and devoted man. There have been several new arrivals of missionaries this week,—four American ones, with their wives. We expect also to have our own Mission doubled in a few days. I have been very busy preparing my spare room for their use. The "Heroes of

Alma" is the name of the ship they come in. I suppose you would read or hear of their departure from England. Along with Dr. Henderson, a medical missionary, there are Mr. and Mrs. M'Gowan, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. In addition, there are Mr. and Mrs. Innocent (Wesleyans), with their three children, and Mr. and Mrs. Hall. Of course, the different mission families here will accommodate them for a time, but we have not yet altogether planned among us how they are to be disposed of. We are hourly expecting the mail. The "Yangtse" is reported outside, and to-morrow will, in all probability, bring us our letters from home. How impatient I get when the time of the mail is near!

We have had rainy, bleak, dreary weather since I last wrote. A peep of sunshine comes out occasionally, just to keep one up, but the atmosphere is very heavy and moist. This kind of weather induces longing thoughts of home, and I have often to make a vigorous attack on the Chinese to help me to think less.

I am getting on well with the written language—rather too fast, almost, for my strength. I have to-day completed the third chapter of John, in the *bunli*, or book-language, and am taking lessons daily in the *tubas*, or common tongue, as well. I like it very much, and it does not cost me very hard work to learn. It is not my *forte* to apply myself thoroughly to anything, but the Chinese has won my heart somehow, and I don't weary of it. If it were not for the present disturbances, and if I could bear solitude better, I should like, above all things, to go into the interior, and mix

thoroughly with the Chinese. That is the only way of acquiring the language to purpose; but at present it would be imprudent and well-nigh impossible to do this. This, however, we intend to do as soon as the way opens up, for there are too many of us crowded together at Shanghai for efficient missionary work. We feel as if we had made among the last of our trips in the country until peace be restored.

Many thanks for the compliments of the season, though they came late, as would mine. How have you begun this year, dearest Maggie? I trust it would be well. I wish I could affirm that I had made decided progress in the Divine life, but, alas! I see so much in me to be discontented with. Oh that I had more humility, and more simple dependence on my God and Saviour. Let us remember one another frequently and warmly at the throne of grace. . . . .

18. TO HER MOTHER.

Her Mother's Birth-day—Rainy Season—Visit of Bishop of Victoria—Ordination of Clergymen—Cheering Intelligence from Dr. Legge—Asiatic Society.

SHANGHAI, *March* 1860.

I WANT to wish you ever so many returns of your birth-day. I wish I could twine my arms round you while I said it, but it is as warm from the heart as if I could. Our rainy season still lasts, and we are all heartily sick of it; but by the time this reaches you the sun will be shining bright enough, and the birds warbling gaily, so there is little use in indulging in this

strain. I must come to news. I had a call from the Bishop of Victoria the other day. He was very pleasant, talked a good deal about Mr. Edkins, who was not preaching at the time, and made himself most agreeable for ten minutes or so, and then went away. He resides at Hongkong, but is up here just now ordaining and confirming. The four to-be priests I knew before, so I felt interested in the ordination, and went with Mrs. John to Trinity Church to witness it. The scene was rather imposing. The Bishop, in his long black robe, the priests, Messrs. Hobson and Burdon, in their white surplices, and the four who were about to be ordained in black cloaks. After an impressive sermon, or sort of charge rather, to these young men, the Bishop came down from the pulpit, and the four knelt by the altar, inside which the Bishop knelt, while Mr. Burdon read the prayers. Some questions were put to them, and, taking the Bible in their hand, they swore the formula as Mr. Hobson spoke it, and, kissing the Bible, returned it to him. After another prayer, the Bishop and both priests laid their hands on their heads, the Bishop uttering these words: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whosesoever sins ye remit they are remitted, and whosesoever sins ye retain they are retained." This shocked me greatly. The English service is too stiff and stately, cold and formal, for my taste.

This morning Mr. Edkins heard from Dr. Legge, Hongkong, who writes in a very cheering way of missionary work there, and wants help. During the last five weeks, in spite of the disturbances, he has baptized seventeen converts. Isn't that most gladdening? Truly

the Lord's work is progressing in China. The meetings for prayer here are still numerous every week. The Wednesday evening one, at the Chaplaincy, we almost invariably attend. At the last one there, Mr. Edkins gave a neat, beautiful address, and prayed. At the conference of the Asiatic Society the other evening, he read a paper on the "Yang tse Kiang," which was greatly praised. Mr. Meadows, the consul, spoke in the highest terms of it, and requested him to have it published. The rest, too, all urged him so strongly to put it in print, that he consented. He rather wished to send it in manuscript to Sir Roderick Murchison, of the Royal Geographical Society, London, but they were so insisting, that he yielded. I am working very closely at the Chinese, and am liking it extremely. I long much to be a helpmate to my husband in missionary work; and as soon as I can talk freely in the language, I mean to spend my Sabbath afternoons in the cottages around us, reading and explaining what I know from the Word of God. I look forward to doing this now in a month or two, if I keep well, and be able to prosecute vigorously my studies. We shall soon have our new party of missionaries among us. We are daily expecting to hear they have arrived at Woosung. . . . .

19. TO MISS EDKINS.

SHANGHAI, *7th April* 1860.

. . . . YOUR brother and I are so glad you are comfortably settled with a nice family. I feel pleased they

are Scotch, and I think so will you, if they are as good as Scotch people generally are. Am I not conceited in writing in this way, praising the inhabitants of "the land of brown heather and flowing stream;" but, dear Louisa, if you only knew how tenfold more beautiful it seems since the blue waves separated us, and how all its beauties rise to remembrance, touched by sweet delightful recollections, you would not wonder. Truly "there's no place like home;" and yet, next to Scotland, China lies near my heart. Her warbling birds, and trees of green, tinged with many a lovely shade, and wafting sweet perfumes, her delightful streams, and her antique architecture, all win the heart; but above all these, and deeper into the heart still, is her people,—her millions perishing for want of spiritual guidance. Often my heart yearns to be able to go here, there, and everywhere, to speak the glad tidings of great joy to them. Oh that the Lord's time to favour China were come!

Your brother is not altogether well to-day. He has a little of ague hanging about him. This is a very trying month, it is so changeable, one day fine, another snowy, and another again, rain. I have had my first real attack of fever and ague. It was pretty severe, and though it is nearly a fortnight since, I have not entirely risen above it. I am hopeful your brother will escape an attack of it at this time. At least he is using all possible precautions in order to ward it off.

April 8th.—A day has passed since I began this letter, and your brother, I am happy to say, is in his usual again, bating a slight headache, which does not hinder his work. He dosed himself with quinine, and has fairly

subdued the ague. The "Heroes of Alma" has arrived, and with the ship our new missionaries. On this night fortnight, as Mr. Wylie, your brother, and I, were seated by a dying fire, past ten o'clock, we heard a rumbling in the stairs, and directly two big personages entered the parlour, Dr. Henderson and Mr. Dawson. They had left the ladies with the other gentlemen in the boat that had taken them from Woosung, and through mud and rain had sought their way to the Mission premises, after first rousing His Excellency, Mr. Bruce, to ask the way,—rather an amusing beginning.

Well, now there was such a sensation in our little circle. All the odd sedan-chairs were produced, and Mr. Muirhead kept crying out in a stentorian voice for coolies. In about half an hour the coolies were collected, the lanterns lit, and the chairs shouldered, and down through the Mission avenue this singular group wended their way, headed by Messrs. Edkins, John, Muirhead, Cowie, etc. How inside our houses—were we ladies not at work? The little fire was rekindled into a magnificent one, the table was covered with a snowy-white cloth, and the pretty china (Dr. Lockhart's handsome present) exhibited thereon. The kettle was fussing and boiling, and everything looked so cozy, all in the space of a few minutes, and then I took up my position on the verandah. Soon the tramp of the iron-shod shoes was heard outside the gate, and the little dim lantern twinkled among the trees, then the coolies and chair appeared, and in a minute, through our open door, chair, inmate, and all were placed in our lobby, and I welcomed Mrs. Wilson, a tall-looking lady.

I took her up stairs, and she was so charmed with my bright fire and comfortable parlour. But another tread was heard, and another chair with its occupant had reached the hall. Down I ran, and welcomed Mrs. Innocent and baby. She is tall, and very stout, and the infant as firm and fat a little Georgie as ever was born. Then Mrs. Dawson came, who looks a very pleasant woman. She went directly to Mrs. Muirhead's, Mrs. Wilson to Mrs. John's, Mrs. M'Gowan, a young good-looking creature, to Mrs. Cowie's. The Innocents and Mr. Hall were our guests, and about three o'clock we retired, but not to sleep, the whole had been too exciting. Next morning, or rather later that morning, we all felt anxious to see one another by daylight, and my first impressions were strengthened of all. I ought now to tell you something of the gentlemen. Dr. Henderson, with a pale face, red hair, and large whiskers, is a good, kind Scotchman. Mr. M'Gowan is an active cheerful Irishman, with none of the brogue. Mr. Dawson is a tall gentlemanly man, of twenty-two or thereby. Mr. Wilson is quiet and retired, but said to be a good scholar. Messrs. Innocent and Hall are very good people. We have the offer of a free passage to Amoy, in a week or ten days, and we half intend going. My husband thinks it would "set me up," as the Americans say, for the summer. If we go, you shall have another letter soon from me.—Yours, with best love,

JEANIE.

20. TO HER BROTHER SIMON.

SHANGHAI, *16th April* 1860.

WE are to start to-morrow morning for Amoy, about 500 miles to the south of this. We are to get a free passage, and as both of us have been ailing, we hope the voyage and change of air will prove beneficial. The Mission at Amoy is reported to be in a very prosperous condition. I shall furnish you with what particulars I can of it after we get there, if spared. We must try and see the Rev. Carstairs Douglas; but I am sorry to think we will not be near the Rev. Mr. Burns, who is so great a favourite with the Chinese, and all the missionaries. We have just returned from a conference meeting, which was numerously attended by missionaries and their wives, and which proved a most exciting one. An American missionary read a paper on "How far the Acts of the Apostles form a guide to Missionaries and Missionary work?" The author expressed his belief that the Acts of the Apostles formed no fair guide for missionary labour, which drew down upon him a storm of opposition from nearly all who spoke. Though, of course, the ladies took no actual part in the debate, yet were they neither uninterested nor silent. Their brightened up countenances, and their cheers as the discussion went on, till the clock struck nine, when the meeting closed, showed what intense interest they took in it. The discussion was really an able affair. Dr. Bridgeman,

the old worthy American missionary, was chairman. I
is now past ten o'clock, and I have some packing yet, s
you must excuse this short letter, as we are ordered t
be all ready to-morrow morning to go on board. If well
I will write soon after we reach Amoy.—With warm
affection, in which Mr. Edkins joins, yours,

JEANIE.

LETTERS.—SECTION II.

1. TO MISS EDKINS.

On board the barque "Palmerston," on her passage from Shanghai to Amoy.

April 1860.

. . BUT I must now tell you something of our
) selves—your brother and me. We are both seated
the little barque "Palmerston," down in the comfort-
e small cuddy; a dim lamp and a feeble candle throw
ir light on us while we write,—he to his friend Mr.
ι, and I to you. This is the quiet scene of to-night,
for the last three days we have been tossed about
ly. A contrary wind, and a firm close companion
the shape of sea-sickness, have made us both rather
omfortable. Now, however, we have recovered fairly,
have quite enjoyed this beautiful bright day, as we
e been swiftly borne at eight knots an hour over the
p blue sea, flaked regularly and beautifully over by
ıy a snowy wave. Sailing ships and steamers have
ɑ bearing us company, and about two o'clock the
)nd mate called "Land a-head!" And since then we
e passed many high and rocky islands. "Turn-
ut" was the name on the chart of the last we passed
the sun sank. It is exceedingly rocky and bleak-
ƙing, projects out from the other groups, and is lashed

all around by the wild waves. We are within a hundre miles of Amoy, and hope to be there early to-morrow.

Wednesday morning.—We are still in the "Palmei ston." A bright sun is shining. My husband has gor up on deck, and I am sitting in the coolest place i the cuddy, close by the wide-open stern window, and pleasant little breeze is blowing in. A thick fog and light wind all night greatly retarded us, but we are sti hoping to reach Amoy to-day. The captain, a kin Scotchman, is busy this minute working out the lati tude. He is well-disposed. We have had prayers ever evening, and had service on Sabbath, when all, wit two or three exceptions, were present. This mornin we got into rather a serious mood, and conversed abou many important things. The captain made a remarl simple though it was, that greatly struck me. Speakin in connexion with his age, he observed, "Thirty yea is a long time to be in the world for all the good I'v done!" It immediately opened up a fruitful field (thought. How really little good each one does, to wha he might do! And to look back on the many ill-sper days and years is saddening. I got quite meditativ and tried to think about days gone past, but they di not seem to bear much reflection; and I attempted t look forward ten years hence, and trusted that, wit God's blessing, I would, if spared, do some good to th Chinese. Are we not apt too much to go on into th future, without working at the present, which, after al is the secret of securing for us a pleasant retrospect.

I wish I had more physical strength, that I migh hour after hour, labour at the language; but I find i

will not do. For a few weeks I rather overdid it, studying too hard, but now I am very careful. I read the half of the 5th chapter of John's Gospel in Chinese with your brother yesterday. You cannot think how captivating the Chinese language is. I don't wonder my husband has such a love for it. What a pleasure I shall have when I can open the Bible and read anywhere to these poor Chinese.

Did I tell you that, a fortnight before leaving Shanghai, I commenced a school at your brother's preaching room? There are my ten girls in the most primitive little room you ever saw. The room is formed of bamboo rush-work, with no window, but one entire side open to the sun, and whatever remnant of fresh breeze that can penetrate through such a densely peopled little suburb. I form them into a class when I go, and, with bonnet and cap laid aside, hear them read the "San si Kiy," a beginning book, and then put all the questions my stinted stock of Chinese will afford about Jesus and heaven, and often get the female teacher to pray. When I am inside with them, your brother is preaching to a crowded room in front. You can scarcely understand the happiness this was to me, as my first effort at usefulness in the language of the Chinese. . . . .

2. TO HER BROTHER SIMON.

Arrival at Amoy—Description of the place and the Mission—Visit to the Graves of Missionaries.

AMOY, 30*th April* 1860.

HERE we are at Amoy. A passage of ten days in the "Palmerston" brought us, if not rapidly, at least safely.

I think I feel better for it already, though the heat is very great. We anchored outside, on a beautiful moonlight evening. The scenery all round was enchanting. Noble hills of rocky brown overhung the entrance, crowned by pagodas, etc. Rocky islands, the abode of wild fowl, encircled us. The sun poured his last mellow rays o'er the delightful scene as we entered, and my heart bounded with joy at the sight. Stretching on each side, peak above peak, and peak beyond that, were high rocky hills. The sunlight gave a golden tinge to their brown grassy covering, and a warmer tint to their rocky sides. At their foot a beautiful sandy beach, smooth and glittering, extended for some distance. It was a most charming scene, and one that filled the heart. I cried with joy almost to see home hills again, for so they seemed to me. The noise of the dropping anchor, and the hearty song of the men, did not interrupt me as my thoughts went home to dearly loved Scotland. It was especially pleasant to come up on deck after tea in the soft moonlight, when all was still, save the silent tread of the watch whenever the helm was deserted, and the white sails furled, and gaze up through the tall masts and rigging to the fair heaven so beautifully blue and sparkling. The dark hills on each side, and the soft gurgle of the waters as they gently passed by, added to the impressiveness of the scene. Mr. Edkins and I sat a long time delighting in it, and felt its strangeness and beauty heightened still more as the lightning's vivid flash frequently lighted up the dark hills for a moment.

Next morning early, Mr. Edkins called me to look at

the opening bay as we entered it. I was busy packing, so I had only glimpses here and there, but these were striking. High rocks, of all sorts and sizes, line one side of the bay, many of them grown over with moss. Some of them have long weird-like inscriptions, and some seemed tottering, ready to fall. Nestling under them was the little town of Amoy, before which we cast anchor about nine A.M.

We proceeded direct to the Rev. John Stronach's, where we are now staying. He is very clever, and his name is well known in connexion with China. The Mission here is in a highly prosperous condition. I was rather wearied on Friday morning after we arrived, but Mr. Stronach insisted we should go and give the missionaries a surprise, so off we went, first to his brother's (Rev. Alex. Stronach), and then to Rev. Mr. Lea's. At Mr. A. Stronach's we found a large women's class assembled. Mr. Stronach had just finished with them, and there were six candidates for baptism among them. Mr. Edkins, along with the Messrs. Stronach, stayed to examine the candidates, while I went up stairs and talked with Mrs. Stronach and Miss Kate, a blooming young lady of seventeen. We chatted away pleasantly, and, to my agreeable surprise, I found Mrs. Stronach was a niece of Mrs. M'Cheyne, of Ardrossan. I wish you would mention this to Mrs. M'Cheyne, and say what a very nice person Mrs. Stronach is, and how much good she does among the women of China. We then proceeded to Mr. Lea's. Mr. Lea is a great friend of Mr. John, our neighbour at Shanghai. His wife is very pleasant and kind. We now returned home, and,

after dinner, we had a boat-excursion, in company with Mr. J. Stronach, his sister, and young Miss Stronach This recalled the olden time in Stromness harbour. We rowed and talked agreeably, though my enthusiasm about the hills was somewhat checked by the cold-water remarks of Mr. Stronach, who is a very practical, matter-of-fact gentleman. Through many an opening in the rocky hills we saw temples hid among trees, looking so picturesque, built out on jutting rocks. I wish I had my young strength again, to climb at will those mountain rocks and wild romantic paths, all in a state of nature, untouched by the rude hand, shall I call it, of cultivation.

I wanted to be alone to revel in the scene, but little Miss Stronach at my side put all kinds of questions to me about Orkney. Her surprise was unbounded when she knew I was an Orcadian. "So you're Danish, are you?" she asked. "Scarcely," I replied; "I prefer to be called Scotch, if you have no objections." "And do they speak Danish there?" "Oh, no," I said, "I'm a fair specimen of the way they speak." "You don't speak Scotch;" and so the talk went on. I seemed to sink twenty degrees in the good lady's estimation because I was from Orkney. I glory in my country nevertheless, and wouldn't be anything else than an Orcadian for the world. Mr. Stronach was much amused at the conversation. We landed, and after tea had a long and racy talk about men and manners as developed in China by Europeans. In other words, we spoke of our fellow-missionaries, and praised or depreciated as caprice dictated.

Saturday morning was very hot; however, the boat

was ready, with its covering over it, and Mr. Stronach wished us to go and make a call or two, which we did. We called on Mrs. FitzGibson, his daughter, who is unable just now to visit. She looks well, and Miss Jessie, her sister, who stays with her, is a pretty girl. In the afternoon, Jessie, her father, Mr. Edkins, and I, went over to Rolangsu, a lovely island about half a mile's run across. We landed, climbed the beach, and reached a broad gravelled walk arched with trees, then we entered a garden where roses, mignonette, and many other exquisite flowers, bloomed beautifully. The rocks were on either side like a wall to it, but their bare exterior was clothed with honeysuckle and green creepers. From that we passed into another, and then, by some steps, reached a little hill. By a path that wound round it we gained the top of one height, from which we had an interesting view of Amoy. Her navy of junks, her small fishing-boats, all lay close together in a sheltered corner, while the English ships lay outside. The houses are poor, both those of the merchants and missionaries, in comparison with those at Shanghai; but from Rolangsu all looked pretty. We descended, and by paddy-fields of fresh green we reached another hill, which we slowly climbed, and the view to the other side of the island was most captivating. The broad sea, broken here and there by islets, and bounded by magnificent hills, all bursting as it did on us without expecting it, had a powerful effect. I forgot my weariness, and gazed long on this noble prospect. Hills and sea give a higher idea of the beauty of nature than any artificial cultivation, however rich. "The everlasting hills," and the

" ever-changing sea," are to me the noblest works of nature.

But the beauties round our feet were not to be overlooked. A broad, wide-spreading banian tree, with its thick foliage, stood proudly queen of the scene; while a lovely tangled path, damp and cool, led us on where we wished to go,—to the resting-place of the dead. In a beautiful nook, under the sheltering wing of the dark rocks, and on a pleasant acclivity, lay the graves of those missionaries who had lived and died for Christ. A spot of interest, was it not? My heart filled as we neared it, and still more as we entered, and read on the tombstones erected to each what is recorded of this and the other deceased missionary to China. It was a sad sight, yet an exciting one; sad, that so early they had all been called home, but exciting, for what nobler death is there than to die on the missionary field? We rested on the green sward, and talked gently of one and another of the departed. It seemed to me the dearest spot on all that witching island. The perfect retirement of the place, and the calm still evening made it seem a holy spot. Certainly I shall not forget how it opened my heart, and did me good. It does not seem like death this; the grave appears robbed of its noisomeness, here all is peace. It made me almost long to be at rest; but this was wrong. Let us rather be stirred by such a scene to increased activity to make up for those who have been called home. We returned, and swiftly and silently were rowed across, and then went and had tea at Mr. Lea's, where we spent a quiet, profitable evening.

Sabbath morning.—We proceeded to the chapel, through

ow streets, and among dirty people, and all the *xtera* that meet one here. The chapel stood in a neat e square, and above it, inscribed in English and nese, "London Mission Chapel." We entered, and le Mr. Edkins went forward, Mr. Stronach led me stairs, where I could get a better view of the audience. chapel is very neatly arranged. Round the pulpit, behind, a considerable part of the church is railed where the women are concealed from view by a cur- . Being up stairs I saw over it, and felt delighted witnessing so many clean tidy-looking women, hav- their little ones with them, in the house of God. men too seemed well dressed for Sabbath; and I ıld have noticed, that I observed, as we passed the ets, two shops were shut. Interesting sight this in na. These shops belong to two of the members. re were upwards of two hundred present. Mr. nach preached. They were all very attentive, and quite the appearance of a regular home congrega- . Many of the women insisted on shaking hands ı me as we came out. I most thoroughly enjoyed service, though not one word intelligible to my ear spoken. The Amoy dialect differs greatly from ; of Shanghai. We now went to the English service, re Mr. Edkins preached from "It is good to be zeal- ly affected." Some fifty people were present, and all ned much interested. After dinner, Mr. Edkins ıt out again, while I stayed and rested, and then went Mrs. Lea's, where we spent the evening. This is nday morning; haven't I given you a fair account ur proceedings? . . .

3. TO HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

AMOY, 18*th May* 1860.

IT is nearly three weeks since we came to Amoy. We have been much benefited by its health-giving sea breezes. The scenery around greatly interests me. What with its rocks, mountains, beautiful islands, and blue sea sparkling, dashing, and foaming in all its fresh beauty around the town, I am exceedingly taken with it. We stay with Rev. J. Stronach, who is a pleasant, lively person, and an excellent missionary. He and his brother, Mr. Alexander and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Lea, all most agreeable and kind, make up the whole of the London Mission in this part of China. There are, however, other missionaries here, viz., Rev. Messrs. Carstairs Douglas, and Grant, with Dr. and Mrs. Carnegie, of the English Presbyterian, and two or three American brethren, who all work harmoniously together. The converts of the three Missions number upwards of five hundred.* I have been at both English and American

* [The following extract of a letter from a missionary at Amoy, under date 24th January 1862, shows the continued progress of the Mission there.—EDITOR.]

"I believe that the work of the Lord is making steady progress here. The week set apart for special prayer was observed most heartily by the native Christians. The chapels of the various Missions were crowded at the union prayer-meetings, which were held daily. The meetings even seemed more encouraging than those of last year. I had occasion to prepare some short statistics to be used at one of these meetings. They may perhaps prove of interest to you, and will serve to show that some ground is being gained for Christ in this part of China. As yet, we have but the beginning, and are hoping and praying for greater things than these. We have abundant reason, however, to thank God and take courage. We have

Chinese chapels. It was a sweet Sabbath morning when I first went to ours. For a considerable time before going, I had been seated in a low chair in our room, with a book before me; my head and heart were somehow not with it, but were drinking in the attractive beauties of the scene that presented itself from the wide open window. High, noble craggy hills, with mossy brown, still retained the warm glow of the soft embrace of the morning. A misty beauty hung around, though the sky was blue and unclouded. The little islands rejoiced in the fair morning, and the very sea murmured a lullaby of peace. Oh, the peaceful Sabbath morn. How the heart rises and glows with love and joy, especially when all nature calls upon you to rejoice. Would that the pleasurable feeling that steals over the heart at such times could be retained. We should be

agents of three missionary societies labouring at Amoy. In this part of the Fo-Kien province, we have sixteen established preaching stations, where the word of God is daily proclaimed. Most of these stations are in the country, within a radius of about forty miles from Amoy city. Of course, the truth has been preached to a far greater distance, and visits are frequently made to other places. We have, at times, been compelled to abandon promising stations through the violent opposition of mandarins or people. There is always more or less of a spirit of persecution abroad, and no convert (especially in the country) embraces Christianity without considerable sacrifice.

"MISSIONARY STATISTICS.—I give statistics of the Missions here:—London Missionary Society: missionaries, 3; communicants, 256. English Presbyterian Mission: missionaries, 2; communicants, 100. American Dutch Reformed Church: missionaries, 5; communicants, 267. Total missionaries, 10; communicants, 623. Number of communicants, 1st January 1861, was 506. Baptized since that date, 117. Less by excommunication, 10; by death, 10. Clear increase during the year, 97. The harvest is plentiful; would that we had more labourers. The missionaries of the different Societies work together. One or more stations are under their joint superintendence."—*Evangelical Christendom, 1st April* 1862.

better Christians, better workers for the Saviour, if these moments of softened joyous emotion came oftener and remained longer, but we are so much the children of the world, that when its business and its cares intrude, such tender feelings suffer, and meet with anything but delicate treatment. But I am wandering. I want to take you to the Chinese chapel. [Here follows a description similar to what is given in the preceding letter —ED.]

My husband has taken part repeatedly in the work of the Mission, but being here for the benefit of our health, we have kept moving about, sight-seeing, rowing in small boats, pic-nicing, calling, etc. He has had great enjoyment in wandering among the old temples deciphering the more than half-worn characters on many an aged rock, etc. After tea, Mr. Stronach gathers us in the library, and while his daughter Jessie and I busy ourselves sewing, or otherwise, and Mr. Edkins rests on the sofa after his perambulations, he, Mr. Stronach, reads to us. Have I written you since the late arrival of missionaries at Shanghai? I must have done so, but I don't recollect. . . . .

I am longing to be back to Shanghai and work again. We expect to leave to-morrow by a French frigate, having been kindly offered a free passage. Yesterday we had a dull, wet, rainy day. Mr. Douglas came in in the afternoon. He had a narrow escape a fortnight ago. During the night, while at a station a few miles distant from this, several men forced open the door, and with hands, clubs, and stones attacked him. He lost his gold chain and many other things, but was only too thankful

to reach his boat alive. This is a rare occurrence, still it sometimes happens, and we must be careful in our interior excursions. What do you think of my resolve—never to let my husband go alone? I doubt if I shall be always able to keep it. I am afraid he will get restive, and insist on going oftener than ever when we return to Shanghai. If I had a less anxious nature, I suppose it would be better, but I am so fearful when he goes far away without me, particularly in these times of commotion. But I must hasten, and say good-bye. We are going to spend the day at Mr. Alexander Stronach's. I began this letter last night, but did not finish it. This is a bright sunshiny morning after the rain, and everything looks fresh and lovely. I don't know how it is, but a familiar sound keeps ringing in my ears, it seems so applicable this bright May morning—

"Birds are singing,
Bells are ringing,
May is bringing
Gifts to man."

With best love to yourself, Ebenezer, Kate, and John, your very affectionate JEANIE.

4. TO MISS EDKINS.

SHANGHAI, *June* 1860.

I HAVE been greatly remiss in writing, but when I plead sickness for excuse, you will, I know, forgive me freely. Yet sickness won't do for a full apology, as I have only been on the sick list for a week or so, but

then an endless succession of changes and visitors these several weeks past has put all idea of quiet letter-writing enjoyment out of the question. I had a letter nearly finished for you when we were at Amoy, but it is now of such an old date, that I won't send it, although I shall give you some of the particulars in this. I find I have got into such arrears with you, that it will be impossible for me to give a connected account of how matters have been moving with us for some time; but I must give you some general idea. First of all, we enjoyed Amoy, and the scenery, and the mission work unspeakably. It is, to my taste, a delightful place, being perfectly surrounded with what I call Scotland's heathery hills. Oh, the flood of beauty tinting those hills when the sun slowly sinks to rest,—when lingeringly it leaves them, and casts its glowing mantle tenderly o'er their rugged rocky sides, softening them to melting beauty. We spent one lovely afternoon over at Rolangsu, a small island near Amoy, where, from an eminence, we had a most interesting view of the town, its complete little harbour, navy of junks, etc.; and where, from another, we had a view of a broad expanse of water, intersected by sweet islets, calm and unruffled, dashing softly on the sandy beach, while the background of mountains was truly majestic, raising as they did their rugged tops to the fair sky, and winning the soft shadows from the untroubled clouds of blue that ever and again passed swiftly over them. Slowly we descended, and by a path cool and refreshing from the branches of the banian tree, we went where we were desirous to go, to the resting-place of the departed missionaries. . . . .

I think I told mamma of the working of the Mission, and how it prospers, so I shall pass on to Hong-Kong, where we spent a few hours on our way home. I must not, however, I think, go into Hong-Kong scenery to-day, having already occupied so much of this letter with describing Amoy and neighbourhood. By the way, your brother says I blend the beauties of nature almost into religion in my description in some letters. I doubt if he is right in saying this. Don't you think, if gazing on beautiful scenery stirs the soul, and raises it to admiration, it must naturally rise to nature's God before the full idea of grandeur and glory settles on the soul? But I fear I am now mystifying both you and myself, and am about as far from my text as good old Dr. —— was, when he undertook one Sabbath morning to teach us how *sugar made starch*, from "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

We are now alone again, with the exception of Mr. Wylie and the Frenchman, and it is such a relief. I do not like the hurry-bustle of a number of people. Mr. Grant, of whom your brother wrote with interest, is a truly pious youth. He is very young as a man, but old as a Christian. I shall not soon forget his earnest face, as he bent his tall figure, and said good-bye to me while I lay so sick on the sofa. "Live near to Christ" was all he uttered, but the words seemed to enter my heart. Though few, are they not comprehensive? And, oh, how well worth striving after,—*nearness to Christ!* It is so joyous to feel close to Jesus—and we sometimes do—might we not far oftener, if it were not for our cold hearts? Mr. Grant is a friend of my dear grandmother at

Elgin. He carried with him to China her richest prayers and blessings two years and a half ago. He is in delicate health, brought on by working too hard, and living too much in Chinese style. His father is a minister in Scotland. On Sabbath morning last your brother preached in the chapel. He had a good congregation, and a very attentive one. I have begun earnestly to my book lore again, and was at work by seven this morning. I will surely get on through time. I am still a little aguish now and then, but feel vastly improved this past fortnight.

5. TO HER MOTHER.

SHANGHAI, *June* 1860.

WE are safely back again from Amoy, by way of Hong-Kong, after enjoying our trip exceedingly, and being much benefited by it. On Sabbath last we had a precious time. After gathering round the family altar at half-past eight, when Mr. Wylie conducted the exercises, we went to the chapel. Mr. Grant, a missionary from Amoy, who is here with us on account of his health, preached a deeply interesting sermon. It was beautiful, yet sturdy and Scotch. He was well acquainted with dear grandmamma, and has a most fragrant remembrance of her. He is a very devoted young missionary. After the wonted services of the chapel were over, we all sat round the table of the Lord, and afterwards came home refreshed and cheered. In the afternoon we went to my girls' school. Troublous times have consi-

derably affected the number; there are now six. Shanghai has been in a sad condition this past fortnight.

The rebels are not far distant, it is rumoured, and the people have almost deserted the city. Trade is stopped, and how to escape the rebels is the uppermost thought with all. The parents of many of the children have fled to Ningpo, and taken their little ones with them, and *all* the schools suffer from it. We spent a pleasant afternoon in my odd little school-room questioning the children, etc.; Mr. Edkins being in the meantime occupied with preaching in front of it to the adult Chinese. Oh that this dark cloud that is hanging so threateningly over China may soon be mercifully removed! Would that the people, in this their time of trial, would hasten to the sure covert from the tempest! When shall we be able to say the set time to favour this land is come? Mr. Edkins is just now in the chapel along with all the mission, it being our weekly prayer-meeting. I would have been there too had I been able, but having had an attack of fever and ague lately, I require to be careful for a little. Our mission here is much too crowded now, and we are longing for the turn of events to enable us to get into the interior, and to be at work in a more unoccupied field than Shanghai. We hope matters ere long will lead to this. The fleet has left Hong-Kong, and those vessels at Chusan unite with it as it passes on to the Gulf of Pecheli. We shall have fortnightly despatches from the Peiho, and in that way shall be kept constantly apprised of the state of things in the north. Would that a speedy and advantageous end were come to this long time of trouble and anxiety! . . . .

6. TO HER FATHER.

SHANGHAI, 27*th June* 1860.

IT seems a long time since I wrote you, but I am a regular correspondent home for all that, and I know it is much the same, as you get all the particulars from my letters. We are in great anxiety for the mail. For the last five weeks we have had none. The steamer must have broken down somewhere, but the following mail has not yet arrived to tell the story of the former. Lord Elgin and Baron Le Gros are in the missing mail, and all European Shanghai is on the *qui vive* to know what has befallen them. We trust nothing more serious than the delay. Still *that* is bad enough, as all the troops, including the Admiral's fleet, have gone to the north, and have been ready for action for some time. We must have patience, I suppose, and hope all will come right. Mr. Edkins wrote you a long account of the rebels by last mail, which, I am sure, would interest you much. Is not China a wonderful country? and are not the Chinese an interesting people? I seem to get more and more attached to them each day, and my heart clings to China far more fondly than I ever thought it would. Mr. Edkins is just now extremely busy. He has collected twenty graduates, *Sai tsi*, as they are called here, equivalent to B.A.'s in Britain, and he is instructing them twice a day in the truths of the Bible, as well as preaching daily in the city. These men are Nankin refugees, and can only speak Mandarin, at which he is an adept. His time is thoroughly occupied, and all idea of the big book on the

ion of China, that was to be forthcoming at some is at an end for the present. With all his bustle, ver, he does find time to prepare a sort of conver- ial work, in the Mandarin dialect, which will be useful. He hopes to do these B.A.'s a great amount od. Their minds will at least be stored with Divine , and the fruit may come some day. They are poor, and he went round to several of the Shanghai iants last week, and collected £40 for them and s of the refugees, and they receive as many Chinese each day as amount to about threepence in Eng- noney. That is all these clever men have for lodging and sustenance. Is it not sad, and does it iow the bitter misery of war? And yet, as all things together for the Church's benefit, no saying how good these men may do to advance Christ's king- in China. The rebels are still near us, but will isturb Shanghai, and the city is beginning again to ike itself; business is resumed to some extent, and eople are taking courage. Our city chapel is better ded than ever, which is most encouraging. Alto- r, it is a special time for missionary work.

e had a call from Mr. Lay, Inspector-General of oms, the other day. He is from Hong-Kong, and greeable, Christian-minded gentleman. He came apel last Sabbath, and spent the evening with us. very hopeful of China's future. He thinks some e Treaty ports will be open, and a consul estab- l in six months. Should this prove true, it will be l news, as a number of us are longing to be scat- , and have a less occupied field of labour than here.

June 28th.—Last night the mail arrived, bringing with it the intelligence that the "Malabar" steamer was a perfect wreck in the harbour of Galle. Fortunately, Lord Elgin and all the passengers were saved; but the mail, except a few letters, has gone to the bottom, and all my home-letters with it, I fear, as I have not had a line from Stromness at all, and only a hurried note from Simon, telling me you were at the Synod, and that —— has been again successful in both his classes at College as a prize-man. I was rejoiced to get even that short note, but it was teasing to think that all the home letters have gone for ever. If there was anything particular in them, I hope you will re-mention it. I am delighted with ——'s success, and must write him a congratulatory letter. . . . .

7. TO HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

SHANGHAI, *July* 1860.

LAST week my husband went to Soochow to visit the rebel chiefs there. It was a sore, tearful day to me when he left, but I buckled on courage, and intrusted him to God; and all the six days he was away I felt so confident about his safety, that I kept cheerful and lively. How I did it, I can't now think, but I was strengthened so to do at the time. The accounts from the country each day, while he was absent, were very distressing, and the sights of desolation and death which he and his fellow-travellers witnessed were appalling, and the escapes they had were numerous; but God was

with them, and conducted them in safety to Soochow, where they were received with distinction, as if they had been princes, by the present rebel king there. Fancy your son standing in that gorgeous hall, the king, in rich gold and purple, seated on his throne, with a large number of attendants, splendidly dressed, standing on each hand, and the gongs and music crashing as he, and the missionaries with him, were led through the brilliantly-lighted reception-room, and placed at the king's right hand. There, for fully twenty minutes, he stood and conversed on the religion of Jesus. I shall leave him to tell you all about the conversation, but cannot help mentioning what one of the missionaries said to me afterwards. Speaking of the interview, he added, "You have a noble husband. The scene of his conversing with the rebel king, with such ease and freedom, was one of the finest sights I ever witnessed."

Is not this insurgent movement truly wonderful? These rebels keep Sabbath as we do, they pray to God daily, they read the Scriptures, they break the idols, and they long for the time when, instead of those heathen temples, they shall have Christian chapels, and worship together with us. This is a most exciting time for missionaries; and is it not a remarkable era in China? Oh that the Church at home would double their endeavours for this land, and forthwith send men, accompanied with earnest prayers, for we so much need both. I saw Mrs. Boone, the Bishop's wife, the other day, and I detailed to her Mr. Edkins' adventures on his way to Soochow, his interview with the rebel chief, etc. She was deeply interested, and expressed an ear-

nest wish that a meeting could be arranged, in order that Mr. Edkins might communicate what he had witnessed and heard. Mr. Burdon was in yesterday, and expressed himself also desirous about it. Should such a meeting take place, I shall tell you, or Louisa, of it.

We lost your last home-letters in the "Malabar," for which we were truly sorry. We are expecting a long letter from you, with an account of the May meetings, by next mail. How short it looks since last year, when we were in London. How time flies! Would it not be joyful if we found ourselves steadily advancing year by year in the life of holiness? How many things are there here,—even here in the mission-field, where the motto ought particularly to be "still onward,"—to check, and harass, and draw us away from God! His grace alone is sufficient here and everywhere to keep us near to him.

Mr. Edkins had a large congregation last Sabbath morning in the city, principally of Nankin men, and he conducted the service in the Nankin dialect. After coming home, and taking dinner, he went off again to the preaching station, where he generally spends a most interesting time. He has a number of Chinese graduates, refugees, whom he is instructing in Christian knowledge. Many of them are nice, clever men, and already give hopeful signs of at least deep interest in the Bible. My own studies go on well again. Yesterday I read all through the ninth chapter of St. John with my teacher.—With our united love to you all, yours ever affectionately,

JEANIE.

8. TO MISS EDKINS.

SHANGHAI, *20th July* 1860.

. . . We are now fairly into our summer weather. the whole, it is milder and more bearable than I ected, though the sun is dreadfully hot, and there is h stillness all around, caused by the peculiar state he atmosphere. About the middle of the day, the t is very oppressive, and I often betake myself to the , and invariably when I do, I have a *siesta*, and that on't much like. The new-comers feel the heat more n we do. Your brother rather enjoys it, and when face is beaded all over with perspiration, he coolly es it, and says it is delightful weather! What a fort it is he is keeping so well! Mr. Wilson is any- ig but strong, this hot weather has fairly knocked up; and Mrs. Wilson is very delicate too just now; very trying for them both. Though our mid-days so hot at present, our evenings are delightful. These now most thoroughly enjoy. There is something urious in the soft, cool air that steals in at the doors windows, and also exquisitely lovely in the intensely ir blue of the sky, spangled so gloriously. Then the n and bustling of the day is hushed, and as my hus- d and I wander out about the grounds, our own steps alone echo. Our mission-houses are all in a , separate from, and yet close to, one another. Ours No. 1, and there is a broad, and, in many corners, a ded avenue all the way on beyond Dr. Lockhart's to Hospital. This walk we often take, and frequently this and the other family at family-worship; the

singing is very sweet, and we can see them well too through the wide open doors and windows. We seem quite like one family, and never think of knocking at one another's door, but just walk in. Life in the East is very different from home-life. The community is so small, each one knows the other so well, that there is a vast amount of gossip. We don't know much of this. I make up my mind to hear none. We had a very lively discussion in the meeting on Monday, at which your brother gave a capital speech. The rebels formed his theme. Bishop Boone followed him, and went over his address, commending it, but dissenting from some of the views expressed. A long-faced, livid-looking individual, with an unmistakable American beard, rose, and began his speech with, "Politically, I'm a rebel." He said this in such a solemn way, that we were all upset, and a universal laugh rang through the room. He looked quite surprised, which only increased our mirth. Messrs. John, Holmes, and Hartwell were also among the speakers. The evening was most pleasant, and the discussion admirable.

Sabbath, 22d July.—To-day, after an early breakfast, and prayers, I had my chair ordered, and went to the city with Mr. Edkins. This was my first visit for many weeks. Such sad scenes have occurred there lately, that few, if any, ladies think of going. However, as this morning was fair, bright, and not too sun-shiny, I persuaded my husband to let me accompany him, and I greatly enjoyed it. There was a gentle breeze. The sweet, clear voice of Mrs. Jenkins, leading the psalmody in the chapel, broke forth, and, coupled with the rich-

toned harmonium, was very delightful to hear, as we passed down the avenue, and on to the gate. Even beyond the gate, it came faintly but sweetly. As soon as we entered the city, I marked the difference from former times. There used to be such jostling to get along, and my coolies had to keep up a loud song all through the streets to warn the crowd to be out of the way; but to-day there was no such song needed. Quietly they bore me through the well-nigh deserted streets on to the chapel, a distance of at least a mile. The anxious look on each one's face is saddening to witness, and there is little heart apparently for work, it is performed in such an absent, careless way.

When we reached the chapel, a goodly number had gathered inside. Your brother sat down by the desk, and I took my seat near to where he was. Service commenced with prayer, which I understood pretty well, then singing. I can now look up the place, and sing "with the understanding" from these odd old characters. He then read the tenth chapter of St. John, which I could follow. His preaching was unfortunately too fluent for me, as I could not fully make him out; still, I did so a good deal, and the people were most attentive. After another prayer and hymn, the meeting closed, and all the old women and children gathered round to *mong-mong* me. I talked to them and the little ones a while, and then we returned home again, your brother's face looking as bright as possible, as, walking by my chair, he told me the pure pleasure he had in preaching Christ to the Chinese. He now begins to regard me as a sort of helper, and co-worker

to be, if spared in God's good providence, in many a scheme with him in China. I felt refreshed by my morning's exercises, and a quickened stimulus to get forward with the language.—With best love from your ever-affectionate JEANIE.

9. TO HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

SHANGHAI, 31*st July* 1860.

MY husband has deputed me to write for him this mail. He has gone to Soochow again, and I am alone. He left me last night, and had it not been that he felt fully persuaded it was duty's call, he would not have gone. I am trying to commit him to the care of our heavenly Father, and I feel he will be protected.

Last week we had a most startling communication from the rebels—a long letter, on yellow satin, from the Kan-wang himself (the second to Tai-ping)—full of earnest wishes that Mr. Edkins would visit him, and tell him more of Jesus, and the way of salvation. He writes in a Christian-like manner, and says he came all the way from Nankin to Soochow to see Mr. Edkins and Mr. John. He heard they had been to Soochow, and had talked to the Chung-wang about Christianity, and he remembers my husband as an old friend. With his letter there came a letter from the Chung-wang, also urging their return to Soochow, and, in these circumstances, how could they refuse? My heart rebelled, but my lips somehow could not. I had to let him go. I would most certainly have gone too, but the scenes

through which they must pass are too trying for a lady. A book and some pamphlets accompanied these letters, and they are clear on the fundamental truths of revelation. They believe in the divinity of Christ, and in the different parts which, as a whole, form the Christian system.

This is the most cheering, delightful news that ever rang in the ears of missionaries. It has caused a great sensation here, and doubtless will at home. They invite six missionaries to Nankin at once. The Kan-wang appears to be a really pious man. He lived in our Mission here some years ago, and refers to the teaching of foreign missionaries as having done him great good. Mr. Edkins and he were well acquainted. He writes in a very humble strain, saying he did not covet the high rank with which he has been invested, but took it solely that he might be able to do good on a far larger scale than otherwise. Several people have asked your son to translate the letters and book, which he purposes to do, if well, on his return. You have no idea with what facility he reads these strange-looking characters. He is quite at home among them. . . .

I trust the prayers of the Church will be fervently raised for China in this juncture of its history. The missionaries here send their prayers and best wishes with my husband and Mr. John, entreating earnestly of God that the mission on which they and their brethren have gone may be prosperous. Mr. Burdon accompanied them, as did also Mr. Innocent, of the Methodist New Connexion, and Mr. Rau, the Frenchman who stays with us, so that, again, they number a party of five. I don't

feel in bright writing humour this morning, as you can understand, being all alone. The people are very kind asking me here and there, but it is not very prudent to go out much in the sun at this hot season of the year. . . . .

10. TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

SHANGHAI, *July* 1860.

I HAVE begun this letter with the intention of giving you a lengthened account of the Chinese, as you desire me. You are not to look for an orderly, connected account, but must be content with a few miscellaneous notices about them. I shall begin with the description of a learned Chinaman who happens to be in the study just now with my husband. I do this the more readily as he is a good representative of a large class of literary men in this remarkable country. In the first place, then, he is five feet eight or so in height, very stout, with a high, massive, but slightly sloping-back forehead, a pair of large dark eyes, pointed at each corner with a restless, and yet good-humoured glance from not what we think the flashing, beaming eye of genius. His features are coarse and heavy to an extreme, particularly his lips. His teeth, when he laughs, are his only redeeming point, and yet, altogether, he is a nice-looking man for a Chinaman. In walking, he has the important swagger that all true-bred Chinamen consider essential. His pen is certainly that of a ready writer, considering what a quantity of paper he fills every day with these Chinese

characters. He is an excellent scholar, and stands very high as a literary man.

But enough of this learned Chinaman. I shall leave him to correct the press, with Mr. Edkins, on the new work the latter is preparing (a Mandarin *Phrase-Book* and *Vocabulary*), and go on to speak of the people here generally. Morally, they stand low in many respects in the civilized world. They are greatly addicted to telling clever lies, not only to one another, but to foreigners; nor do they appear to feel shame in this, but are rather delighted when they have outwitted or cheated any one. This, I have learned, is very prevalent among them, and is a sad moral blot on them as a nation. It is beautiful, however, to note the difference on those among them who have felt the power of Christian truth. These, and other faults, in which they have been educated from childhood, are removed by the force of the gospel. Their domestic life is peculiar. The wife has her position under the mother-in-law. Though she is second, yet, knowing this beforehand, she submits quietly. If there is a second wife, which there too frequently is, she is solely under the first one, and so on.

Old age is greatly respected, which is a redeeming feature, and it is pleasing, too, to see how the Chinese cling to their friends. Every Chinaman has his friend or friends. Even the very coolie on the streets has his, and knows instantly to what place to run for his companion, when called to carry a burden where he requires help. The servants, too, have friends, and when any of their friends are out of situations, they recommend them, and also let them share their rice in

many instances while they are without employment. The system of friendship is carried on to a greater extent among the wealthy. Cedric, the Saxon, as described by Sir Walter Scott, with his hall filled by friends and retainers, gives one a capital idea of how the great men in China have their circle of friends. I have never really seen these great men, but one of our people here shared the hospitality of his friend, a governor at Soochow, for many months.

In disposition, the Chinese are cold and phlegmatic, though this is the result of education, rather than a natural feature; for, meet a gang of boys freed from school, and they are whooping, hallooing, and dancing about as joyously as ever Scotch boys did. During the panic, too, about the rebels, the national character is seen. Yesterday a rumour ran the round of Shanghai, "The rebels are coming." The news reached us, and while Mr. Edkins walked quietly away to learn the truth, boats were pushed off from the Bund, living with men and women, with fear depicted in every face. Coolies, singing along the road *aho*, in a quiet, morning humour, heard the noise, stopped, listened, and, dropping their bundle, flew to the boats, and rowed away. Those who were in chairs were speedily placed on the ground, and the affrighted coolies rushed to the river. The literary man, walking along in his own peculiar, calm, dignified way, hears the affrighted cry, "Dy ong m'ah," "lac," etc., and at first hastens his speed, then dignity, scholarship, all are forgotten, and he gathers his skirts, and runs. This was the scene of yesterday; but it was a false alarm, and they all looked so foolish

as they landed on the Bund, and each betook himself again to his work.

It has been remarked that the character of a people varies according to the scenery by which they are surrounded. This is strongly to be noted in China. The mountaineers are a hardy, stalwart, fearless race of men, with even a ripple of poetry over the Atlantic on their huge faces. They come from the far north, from Tientsin, etc. The difference is most striking. From what cause I don't know, but their features are more marked, and more regular, and you get the idea of individuality from those men. I have seen one from Tientsin with as bright and beaming a countenance, and as manly a form as Scotland's sturdy race could boast of. In the plains it is totally different. They are a money-making class, and have got that painful look acquired by constantly counting up profit and loss,—a sort of unquiet and scrutinizing look, as if they measured each person they met by the amount of dollars.

I am persuaded that to know the Chinese, one must know their language. Without this it is impossible to understand, or, in general, to feel great interest in them. Many people come and go without being able to use or understand a single Chinese phrase. Such always regard them as unintelligent, and employ *stupid*, *lazy*, and other disagreeable adjectives in describing them. This is altogether unjust. To speak of them with fairness, one would require to be familiar with their language, to enter into their family circle, to participate in their joys, etc. Could that be done, I am convinced an impartial pen would exhibit them as, on the whole, a most

interesting people. Their literature, though I only pretend as yet to know a limited portion of it from translation, is old and colossal, and gives a decided character to the people. Nor is it merely of one, or of a few departments, but it embraces a number. Philosophy, religion, politics, morals, history, poetry, etc., have all been treated by gifted minds. Speaking of poetry, these very weird-like characters of theirs have poetry in them, and their poetic effusions, I am assured by those capable of judging, have much in them worthy of admiration. And we should not forget that many of them were in existence centuries before the literature of England. The hoary age of China should entitle her to regard, and though livelier, more aggressive, and progressive, countries should not feel inferior, yet neither should they affect to laugh at a country with so many claims to respect.

As to the scenery and produce of China, they are both varied and rich, but I have left no room to speak of either save in the most summary way. With more paper and time, I might have expatiated on here rich tropical vegetation; there the immense forest, dark and impenetrable; again rippling lakes and magnificent rivers, crowded with boats laden with rice, fruits, porcelain, silks, teas, etc.; and then, stretching along its eastern side for two thousand miles and upwards, the broad blue ocean, bearing on its heaving bosom navies of England's gallant vessels, freighted with richest silks, teas, etc.; but I must abruptly break off as Mr. Edkins left me to write his business-letters this mail, being so hurried on leaving for Soochow. I trust he will bring

back joyous news about the rebels. Mr. Burdon, and three other missionaries, have gone with him.—With best love, your very affectionate sister,

JEANIE.

11. TO HER MOTHER.

SHANGHAI, 16*th August* 1860.

I AM rather scant of news this mail,—a rare occurrence for me, you will think. Well, the best of gossippers wear out sometimes, and that must be my excuse partly for a shorter letter than usual. Our mail has not yet arrived, and we feel greatly the want of letters and general news. News from the north of China are not so encouraging. They are good enough so far as they go, but as yet there has been no brilliant success, indeed no encounter, only they have entered the Pehtang forts, and landed the troops there without the smallest resistance, and are proceeding on to the Taku forts, where they expect to meet with stout opposition. An immense Chinese army, under their redoubted general, Sin Ko-ling Siang, would there meet the allied force, and, doubtless, the struggle would be sharp and sanguinary. We are anxiously looking for news again.

What a tumult of commotion is poor China in, both with internal foes, and foes without! Oh that war would cease! It is a paralysing time to the people, and they are not at all in a frame of mind to listen to the gospel. The rumour often runs the round of the city, "The rebels are approaching." We are prepared for them if they come, but we hardly expect they will be

so rash. I had a long weary time when Mr. Edkins was away at Soochow, but what a mercy he returned safe and well, and bearing with him interesting intelligence. I shall send the papers giving an account of matters to papa, and you will see all about it there. We have had a good deal of sickness in our Mission lately. Mrs. Cowie has again been very unwell, but is a little better. Mr. and Mrs. John have been ailing, and Mr. Edkins has had his turn. He is now much better, though rather weak and languid. He has been hard at work all the week, in spite of everything, translating the Kan-wang's book. This you will all be greatly interested in. I shall send it bit by bit, if well, as it appears in the *North China Herald.*

This is a lovely August morning, about ten o'clock. We have just had a visit from our doctor, Dr. Henderson, a most agreeable and kind man, who often looks in to inquire how we are keeping. He is most attentive when anything is the matter with us. As an instance, Mr. Innocent was taken very unwell lately, and he stayed day and night by him, and would not leave till a decided change to the better had taken place.

You must not be anxious if you hear accounts of the rebels nearing Shanghai. I suppose the public press will make the most of it, as it always does; but believe we are secure, guarded by British soldiers, and safe, especially under the protecting arm of Him that doeth all things well. It is altogether uncertain when they may appear, or whether they may come at all, but we are trusting and feeling that should they actually come we shall not be injured. It is almost sweet sometimes

to feel a little danger, it so draws you to your heavenly Father; but we feel and fear none at present. . . . .

12. TO HER FATHER.

SHANGHAI, *August* 1860.

I POSTED mamma's letter by way of Marseilles, as I was afraid you might hear exaggerated accounts about the rebels in connexion with Shanghai. As yet all is peace here, and we cannot believe they will do such a foolish thing for themselves as venture down on this city when the English and French have promised to protect it. We all know that but for that they would have been here long ago. As it is, it is just possible they may come, that is all. The foreign community are preparing for them in a right English way, and already a volunteer corps is daily drilled. I profess to be a rebel at heart somehow, and have a secret wish to welcome them, but yet, for their own prosperity, I sincerely trust they will not be so fool-hardy as to attempt opposing the two thousand brave troops we have here to protect us. A reinforcement of some regiments arrived yesterday from Chusan, so that, numerically, we are strong, and all will be well for us doubtless; but then should they make an advance, English blood will rise against them, and that will injure their future prospects. However, all is in wise hands, and He who turneth the hearts of all men as He sees right, will, we are confident, overrule all for good.

Missionaries have now little to do out of doors. The

people won't listen for the last few days. It is a sad time for them, poor people, and they have our sympathy; but we cannot but feel surprised at the want of faith, indeed of anything like hardy firmness, in the case of any of these Chinese. They seem moved by an irresistible impulse to fly, and no argument can prevail to detain them in the city. I trust by next mail we shall be able to write more cheeringly. At present we have nothing to fear, and I trust this excitement among the natives will ere long calm down. No later news have arrived from the north than I have told mamma, with this exception, that a steamer is expected to catch up the mail with more recent intelligence, in which case it will reach you as soon as this letter will. I have sent Mr. Edkins' account of the questions he put to the Kanwang. Next mail, if well, I shall have a long translation of the book to forward. . . . .

13. TO HER MOTHER.

SHANGHAI, *Sept.* 1860.

[In the first part of this letter Mrs. Edkins refers to a severe illness she had had, to the kindness of some of the Mission ladies to her during it, to the attention of Dr. Henderson, the solicitude of her husband, etc., then proceeds as under.—EDITOR.]

I BEGAN this yesterday; to-day I am up earlier, and feel considerably better. We have now calm and quiet in Shanghai. Last week it was not so. The thunder of the cannon, and the bursting of the shell, were frequently to be heard. The rebels arrived, and were received in this manner. They behaved in the most

respectful way to foreigners, entered some of the houses several miles from this, and when they found the inmates worshipped Shangti (God), they were very kind and polite, and had a proclamation put on the door to the effect, that if violence were done to the house, a severe penalty would be inflicted on the perpetrator. They did not return our fire at all. They, however, maintained their position for three or four days; and on Monday night, after all that fearful shelling had been going on, they withdrew to some distance. On Tuesday, communications were exchanged, and the result was the entire withdrawal of the rebel force from Shanghai. Whether they purpose returning or not, we are unable to tell. It is not thought likely, especially when they hear that nine thousand troops will be here in a few days from the north.

It was a time of sore trial to our faith, yet we were kept wonderfully calm, considering the alarming circumstances. Many people were rushing to the ships expecting some dreadful struggle was at hand. All in our Mission remained at home, except the wife of one of the missionaries. It would have been impossible, at least very dangerous, to have removed me, as I lay so ill at the time; indeed, I continued so during the very hottest of the cannonading. Was not the Lord unspeakably kind in preserving me from fear during all the excitement of that trying time? . . . .

14. TO MISS EDKINS.

SHANGHAI, *3d September* 1860.

. . . . THIS is Sabbath evening, and while I write by one of the open windows in the verandah, my husband is lying on the sofa reading a book. Just now the rich-toned harmonium is pouring forth such stirring music, led by the clear beautiful voice of Mrs. Jenkins. Oh, what soothing thoughts sweep over the soul when music from the house of God steals in, in the softening shades of night, and on Sabbath eve too! What a joyful prospect, and with what soothing sweetness does it fill the soul, the Sabbath that shall never know a close! Oh, if we felt more prepared, if we only lived more apart from the world and closer to Jesus, and thought on and realized more the other world, how easy, and almost joyful, death would be! But we are momently reminded what poor, frail creatures we are. Our best resolutions how they give way before temptations! Would that we could cling more to the Rock of ages!

Do you ever feel, on taking an internal survey, almost appalled at the amount of constant erring and straying from God that we find? I feel this so much sometimes that I can scarcely induce myself to turn the eye inward. But the Lord knows the frailty of our frames. He remembers that we are dust,—and, oh, the glad thought, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

Pardon me, dear Louisa, if I have said too much. I have just been taking a sister's privilege, and unburdening my heart to you. It is so precious to have dear ones at home to hear and know all about one, and to

whom one can write almost anything. I think the shady night has partly drawn out these thoughts. It is such a lovely evening. The sky is unruffled, and beautifully shaded blue and grey; the sun has gone to rest, leaving a glowing cloud to pale and mourn his loss. The trees are vocal with music, and stand out in this shadowy light in bright relief against the calm sky. There is an exquisitely broad-leaved tree, whose leaves twitter and tremble at each soft zephyr that blows; it almost speaks to one. Oh, this is a charming evening! A low murmur rises from the hum of voices outside, but so softened that it is only like the hum of life, not of active bustling every-day life, but of the Sabbath evening. The voice of the preacher comes, clearest of all, from the adjoining little chapel embowered in trees, with its little green venetians thrown open to woo the passing breeze. . . . .

15. TO HER BROTHER SIMON.

SHANGHAI, *4th September* 1860.

I MUST beg you to forgive my not writing to you last mail. I was very poorly then, and have been much more so since. I have been in bed all the while, except the last three days, when I have been obliged to get up, though still far from strong, to nurse my husband, who has been very ill indeed. It began with diarrhœa some ten days ago, and for the last few days it has been decided dysentery. Yesterday, however, and to-day, he has been rallying, and he appears now on the fair way

of recovery. My late illness told on him, but, in addition, he has been fatiguing and exciting himself far too much about the rebels, and, as the doctor tells him, "Nature will have her way; she won't be cheated; reaction must come."

What a stirring time we have had since I last wrote you! How thankful we ought to feel to our Father in heaven for so mercifully watching over us, and preserving us when surrounded with danger. I was too ill when the rebels came to think of much except myself, though every time the boom of the cannon burst on my ear I used to start, and when the fearful crash of the shell came on Monday, I fairly jumped. Still, I did not feel any terror. It is astonishing how one gets accustomed to anything. After the first night I stood the cannons nobly, and the shelling too, though the report was most frightful. The rebels behaved well. They would not advance when they found the walls were lined with Englishmen. They came to fight their countrymen, they said, not foreigners. While the city was held by the troops, the settlement was speedily put in a defensible state. Huge wooden gates rose in many quarters, guarded by do-or-die Englishmen. Then the volunteer corps was called to arms, and promenaded the settlement, taking up their position at the weakest points. All these arrangements were quickly but admirably made, and before Monday (the rebels arrived on Saturday) we were perfectly invulnerable. Mr. Edkins walked round the settlement, and brought me back the report. I was in bed, and very ill at the time the most of the shelling was going on.

Monday was the climax, and a fair morning it rose. Through the previous night the cannon-balls were thrown at a venture from the city-wall, merely to prevent the enemy approaching in the dark. When the sun rose, three large white tents were seen, and many a busy rebel form around them. Mr. Edkins saw the whole from the top of the church steeple, and he said it was a splendid sight. The rebels stood in front of their tents, evidently quite surprised at their reception; but about twelve they moved their position, with the design, it was supposed, of trying the foreign settlement. Immediately on this, communications were made with the gunboats, etc., in the river, and the shelling commenced. It was now rather an anxious time, for if these shells failed to frighten them, what might be the result? From an angle in the river the shell was fired. It whizzed clean over all the houses on this side of the settlement, and went straight into the rebel camp, bursting with terrific force as it fell. Another and another, with an interval of ten minutes, on till one o'clock, when the rebels retreated back to their position in the early morning; and in the shade of night they drew off still farther. Next morning communications were entered into, and they received them, though the Chung-wang evidently felt dreadfully mortified. In his letter he attached great blame to the French for the manner in which they had acted. Certainly not without reason, for what did they do all through Sabbath and Monday? They set fire to the eastern and western suburbs, plundered, stole, and behaved in the most horrid manner otherwise. The lurid glare lit up all Shanghai, and miles around, at the dead

of night, and thousands of poor Chinese were in consequence made homeless. In contrast, the British soldiers have acted in such a way as to make one proud of their countrymen; not one depredation have they been guilty of.

But the *finale* of the rebels, you ask. Well, they went away on Wednesday altogether, and we have seen no more of them, nor shall we now, at this time, as a large reinforcement, both from Hong-Kong and the North, arrived yesterday. Had they been quick about it, and come with an immense army, as they could easily have done, all Shanghai, with the foreign settlement, and everything, might have been theirs; but now we are thoroughly protected, and they won't venture, I should think, to come under our shelling again, knowing, as they must, what a large accession of troops have come for our defence.

Now for the North, and then I must close. The allies have been doing great things there. They have gained a decisive victory over the Chinese. The forts are all taken, and Lord Elgin has gone to Tientsin to negotiate about the Treaty. A pious young officer, who was here last winter, and attended chapel regularly, and who, with several others of his profession, manifested much interest in divine things, writes Mr. Edkins thus :—"The first fort that was attacked was defended most nobly. All the Chinese stood to their guns to a man, and all of them perished at them. It was real Spartan bravery. The next fort capitulated after a desperate struggle. The troops themselves say, the Chinese fought like Englishmen. The renowned general of the Chinese

was seen riding through Tientsin in haste, with only a hundred horsemen, being all that remained of his cavalry. The loss to the Chinese has been five thousand killed, and an immense number wounded. Eight hundred were buried in one grave. The allies have lost twenty killed, and two hundred wounded." What a warlike letter I have written to you! And yet I feel assured you will be greatly interested in all the facts mentioned. . . . .

16. TO HER BROTHER SIMON.

Boat-Trip.

ZI KA WEI, *18th Sept.* 1860.

WE left Shanghai on Friday morning quite early. Mr. Burdon was waiting for us at the wharf, and in a few minutes we pushed off, having a fair wind and tide. How merrily we bounded over the water for the next six hours; it was almost railway speed! On we went, passing charming pagodas, and catching something of the freshness of the bright green fields into our hearts. We dined about one, and had such a long talk after dinner. We were still in the broad Wampoo, and, on a sudden bend, came upon the Imperial fleet of junks sent here by the "Tavatai" to protect the people from the rebels. From stern, mast, and bow, gay flaunting flags fluttered, while a number of scapegrace-looking Chinamen lazily lolled on the deck; but wind and tide, they say, wait for no man, and so it was in our case. We soon distanced them; but as night, or evening rather, drew on, we ran our boat into a creek, and rested,

The first opportunity of getting a country walk could not be resisted, and ashore we all three stepped. Through paddy-fields we marched one after another—bad walking *together* here. We went to a countryman, who told us there was a great road not far off, but this we did not reach, if it existed, which we rather doubted. We now got by a little, somewhat muddy, stream, and I seated myself amidst a luxuriance of crackling thorn-bushes. Mr. Burdon walked on, and passed a narrow bridge, while Mr. Edkins returned to a buffalo-stand to talk to the people. I waited until Mr. Burdon returned, when we plodded back, and found Mr. Edkins seated on the long machine for drawing water, and old men, women, and children around him. I rather diverted the attention of the group as we came near them. My feet are most carefully inspected, and have caused many a talk from first to last this past year.

A battle had been fought a month ago, within a very short distance from where we stood, between the people and the rebels, and five hundred killed. This is only one instance of the many sad tales that can be told by the poor people during these past three months. What a dark page in history it would make if all were known! Oh, how many have suffered, and how many hearts have been anguished in China since this rebel outbreak! Mysterious and wonderful are the ways of the Lord, and His works past finding out. We trust and pray this rebel movement may be productive of great good; but it is heart-rending to visit the places where they have been, and to witness the fearful misery of war, and the look of perfect desolation among the people. The set-

ting sun and the cold wind bade us seek the shelter of our boat, and crossing an old wooden bridge, we got close to it. A fine tree, with, I think, the richest and most perfect boughs I ever saw, stood close by the place where the battle was fought, and near which many had found a grave.

We hastened to our boat, found tea ready, the candles lit, and, after the men had rested a little, on we went again. On Saturday morning we found ourselves in a close, barren creek, and soon the boatmen stopped, insisting they could not go farther. Mr. Edkins wanted to call on an old friend, a rich man in these parts, and we were still some distance from the place. However, it was a bright morning, and not a very strong sea, and soon we three were equipped, and ready for a walk. I ran lightly along for a while, when by and by I got slower, and after we were about two English miles from the boat, Mr. Edkins and I were perfectly tired. The sun was getting hot, too, but fortunately we reached a little village, where, after making friends with the people, going into the shop, sitting down, and actually drinking tea with about forty nondescript Chinamen, not to speak of the outward group, we succeeded in smiling them into giving us a boat.

While the boat is being cleared, I shall try to give you a little picture of the tea-shop. Say, twelve tables ranged on either side of a long, long dirty room, with mud floor, with forms to each table, and with four heavy, greasy, sleepy-eyed Chinamen on each. We were seated close by the door, and I had a good view. At the extreme end, when the mist-vapours blew aside,

a large caldron was discernible, with two sons of Vulcan hard at work, but in general a misty covering enveloped them. We were of course the wonder of all; and every eye, lip and face, seemed to ask what beings we were. A bustle at the door, and the village dominie walked in, evidently a man of consequence, for he no sooner spoke than other tongues ceased. His was an indescribable kind of countenance, presenting a great deal of individuality for a Chinaman. He took up a book from our collection, and read off very quickly the genealogy of Christ, in that high-toned, affected, dashing way that the Chinaman-scholar generally assumes. We listened with amused faces, but soon Mr. Edkins and Mr. Burdon had a serious talk with him, which God grant may be blessed to the benefit of his soul. We left him a book, asking him to read it to the people, bade him good-bye, and entered our boat. Such a dirty little boat! But one must not be nice in China, and we were glad of anything to rest our weary selves on. We rowed, or sculled, up some pretty, shady creeks, finding little boys, in round tubs, catching fish, and, after a little asking about, found our way to the village where Mr. Edkins' friend lived.

We landed, but such a shouting, and gathering together of all the youngsters of the place, to see the "barbarians." The crowd became immense, rolling on behind us, and the shouting and whooping was something harassing to the ears. We reached the rich man's door, entered, but, lo! instead of peace and comfort within, the whole roaring crowd came with us. At first they were kept out by force, but the flow continued,

and constant effort at the door plainly told us, that ere long the burst would come, and with fury. Meantime, I looked round on the two best Chinese rooms I had yet been in,—wide, large, and airy, with high-backed ebony-chairs, and centre-table. The Chinaman, unfortunately, was sick, and while we waited to know if Mr. Edkins could not possibly see him, the door outside burst open, and in came the rush. The low verandahs, with green flower-pots, were now filled; more, and yet more came, and soon the room was crowded with a motley group, in the centre of which, at a square table, Mr. Edkins, Mr. Burdon, and I sat, the admired of all, eating briskly at some odd Chinese dishes, drinking tea, and cracking nuts. Chopsticks we, or rather I, could not manage, and (don't start!) I ate with my digits really and truly, and ravenously too, I was so hungry. Well, but I was going to say I had been so engrossed with my repast, and had not looked round for a minute or two, when something was said to cause me to look up, and to be sure, tier after tier of human heads were gazing at us, a right round circle swelling up, and babies high above all, quite like a gallery of people. How they managed to elevate themselves so I cannot think; chairs, I have no doubt, did their part. Such a gathering of people I have seldom seen before, even in China. We found the longer we stayed the more would come, so Mr. Burdon took me to the boat, I being the principal attraction, while Mr. Edkins stayed in peace. Once in the boat, I put up an umbrella, and sat doggedly hiding my face, but they got on their knees on the river bank, peered under my hat, umbrella, and all.

I turned to the opposite side, and there, through tall rank weeds and rushes, dozens of faces were gleaming. Whatever I did caused a laugh. If I sneezed, the laugh was tremendous, and was caught up by a still farther off group on a rickety bridge. This must have lasted for nearly an hour, when Mr. Edkins returned, and we were thankful to push off, and secure rest and quiet again. They followed us along the banks for some distance, but soon got tired. We had a quiet row of an hour or so back to our boat, in which we speedily embarked.

We are nearing Soung-kong, gliding peacefully over the waters, and now the city walls are in sight; this must check my pen. It is a lovely afternoon, and I must walk round the city with Mr. Edkins and Mr. Burdon, to see the converts. I always enjoy very much coming to this station. Lately, the rebels have been here, causing great trouble and annoyance to the people. Two of the Christians were captured, but no mischief was done to them until they refused to obey orders, when they were summarily dealt with. Is it not providential all the rest have been preserved!

We have been for our walk, and returned. Our boat is again in motion, and with its head pointed homewards. While the daylight lasts, before tea I will give you a short account of our walk. It is most sorrowful to see the perfect desolation all around. Houses burnt to the ground, stones scattered in endless confusion, mingled with tiles and mortar, a melancholy sight. Scarcely a house bounding the river is entire, all a mass of ruin for at least a mile. We passed up and through the silent

streets, and, instead of busy activity, the lonely barking of the dogs, and the echo of our footsteps only resounded. The bridge, once lined with the busy passers-by, now utterly deserted, the tall rank weeds rendering the steps almost impassable; the closely shuttered windows, showing that no inmate was within; the barricaded door, and sometimes the doorless house, and the windowless house too, met our gaze. The busy shops, the tea-shops, where the laugh and the jest are always ready, all silent. A shop or two here and there were open, but we seemed to be nearly the only people a-foot, and instead of jostling to get along, as we had seen before, we had to scramble through weeds where once busy activity reigned. All these are the sad results of war. Oh that China may soon be freed from it: this is, and ought to be, our daily prayer. The extent of the desolation neither words nor pen can describe, and who can tell what no eye but One saw, the extent of heartfelt misery that each family, each individual suffered, who once were the happy inmates of those multitudes of devastated houses? How soothing the thought, that He, our heavenly Father, knows all; and even though their hearts were unenlightened by the truths of the Bible, still, may we not hope, some alleviation to their suffering was granted them? All is wisely ordered. He knows what is best, is all we can say on gazing upon such scenes.

Now we are fairly outside the city, and on either side are waving fields of corn and cotton, all looking beautifully green. The sun is gradually setting, and the tinted glow on field and river is charming. The grassy banks

look a fine golden brown, and the tall reeds redden with the glow cast over them. The music of the oar and the rippling of the waters are very sweet to hear. A fresh cool breeze is blowing pleasantly in at our windows through the shaded venetians. We have two compartments in our boat. Inside is the best room, where Mr. Burdon, Mr. Edkins, and I, are seated round the table; then there are three long five-feet couches covered with matting. On these we sit during the day, and sleep at night. Mr. Burdon has a boat as well. But this is a digression. I was going to say, in our front parlour we have got,—what do you think?—three living hens, which keep up a continual clucking night and day. They walk about at will, too, but are speedily dismissed if they venture here. We are just now passing a machine for taking up water. The buffalo moves round in a circle on the bank, and pumps up a quantity each round, which is distributed through the field by another medium, and so this wonderful country is irrigated.

We are now very desirous to know all about Lord Elgin's negotiations in the north, and what he intends to do respecting the Insurgents. We calculate on a treaty favourable to foreigners being soon settled on; and when we hear of this, we intend moving our camp from Shanghai, and going inland, and prosecuting missionary work in right earnest. Where we may go rests with ourselves and the wise disposing of Providence. A healthy spot we will try to choose, but as yet nothing has been fixed on by the missionaries, who will go, or where. I anticipate, and am preparing myself for many privations at first. Mr. Edkins and I have made up our

minds to be among the first to go into the interior, or to some sea-board city whenever the Treaty is signed, and the ports are opened. Possibly you may hear of our removal from Shanghai by the very next mail.

17. TO HER MOTHER.

OFF WOOSUNG, *27th Sept.* 1860.

JUST a few hurried lines before the "Pilot" leaves. We are on our way to Chefoo on board a good ship with a Scotch captain. We expect to reach our port in five or six days. I hope to be able to send letters frequently from Chefoo, and that you will receive them as regularly as you have done those from Shanghai. What changes in Shanghai since even I came to it! At least twenty missionaries have left for England and America, principally America, within the year. The place is very unhealthy. A number of those, however, who have left will return, if spared, to China.

I am writing this on the deck of the vessel, and the captain, pilot, and Mr. Edkins are walking about and talking so much, that I am tempted to listen, and cannot therefore collect my thoughts for writing. The view of the river on both sides is charming at early morning as it now is. Boats of all sorts and sizes are moving briskly about, full of Chinese, and the gay flags of England and America are streaming from their sterns. I am not, however, in the best mood to enjoy all this, being sorry at parting from the friends at Shanghai, and especially from excellent Mr. Wylie, who is shortly to sail

for England, and whom we shall not likely see again for long. I have sent a parcel for you by him, and he has kindly promised to visit Stromness before his return to China. We hope to get a house at Chefoo, and may, perhaps, settle there, but cannot speak positively on this till we see it. Being so far north, it will be very cold, but we have supplied ourselves with warm clothing, and must keep good fires. Hurried though this letter be, I trust it will reach you that you may know our whereabouts. Mr. Edkins encloses also a short letter under the same cover, and we hope the pilot, through whom we send this, will be faithful, and commit it to the post as directed.—Ever your most affectionate

JEANIE.

LETTERS.—SECTION III.

1. TO HER BROTHER SIMON.

Arrival at Chefoo—Description of the place.

CHEFOO, *6th October* 1860.

WE reached Chefoo yesterday, and as the "Glencoe" proceeded directly to the Peiho, we got shipped, or rather re-shipped, on board the "British Empire," the largest merchant-ship in England; and, to be sure, the saloon is huge. Our voices sink to whispers, or are not heard at all, at the extreme end of it. The stern cabins, one of which we occupy, are most handsomely furnished, —morocco cushions all round, and easy-chairs, sofa, carpets, mirror, etc. etc., all that can make a ship look domestic, or home-like. The windows are four in each cabin, about five feet in height, four in breadth, and draped with beautiful green damask. Would that you could take a peep, as I can, through those windows, and view the charming scene which surrounds us. A clear sheet of bright blue water, pure and sparkling, and gurgling at the ship's side so joyously, snowy-white swans floating lazily over these blue waters, bees and butterflies humming and buzzing and basking in this sweet morning sun, and in the distance dark brown hills smiling in the sun's radiance. How rugged their dark

sides look when night falls, but how different when "rosy morn purples the East." Pretty Chinese houses skirt the bay, and dot the sides of the hills, nestling under peaks and cliffs. Terraced walks too are visible, and rich cultivation. Herds of bleating sheep and lowing cattle also are there, and a long beautiful sandy beach, very white. Oh, what a delightful change this is from Shanghai! Chefoo contrasts with Shanghai as fairy-like Arran does with heated, dusty, smoky Glasgow, but even more strongly. Already Mr. Edkins looks better. He walks about without any weakness now. But I must go on with my account of this interesting spot. This is the French rendezvous, and a number of English and Danish ships engaged by them are anchored in the bay.

Last evening we landed with our captain, who is a Scotchman, and from Greenock. We rowed ashore in the gig, splashing quickly through the waves, and ran close on the beach; with a little effort I jumped ashore. The French promenaded in numbers, and turned their heads round with nearly as much surprise as a Chinaman to see a real live European lady. We walked along the sand for a little, and then by a broad path, gained at once the market-place of the Chinese, and general rendezvous of the French. The tents looked bright, planted on the green sward, and long tables were spread outside where gay, talking Frenchmen were eating their dinner. *Vin-ordinaire* flowed freely, judging from the number of bottles on the table; and the smell of roast-beef and mutton was very strong. The Frenchmen looked a little amazed at seeing us, and the different

sentries gazed as we passed, but offered no opposition. On we went through groups of French and bands of Chinese, through stalls of apples and fruit of all kinds, until we reached the Chinese village. Here we were followed by a rolling crowd. We went into one or two of the houses to look at them for a residence, but they seemed scarcely habitable.

After a little talking to the people, we entered a Chinese shop. A nice-looking old Chinaman, with a pipe in hand, was here; and while we got seated, and Mr. Innocent and I were discussing an apple, Mr. Edkins had an interesting conversation with him. He knew of Jesus, and of the Bible, much to Mr. Edkins' surprise, no missionary having ever resided here. He asked him where he got his information, and learnt that one of our Bibles had found its way into that dark little shop, and been read by that man, and the truth that there was a Saviour had dawned on his soul. What good may result from Bible distribution, even where no Christian teacher can be present to explain the word! We bade him good-bye for the present, as evening shadows were slanting on the heads of the motley group at the entrance, and inside too, on the damp earthen floor.

On we went through the wide clean streets, where abundance of fruit and everything for sustenance seemed wondrously supplied. The captain asked, "How is it, Mr. Edkins, that the heathen appear to have so much of the riches of the earth; that their soil is so productive, that the plantain-tree, and all those fruits, grow without rearing or care?" Mr. Edkins immediately replied,

"Is it not the Lord manifesting himself more clearly to them in His works of creation?" I was interested in the answer, and thought it is even so. They have not the revelation of mercy, and yet they have more than enough in the works of nature to make them see and believe that there is a God.

We sauntered slowly through the village, and as we neared the entrance the view was exquisite. A beautiful terraced hill in front, wrapt warmly in the golden hue of evening, with many a tall solitary form winding round it. At its top a little tower, from which the French flag lazily hung. Round this, too, were several officers, their height rendered more striking by the cloaks they wore, and by the deception of evening. The sentinel paced slowly, with his bayonet upturned. Groups of lively Frenchmen, gathered in knots outside their tents, chatted gaily, their bright red dress and dark boots contrasting brilliantly with the green earth on which they stood, or were seated. Above was the calm purity of the heavens, with soft, delicate clouds of white, and the beautiful shade of blue. The hills at a distance were reddening with the setting sun, and while the rosy tint lingered we pushed off from the beach; cheerily the British boys pulled their oars, and in spite of the heavy surge we got on quickly, much too quickly for my taste. The music of the oars has a dear home sound to me. I fondly love it. We were soon by the dark grim side of the "British Empire," and climbing wearily up its long staircase.

After we got on board, and had tea, which was waiting us, I heard the captain call, "Mrs. Edkins!" from

the deck, and I responded by putting on my hat and appearing. I thought the evening view of Chefoo almost prettier even than its day one. To the sad it is; and yet there is a calm peace about the whole scenery, heavens above and earth beneath, though the scene did seem now to be weeping for the morning light as the precious stilly dew-drops fell. The harbour, with its lighted ships like little starry things on that moving dark mass of water, and the little tower just visible, cozily resting itself, as it were, retreating far into the embraces of the great hill behind, looked so beautiful. Mr. Edkins and I paced the deck of the large ship for an hour or so, and spoke of settling down in this part of China, should Providence open up the way. No missionary ever planted the standard of the Cross among the benighted millions of this province. My husband's knowledge of their language (the Mandarin), and his experience, seem particularly to fit him for this great pioneer work. God grant him health and strength, enabling him to prosecute it, and may his success be eminent! It will be very different staying here in regard to society, and many other outward comforts, as compared with Shanghai, but it will be far more like missionary work; and I trust I feel that all the little troubles and roughing here below are small in comparison with the glory that is prepared for those who work devotedly for the Lord upon earth. Don't we all labour too much after the fleeting, variable, and often unjust approbation of man? Oh the joy of feeling the heart loosed from this earthly longing! Oh to have our hearts follow our Saviour more! Let that mind which was in Him be

also found in us. Pray it be so with us, my dear brother. . . . .

2. TO HER BROTHER JOHN.

CHEFOO, *9th October* 1860.

. . . . BEING fresh from low, flat, unhealthy Shanghai, we rejoice doubly in this fine invigorating mountain scenery. On Saturday night we had a delightful walk on shore, accompanied by Mr. Holmes, missionary, and visited two of the little outlying villages. On landing on the sandy beach our feet went down many inches each step, until we reached the broad way, on either side of which the French have pitched their tents. A pretty sight it is to see the white or brown mat huts glittering in the sun. We peeped in, and saw the little mat cots; on the floor, a small Chinese chair and table, which was all the furniture. All the available temples, houses, etc., have been seized by the French, and turned into store-houses and commissariat-rooms within the lines. Outside them they do not as yet touch any house, and we are hoping to secure one for ourselves in a day or two. Mr. Edkins went on shore at five o'clock this morning, to distribute books, preach, and also to see after a house. He will not return for some hours yet, and while he is away I am busying myself about several things.

We have now been here five days, and I am getting accustomed to the peculiarity of the scenery. It is truly charming. Little islands with ballast-looking conical hills, with small creeks or bays in which junks

are peacefully riding at anchor; then the wide stretch of land, with numerous peaks in various directions, beautiful undulating, or terraced-looking brown hills, on the steep sides of which rich cultivation is visible. A clump of trees marks this and the other village nearly all the way to the summit. At the very foot of those hills, and about the centre, lie three villages close together, yet quite distinct, the one called "Yentai," is where the French force is quartered; the other two Mr. Edkins and I visited lately. Our way lay through fields of sweet potato, hemp, and vegetables, pretty broad-beaten paths winding pleasantly along. This led us to the first village. It is a well-built regular street, the houses of stone, wedged well together in the rough unhewn state, looking very pretty and clean. The windows are of paper or oyster-shell, principally of the former material, the paper ribbed all over with little rims of wood. At the doors were three or four steps generally, outside which mothers stood holding their babies, while little heads, partly concealed by the mother's dress, peered out on each side, and small-eyed withered grandmothers tottered to the door to look at us—I being the great curiosity. The village dogs and the village urchins together made music until we reached the end of the town. The men must have been at work, we saw so few of them. We now came to something like a grove; trees, rather sparse, but bright and green, and a pretty green bank, and the bed of a river. It is now dry, but, I suppose, when winter storms with deluging rains come, it will be a large broad stream. This grove wound beautifully up a sort of defile on the hill, but we

did not proceed, thinking we could do it some other time, as it was now getting slightly dusk.

We then went to see the other village. Turning off by a side way we climbed an irregular kind of path, and came upon a miller busy at his mill. The mill, millstone, everything was made of granite. Let me introduce you to the mill. The ground is of hardened sand, smooth and white, the broad sky is the only covering, but a little wall built in a square of eight or twelve feet surrounds the mill, which is the main centre of the place. A large block of beautiful granite, round and smooth at the top, on which the maize was put round in a circle, where a large stone mallet, worked by the hand, moved quickly round, reducing the maize each time to a finer size. Behind this was a big bluff Chinaman, with his sleeves to his wrists, and yet working busily away, wiping the perspiration from his brow. We watched the process a little while, and then passed on. We soon arrived at the little walled town or village. We entered through a deep brown stone gateway, arched and old, and found ourselves in a much larger place than we expected. Streets went regularly up the hill, one behind another, in faultless order, and all built of stone. The streets were wide. Rope-making seems to be briskly carried on here, also dyeing cotton, etc. As usual, the people had a good stare and talk about us, but we passed out at another gate without the least molestation, and found ourselves a good mile from the boat, and the sun now setting. A brisk walk we must make, as it would not be pleasant to get benighted, and that French force to pass.

We went through a little lane first, and soon came on the highway, and, in spite of our haste, we could not but admire the beautiful tints of evening, in its gay but deepening curtain. The soldiers, in their bright uniforms and glittering swords, marching on the sandy beach, with the ruddy parting sunlight glancing on them, the rippling blue sea, with its silvery bewitching appearance, and the brown hill, where the sun was setting, all glowing with beauty. Looking back, the dark hills seemed melting from view, a misty loveliness surrounding them, while the cottages, and the old brown village wall, looked tranquil and distinct. We now reached the French encampment. Groups of officers and soldiers were lounging on the green sward, many leaning on their guns. The sentry keeping watch looked as we passed, but did not check us; and now night had almost come, and the sea looked a darker blue as we neared it. We found the captain waiting on the beach, and the little boat looked as if impatient for us as it lay rising and falling with the surge. We soon got seated, and a long and strong pull brought us to our present ocean-home in the "British Empire."

3. TO HER FATHER.

CHEFOO, 10*th October* 1860.

. . . . AT last we have got a house. The old teacher has secured one for us, and we go on shore after dinner to look at it. It is on the sea-beach. . . . .

October 11*th*.— . . . . We went ashore yesterday after-

noon, and examined the house. It looks a good deal out of repair just now, but will be made a habitable place ere long, and, when we have bright blazing fires of wood, we shall be comfortable enough, in spite of the little whistling crevices. This will seem more like missionary life than our handsome house and furniture at Shanghai, and we shall get about the people better now. Our house is just outside one city-gate, and on the broad highway to another, so it will be very convenient for Mr. Edkins. This is such a stormy day, we cannot go on shore to see about it. The sun is shining beautifully overhead, though the elements are warring, and the hills and town look as pretty as ever. It is a sweet spot this, and Mr. Edkins hopes to establish a regular mission-station here. One of the families from Shanghai will join us, we expect, ere long. Shanghai is very unhealthy. I am glad we are out of it; missionaries there are too cramped, and are in risk of treading on one another's heels. There are in it at least between forty and fifty male missionaries belonging to the different societies, European and American. Many of these, of course, will follow our example, and go into the interior when the Treaty is fairly signed. I wish it were, and then we should see better what could definitely be done; whether we had not better go on to Tientsin, or the capital at once. We must wait and hope, and meantime work.

This is quite a new dialect to me, and the hard first lessons must be gone through again; but it is all right, and I am glad it is the Mandarin, as Mr. Edkins is at home in it, and is ready for work at once. I must get

Shantung servants, which will help me very much in the language. . . . .

The French troops are located here, and the people dislike them very much. Mr. Edkins took a long walk over the hills the other morning. He gathered a few people together in a temple, and told them of Jesus. One of them, an old man, looked earnestly at him, and asked if Christ was a Frenchman! He seemed perfectly relieved when Mr. Edkins told him no. The French take possession of the whole eastern part of the town and bay, and are arbitrary and cruel to the Chinese. It is quite a pretty sight in the morning to see the market-place. A bustling mass of French soldiers, mixed with English captains, all talking and buying together from the Chinese, who have fruit, vegetables, poultry, sheep, etc., carefully arranged round the wide market-place. Fruit is most abundant, and very cheap; grapes, apples, pears, etc., in great variety, also beautiful red and yellow melons. . . . . I must now say good-bye.—With best and fondest love to all, yours most affectionately,

JEANIE.

4. TO HER MOTHER.

CHEFOO, 11*th October* 1860.

I MUST enclose a line or two, in case the letter I sent you by way of the Peiho does not reach you by this mail. When we are into our own house on shore, Mr. Edkins will be able to do his work with far less fatigue than now. We have almost bidden farewell to comfortable, luxurious, but unhealthy Shanghai, and now we go

forth roughing it, with, I humbly trust, our heavenly Father's blessing, to toil for Him in this unbroken soil, —to plant the standard of the Saviour, where, until our arrival, it has, I may say, been unheard of. You will give us your earnest prayers that God may be with us, and prosper us in all we do. Oh that we could trust Him more, and live more in the spirit of prayer! Pray for me too, my dear mamma, that I may be blessed in my own soul, and do some good in strengthening my husband's hands. I think it is so delightful to be a "helpmate," not a hindrance, to a "soldier of the cross." Would that I were more of it! I must try more and more to be so. . . . .

5. TO HER MOTHER AND HER SISTER MAGGIE.

CHEFOO, 18*th October* 1860.

THIS is a cold, almost wintry, October day, yet very bracing. We are still on board ship, but hope soon to get into our house. The one I told you of we did not get. Two stormy days prevented Mr. Edkins going on shore, and the Chinaman lost courage. The Chinese dislike exceedingly to let their houses to foreigners, hence all this trouble. We have got another, however, a shade less respectable-like externally, but I think we may be more comfortable in it. We have taken it until a better one cast up. It is quite impossible at present to rent good houses here. I went on shore the day before yesterday to look after our habitation, but impressions of places when repairs, white-washing, etc., are going on, are not much worth; still, everything

looked better than I expected. Mr. Innocent has flitted already to one of the little side rooms. Our court is wide and airy, and before another week passes, if well, I 'll have hens and ducks cackling all round it. It will be quite pleasant to get up in the morning and look after them and the servants. I must teach my Chinamen both to wash and bake; but be not uneasy about me, I shall be careful not to overwork myself.

Mr. Edkins necessarily spends all daytime on shore, and I get very anxious about his return when the wind blows high, as to-day. When attending faithfully to his missionary work, he is daily looking in at the house and pushing the work-people. He will not hear of my going to stay in it till it is deemed safely habitable. . . .

Yentai is a most bustling, lively little place, full of business people. At evening it is beautiful to stand on an eminence, and watch donkeys and mules in hundreds wind up the mountain path, led by their guides. On each side the saddles are large bundles of firewood, or hampers with fruit. Seen in the mellow light of evening it is a lovely sight, and for a long distance the tinkling of bells is heard, striking sweetly on the ear. This is a thoroughly eastern scene. They go in groups, slowly and regularly up the mountain side, and disappear by and by from view. Every morning they come again with inland produce. The donkeys are all of a pretty grey slate colour, and the mules a brown or fawn. They trudge on with their burdens lovingly together. They are put up in large squares in the town during the day, where they lie and rest, relieved of their ponderous saddles and hampers.

Mr. Edkins climbed one of the hills the other day, and he says the view from the top is most charming. I must go and see it soon. The house we have taken lies close to the sea, but its front is to the hills. A fine green hill, crowned at the top with green firs, is what we look out upon, and a pretty little white-housed village lies at its foot, about ten minutes' walk from our house. My husband is quite pleased with the situation; it enables him easily to visit both towns every day. Besides, the highway to Fu-Shan, the great city, passes our door, and so do all the mules and donkeys at morn and evening. He is negotiating about purchasing a horse, and by and by I am to get a donkey, but if the horse is at all amiable I shall ride it. . . . .

25*th October.*—We have now got into our house, and I add a few lines to say how we get on. Very well, indeed, considering all things. Our only drawback in the way of comfort is, that the fireplace *will* smoke. We have tried a long can outside, but all in vain, the nasty smoke persistently comes back upon us. Were it not this, we should be wonderfully snug. Our floor is matted with red matting, then we have nice high-backed chairs, cupboard and bookcase, that Mr. Innocent and I mounted, covered with chintz. These two articles are both made out of deal boxes. You can't think what pleasure and satisfaction there is in roughing it like this. Such is a wee picture of our nondescript room. Red curtains hang at the farther end, and when they are looped up or pushed aside the bedroom is revealed; our bedstead, with its blue draping, and little paper window, on which our looking-glass

rests, two boxes making a temporary washstand, with our white-washed walls, and our white-papered roof,—altogether we appear really neat.

Mr. Edkins has been out to-day for fully two hours, interpreting between the French commodore and the mandarin. The French are delighted they have a person resident who can assist them occasionally in interpreting.

The Bible distribution goes on nobly. Hundreds of Testaments, and numerous Bibles have been distributed this last week. Group after group come to the court, and hang round the door, anxiously asking for books. Though Mr. Edkins brought upwards of 3000 with him, he finds it needful already to send to Shanghai for more. Yung, one of the preachers, left for Minghai this morning with 200 Testaments. He was sent two days ago in the same way, and returned yesterday, saying he had only gone half-way, and had distributed all his Testaments, so many people were clamorous for them, and he found many reading them. Cheering this, is it not? A steamer is just about to leave, so I must hurriedly say good-bye.—Yours most lovingly,

JEANIE.

6. TO HER BROTHER SIMON.

CHEFOO, *26th October* 1860.

Two mornings ago we were tempted by the mild temperature and promising appearance of the day to think of a mountain excursion. Accordingly, after an early breakfast, we started about nine. I was mounted on

a mule, with wooden saddle, and had a rope for a stirrup. Our way at first lay through the sandy soil, which spreads for some distance all around, but having cleared it, we reached the green sward, where the bright sun glistened sweetly. The singing of the birds, and the tinkling of bells from the ponies that were approaching us on their way to the town, were extremely pleasing.

Having passed the town of Ki-san, we began to ascend the hill. We climbed over rugged, stony paths, then passed through shady lanes on the high mountain sides, and again by lofty precipices, in the deep dell of which were rich and most beautifully cultivated spots, and wild flowers in bloom. There we found the patient Chinaman toiling at work, smoking his pipe, and apparently unmolested by the hottest rays of the sun. These precipices had on their abrupt rocky sides many a projecting edge, on which sturdy little firs were growing, and showing great freshness. The winding paths of the hill were most charming, and looking back, as we frequently did, we had a delightful view of Chefoo Peak, the rugged old promontory, the beautiful natural bay of Chefoo, and the pretty islands and rugged hills that surround it. The villages or towns looked very fair too. All noisy sounds were hushed here, except the regular tread of my hardy mule over the stones, or the manly springing step of the muscular mountaineer as he hastily descended the mountain pass, guiding his little pony with its small silvery bell.

We still climbed up, my mule doing his duty excellently. Having ascended a narrow mountain pass, we emerged into a glorious valley in the mountain. Here

rich green grass waved, and firs and poplars, and the birds sang joyously. The valley lay on the one side, and on the other the perpendicular ascent, up which we began a regular climb. It was stiff, hard work, but my guide led the animal skilfully, though many an exclamation, prompted by slight fear, escaped from my lips as he conducted him on to the soft grassy places bordering the vast gorge.

This guide of mine is worth a line of description. He had a tolerable face, but evidently it had not had water applied to it for many a day. His little cap also looked dirty, and his long pigtail was wound round his head. Behind his ear his cigar rested in perfect repose, stuck in as firmly as possible, sometimes smoking-hot when inserted. His "whish hush" to the pony, and a regular salutation to all the Chinamen he passed, made up the total of his utterances.

We had now reached the top, and what an amphitheatre of beauty! The noble mountain, with its dells, valleys, and deep gorges; its richly wooded sides, and its rugged stony ascent; then the beautiful distant view of the sea, stretching its blue bosom far as the eye could reach, with little islands resting on it; behind us were a deep valley, then peaks of lofty rugged mountains, this one fair and green, and the other dark, yet blended so beautifully by the bright sun that we did not know which to prefer. "Magnificent!" "glorious!" broke from each of us as we gazed on the splendid prospect. A beautiful descent into a valley tempted us down on the other side. Here I walked on foot, accompanied by Mr. Edkins, while Mr. Innocent took charge of the

mule and followed us. On we went for a mile or so, plucking wild flowers, and rejoicing in the fresh morning air; for the sparkling dew still lingered in the shady, woody way by which we sought to gain the temple of the hundred bamboo, or rather fir forest. At last we reached the ascent, when I again mounted my mule, and passed up through the forest; the sun slanting coyly in through the leafy boughs, causing a bright spot here and there on the otherwise cool dark path.

Threading our way thus for some time by little narrow paths, and past large jutting rocks, we came suddenly upon the little romantic temple of the hills. After dismounting in the court-yard, we were led into the principal room, where, seated at the table, we unpacked our provision-basket of cakes, grapes, jam, and wine, and made a kind of luncheon, the priest meantime lighting a fire outside the door, and preparing tea for us. This we had also, and feeling the better for our repast, we proceeded to examine the temple. We found it very tidy and complete, and the priest seemed to live well; such a variety of fruit, pumpkins, nuts, etc., lay all around. Having visited a well far-famed for its wonderful virtues, we prepared to descend the mountain. The priest followed us kindly to the door, as we passed out, and over the narrow bridge to the opposite rocky descent. We came quickly home. The scenery retained all its beauty, but tired nature sighed for repose, and it was with jaded countenances and wearied frames that we entered our small habitation; though, after a good dinner and comfortable tea, we sat and talked cheerily of our day's exploits.

This afternoon the preaching-room was opened—the first that has ever been in this region. Oh that the Lord would richly bless the word spoken in that little sanctuary to the saving of many! More than 150 visited it from two to four this afternoon, and many Testaments were distributed. Hundreds of Bibles and Testaments are now being distributed here, and inland from this.

27th October.—Mr. Flowerdew, a young Scotchman, has just been calling. Poor fellow! he has had a very severe loss; a boat with 12,000 tls. (£4000) treasure was seized, and all the treasure taken, while making for his ship. He is supercargo, and does business here to a large extent with the Chinese merchants; a loss so great was not to be patiently borne, so he applied to the French, and with Mr. Edkins' assistance as interpreter between them and the Chinese, he has succeeded in having it all returned. The French threatened to fire on every junk in the harbour if the money was not instantly refunded. The guilty parties have not been detected, but the money is now being carried down to the landing-place, where Mr. Flowerdew's boat waits to receive it. Some parleying, however, it seems, must still go on about it between the Mandarin and the French, and Mr. Edkins has again gone to help them on, though he is not very well to-day.

The steamer "Japan" is expected to-night from the north with invalids. She will take the mail to Shanghai, so we must be ready. The news from the north last week almost tempted us up thither at once (you know Mr. Edkins' favourite aim has always been to get settled

in Pekin), but we shall wait here a little longer, if spared. The troops were in occupation of Pekin, but obliged to retire to Tientsin, for want of provisions. The Emperor has fled. All this you will have heard. We are much behindhand with our news in this remote corner. . . .

7. TO MISS EDKINS.

CHEFOO, *15th November* 1860.

YOUR portrait turned up to my view this morning while searching for some things, and I felt a strong desire to write you, as I looked at the well-remembered face. It is now more than a year and a half since you sat for it in London, when I was with you. How quickly time speeds, carrying us every day farther on in life's journey.

Last Sabbath week made me twenty-two. A birth-day brings a host of thoughts of the past, and to me, in the far remote east, it brings many thoughts of home, where it used to be welcomed by bright faces and glad hearts. This is my second birth-day now spent in China-land. I feel so desirous that next year, if spared and well, far greater progress may be made by me in the Chinese tongue and character. I feel considerably disappointed that my tolerably acquired Shanghai dialect serves me so little here; still, I trust that, after a few months, I shall be talking glibly enough in Mandarin. My progress in the character, my husband and others say, has been quite enough for a lady for one year. I have read through St. John's Gospel in the Bunli; now I have recommenced it in the Mandarin.

We have had a very poor, uncomfortable house, but are now settling down in a much better one. The hammer, hatchet, etc., still ring in the court-yard; but we have got a parlour and bedroom floored and whitewashed, and to-day I have had the "mo fu" coolie to nail down a nice red matting on the floor of our parlour; the crimson curtains hang gracefully from paper windows, and the outside door opens right into the room. Still, we begin to feel comfortable. A bright wood fire is even now blazing in a beautiful little stove, presented to us a few days ago by an American captain. Our own stove, and all our furniture, except our iron bedstead and a very few articles, are yet in Shanghai. I am sitting in one corner of the room at a rickety table, on which the green table-cloth looks neat. This is all our furniture as yet, except three white-wood chairs, and two rugs of fur. Mr. Holmes, our American fellow-missionary, lives round the corner, in a very neat little place, about the same size as ours, but he is expending more time and money on his than my husband cares to do here. If we are cozy for the winter that will do. In spring, if all is well with us, we must set our faces to China's capital, which your brother has long looked forward to as his home in China. Having noticed our parlour, I must picture the bedroom. The door is just now wide open, and I can see almost all in it from where I am sitting. The iron bedstead is in the centre, and as yet uncurtained; then there are two settees, with a bright chintz cover to each; dressing-table under one of the paper windows, with a white toilet-cover, on which are brushes, etc., as well as our ship looking-glass, which is the principal object of

course; a deal box, covered with chintz, for a washstand, and a little corner cupboard of another deal box; a box or two; nice green-white matting; and a corner fireplace of bricks. Though all this is sufficiently homely, it is charming, I can assure you, compared with the mud room where we existed for three entire weeks. With our Shanghai furniture, etc., here, we shall be able to make ourselves tolerably comfortable.

Last night, "Yung tsi," the colporteur, returned from a very successful trip in the country. The accounts he brought of the interest felt in the Scriptures were very cheering. I am urging my husband to translate his diary into English, and send it home to the Directors of the Bible Society, who, I am sure, would be greatly pleased with it. He has just gone to address the Chinese in the large preaching-room which he has now secured. He has it often filled with people, and feels a growing interest in his labours here. Some are beginning to inquire the way to Zion. Pray for them and for us. How delightful it is to have praying friends! The knowledge of this strengthens one's hands.

On Sabbath there is service in English to British and Americans who choose to attend. Sabbath week your brother preached, and Mr. Innocent did so last Sabbath. The congregation met last time in the saloon of the "Great Eastern," as I call the "British Empire." The saloon makes a beautiful chapel, more commodious than our London Missionary Society one at Shanghai. The boat that took us off arrived first, and we waited on the deck, on a lovely sunshiny morning, until all the other captains and men came on board. We hope soon

to be joined by one or more of our missionaries, now that the Treaty is signed. . . . .—Your ever affectionate

JEANIE.

8. TO HER PARENTS.

CHEFOO, *November* 1860.

WE have "flitted" to another house, a good, substantial stone-built cottage. We have six rooms, and at present have floored, roofed, and whitewashed three,—parlour, bedroom, and study. The preaching-room, which is very well attended, is a nice large room, in front of the house. I have been kept very busy for some time looking after lazy workmen. When they were whitewashing, I had to take the brush repeatedly myself and show them how to do. It is annoying to see how they trifle. They loll and smoke all day nearly. They are allowed by their Chinese employers to smoke seven times a day, and they take care to have good measure when they come to us. I am so glad we have got into a wooden-floored house before cold winter has fairly come upon us.

I have got a teacher, and have begun in good earnest to work with St. John's Gospel in Mandarin, and have gone through half of the first chapter. Strange enough, but I like the study of the character a great deal better than the speaking. I get vexed at the change of tone with every few miles, but by and by I'll be able to get over this, I hope. The Mandarin tongue will carry one, with a few variations, a good long way in this region, so

I have begun to talk it, and have very good exercise every day with my two servants.

So far the mission work is going on well. Mr. Edkins has had printed, in large Chinese characters, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, on the sides of the preaching-room. Every day, about four o'clock afternoon, an audience of more than a hundred are regularly there. Of course, it is a fluctuating congregation, and seldom half an hour alike, as people passing miles into the interior tie their pony up, and step in and listen, get a Testament, and go on their way, carrying the news of the preaching-room at Yentai far away among the mountains. Many have been brought to it in this way, and Mr. Edkins daily feels more and more that this is a place where, under God's blessing, a great work may be wrought. Our Nankin colporteur returned lately from a trip he had had with New Testaments, etc., far inland, and reported that he had found that the news of the preaching-room had spread to a city eighty English miles from this. His account of the willingness of the people to listen to the Gospel is very delightful. Large numbers of copies of the Scriptures are being distributed, and pleasing instances of interest in them are now and again occurring. A few days ago, for example, a sturdy old countryman entered the preaching-room, carrying a basket over his arm, and coming up to the table, placed it before Mr. Edkins. It contained some Testaments, and one in large type. This he took in his hand, put on his spectacles, and read out of it with great apparent interest. "That one," he said, "I would not part with. I have read it a great deal, and I like to read it." Mr.

Edkins found him acquainted with truth, though in a dim way. He sat down, and listened attentively to the preaching, then by and by took his leave, his well-thumbed Bible in his hand, promising soon to come again. I often remember these things in thinking of China's dark, ignorant state—

> "Wait thou His time, so shall the night
> Soon end in cloudless day."

God grant that this may ere long be the case. Oh that our hearts were more prayerful! If Christians prayed as they gave, would the world not sooner "know the Lord?"

We have received a great deal of kindness in Chefoo. Our good Captain M'Donald would not take anything for our long stay in the "British Empire," and tasty pieces of beef, kidneys, etc., found their way to us from the same quarter. Another gentleman, one of our fellow-passengers from Hongkong in May, sent us a case of sherry. These, and other presents, we have felt the more cheering, as we consider them not only expressions of kind interest in us, but also in our missionary work. . . . .

9. TO HER MOTHER.

CHEFOO, 27*th November* 1860.

I POSTED my home letters, expecting they would be in time for last mail, but, unfortunately, they were late, and the captain brought them ashore again, so I shall add a few lines to the budget. We have now been about eight weeks in Chefoo, and have got only one

home mail. I sometimes weary much for letters, but it is a part of our trials, and to bear it resignedly requires, I confess, no small effort from me. Mr. Edkins longs too for news, but can *wait* better than I can. I know we shall have a number of letters when they do arrive, and that is consoling. A ship is expected daily, in which, we have learned, we have both letters and goods.

We hear that Mr. and Mrs. M'Gowan, who are just now at Shanghai, are to join us at once; also, that Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell, of the Baptist Mission, will be here immediately, and we also expect Mr. and Mrs. Innocent soon, so our society at Chefoo will be greatly improved in a little. This will make the place very pleasant. The workmen are doing their best in the meantime to make other two rooms habitable for the M'Gowans. Mr. Rau, who boarded with us at Shanghai, comes also, and another little room must be set right for him. I trust a quick ship will bring them all up soon.

It is beautiful, dry, bracing weather just now, with a sprinkling of snow on the ground. At Shanghai it seems there is rain, rain almost constantly. Mr. Edkins still wishes to penetrate farther north, and soon after we get the M'Gowans settled here, we think of turning our steps to China's great capital, where, if all be favourable, we intend to take up our dwelling.

A few mornings ago, the weather being fine, we strolled down to the French Bund after breakfast, and finding the American captains on shore, we went with them over to the American anchorage, fully five miles from our landing-place. We spent the day with Captain and

Mrs. Berry. Mrs. Berry has her after-cabin fitted up beautifully—nice carpet, little mahogany centre-table, an elegant sofa, small cushioned chairs, and a pretty writing-desk and bookcase combined. We sat and talked away very pleasantly in this little cabin till about four o'clock, when we left for the shore again. It came on to be very cold, and the wind blew against us, and by and by it became dark, so we turned in alongside the "British Empire," where we found a most hearty welcome from the captain, a cup of hot tea, and a charming fire burning in the stove, the heat of which was very grateful after our long cold pull. We stayed all night, and the captain kindly put us ashore next forenoon.

There are now three American ladies in the harbour (two besides Mrs. Berry), and I am invited to go and spend some few days with them, which I intend to do, as they are all fine people, and it will enable Mr. Edkins to take longer trips into the country than he can well do, by leaving me alone. He and I had a walk before tea this afternoon. We went up the bed and bank of a river. The dark leafless trees swayed by the wind, the cold pure snow on the mountains and deep ravines, the beautiful evergreens waving their rich branches joyfully, the hasty tread of the villager, who with laden pony was returning to his family, and anticipating, doubtless, a warm welcome on this cold night; this was the scene, wintry, yet very beautiful, and, as Mr. Edkins remarked, such as Cowper could have made a pretty piece from. I have just been looking out a washing along with a queer old fellow of a servant we got. He reminds me

of Topsy's character. He is very sharp, but extremely careless in his dress. I have been scolding him until he has got something fresh to put on, but he has such a ludicrous appearance altogether, that we get many a good laugh at him. A washing here is a tremendous business. The like is scarcely ever heard of in China. They are perfectly ignorant too of ironing, and in the dim distance, a bundle of shirts, etc., etc., rise up before me to be done; and whose fingers must do them? mine, I suppose. . . . .

Mr. Edkins has written to Dr. Robson by this mail. We have a very grateful recollection of his and Mrs. Robson's kindness during our stay in Glasgow. I feel so pleased to hear that their son, Mr. John, has become a missionary, but would rather have had him choose China than India. May God long spare him, and prosper him greatly in his most noble work! I must now say good-bye. My very best love to all.—Yours ever most lovingly, JEANIE.

10. TO HER BROTHER SIMON.

CHEFOO, 11*th Dec.* 1860.

How cheered we were, my pen cannot tell, when a large budget of home letters came the other day. They occupied me a whole afternoon reading them. The sweetest part of the budget to me was a delightful letter from dearest mamma. Oh, it was inexpressibly gratifying to know that she is now so much better. . . . .

Of course you have heard all our political news.

Mr. Bruce, with his suite, is in Tientsin, so also is Bourbillon, the French ambassador. All looks peaceful, and now we missionaries may travel through the length and breadth of the land. How it enlarges the heart to think of those things, and what a doubly responsible position we missionaries now occupy. "Go, and possess the land," rings in our ears, and that which now troubles us is that we cannot do more. My husband feels that he would like to be at Pekin, Tientsin, and Chefoo, all at the same time, his heart so overflows with love for his work. Pray that his health and strength may be continued to him, and that he may possess yet a double portion of missionary zeal. We cannot have ardour enough in the cause of Christ.

Here the work progresses, as if the Lord indeed blessed it. The people come daily to the preaching-room; and afternoon and evening there are frequently earnest inquirers. Mr. John, our dear friend, has been to Nankin. He writes us a long letter from Shanghai, and will join us in the north, the first opportunity. He says order, health, peace, and happiness reigned in Nankin, and he urges on Mr. Edkins to think again if he will not cast in his lot with the rebels. We will see, but I think Mr. Edkins has firmly resolved to occupy the capital, and we hope Mr. John and family will settle where we do. He and my husband are greatly attached friends.

Mr. Rau, our French friend, arrived here unexpectedly last night, much to our gratification. He is a good person, and we feel very pleased to have him again with us. The M'Gowans, who were also to join us, have not yet

been able to secure a passage. We are looking for them in a week or two, and also for two other missionary families. We made a trip to Fushan last week, and enjoyed it much. I was the centre of the cavalcade, moving dignifiedly along in a chair, a mule in front and behind supporting the weight. Captain Faley, Mr. Flowerdew, my husband, and myself formed the party. We started on a fine sunshiny morning. Our way lay through the mountains, and many a beautiful view from the high mountain pass we gazed on. Then we went through woods and richly-cultivated fields, crossed narrow bridges, and passed through bustling villages, the inhabitants all turning out to look at us. At last, about two o'clock, we reached Fushan. The military mandarin came at once to us, and escorted us all round the town, after we had dined before hundreds of spectators. All the efforts of the mandarin and his soldiers could not keep the court clear. It was thronged densely while we sat in a little end room, with a wide-open door, taking our dinner. He took us round to a favourite walk of his ; it was very lovely, but the din and noise of the rolling crowd behind vexed us a little. However, they were most polite. I was the first English or European lady that had ever been there. We returned to the inn, and I again got seated in my chair, and off we moved, slowly enough, until we bade farewell to the swelling crowd outside the gate. . . . .

11. TO HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

CHEFOO, 12*th December* 1860.

. . . . . AN English ship leaves for Shanghai in a day or two, and we must hurry on with our letters. I had such a number this time that I shall not be able to answer all, so you will please excuse this somewhat short one. Our house looks quite neat now, and I find that housekeeping is about half the cost here it was at Shanghai. If I had just a little female society (and I hope to have that soon), I should feel extremely glad.

You will be interested to hear I have got a donkey, and that I find the exercise of riding very healthful. This afternoon I had a brisk canter on it to an old graveyard. It is the burying-place of a very wealthy Chinese family, and is decorated in the most exquisite way. The entrance-pillars are of solid marble, beautifully chiselled. The long brown grass, six feet high, waves gently, while the dark cypress-evergreen bends pleasantly over the fair marble monuments that are scattered all around. A group gathered round me, and followed us into the graveyard, and Mr. Edkins put all kinds of questions to them about it. I talked to them a little, as I could, answering their questions, and putting others, and requesting them to come to the preaching-room. I find I am making good progress weekly in this Mandarin dialect, but I cannot command so much time for study as I could at Shanghai. A great many mere household cares occupy me here. I had a servant there who knew so well what to do. Here I must show them over and over again ; they are so stupid.

We expect Mr. John soon. He has been to Nankin lately, and speaks most favourably of many things he witnessed there among the rebels. Still, I don't think he is deeply impressed with their Christianity; however, he wrote briefly on the subject, as he intends to join us very soon. Mr. Edkins regrets he too did not go to Nankin, but the doctor strictly forbade it before we left Shanghai, on account of his health. I'm confident the two trips he took to their camp did him great harm; the scenes of death, the extreme heat and excitement, had a very bad effect on his strength; but now he has fairly regained what he then lost; indeed, he looks as stout and well as I ever saw him. He is busy talking to a Chinaman while I am writing, so you must excuse incoherency should you discern it, as I am listening every now and again very interestedly to the conversation. He wants to go to Ningchow, some fifty miles distant. He can't leave me here, and I don't like to prevent him, and think of going too, but this Chinaman, who is now talking, is raising objections. He thinks I could not bear the fatigue of such a journey. Well, we shall see. . . . .

12. TO HER MOTHER.

CHEFOO, 22*d Dec.* 1860.

WHAT a snowy week has this been; snow about a foot deep on the whole surrounding country! We have had to sit by the fire rather more than usual, but now we are getting accustomed to the cold, and this morn-

ing found us taking a brisk walk. The water in our bedroom gets frozen at night, and a tumbler of water left yesterday in the parlour was found this morning hard as a rock.

The preaching-room is not well attended at present, owing to the heavy fall of snow. The Chinese dislike very much exposing themselves in such weather, hence the passers-by are few, and Mr. Edkins' time is less occupied with preaching; but he is busy, nevertheless, with other missionary work. He is just now translating the Mandarin version of the New Testament from bad colloquial into better. He is a little shaken, but only a *little*, in his decision to stay in the north, in consequence of a very kind letter he has received from the Kan-wang, who expresses a strong wish that he would settle at Nankin, the capital of the insurgents. What must one do in such a case—is it not difficult to decide? The Lord guide him to do what is best! I am perfectly willing to do any way—to go to Nankin, or to remain here, or to go up to Pekin. I suppose, as soon as my husband's place here is supplied by some experienced missionary, he will pay a visit to Nankin, and look carefully at all the circumstances, and then fix on our future residence. I still think, however, we shall go to Tientsin or Pekin in spring.

There is an American missionary in Tientsin, Mr. Blodget. We expected him here, but he is resolved to bear the cold wintry climate all alone in the far north. I had long letters from several of the missionaries' wives at Shanghai this week; also, some warm winter clothing, etc., which arrived at a most seasonable time. Mr.

John would have come by the same ship, but his interview with Lord Elgin, in reference to the expedition up the Yang-tse-kiang, interfered. It is possible he will go as interpreter with his Lordship on the expedition.

Mrs. Dawson writes me such a nice letter. She is a truly good woman. I dearly love her. She has been doing a great and good work among our soldiers at Shanghai, reading the Scriptures, and conversing with them about their souls' interests. The Lord bless her for it. She is a true-hearted missionary, one that must be ever doing good. I have the wish to do great things, but scarcely the courage, certainly not nearly to the extent that she has. Pray for me *very* much, my own dear mamma.

24*th December*.—My husband and Mr. Rau have just returned from the French encampment, bringing the joyful tidings that the mail is in; we hope, therefore, to get our letters in a little. The rigour of the weather has considerably abated; the doors of the preaching-room have been thrown open, and the people are again beginning to frequent it, though not in such numbers. To-day Mr. Edkins sends two men to Fu-shan-hien to commence a new station.

26*th December*.—We have had letters from England and Shanghai by the mail which reached us two days ago. Our missionary friends are now on their way here. We expect them daily. Mr. John is one of the number, so he neither goes to Nankin, nor up the Yang-tse-kiang. We long for their arrival much. In addition to Mr. John, we hear that Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, and

Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell, are on the passage for Chefoo. This is indeed good news to us.

Yesterday Mr. Edkins and I took a walk in the beautiful shady afternoon light. We went to Ki-san-so, a little village near us, and visited a painter's shop, hoping to see some Chinese pictures, but he had gone to Fu-shan, so we were disappointed. The men in the shop were busily employed making bamboo and paper chairs, servants' carriages, etc., for a funeral festival. A large square bamboo house, too, was being constructed. All these are set fire to at the grave, and it is supposed the dead man uses them in the other world. A most complete procession (for a mandarin) of this kind passed our door lately: horses, ponies, donkeys, all made of paper, but looking wonderfully real, full size; then a couch, with a Chinese paper lady seated on it, with a musical instrument in her hand. . . . .

The French troops are preparing to leave for Cochin-China. . . . . Their commandante has always shown us great respect. He has called several times upon us, and has once breakfasted with us in our rather homely dwelling. Mr. Edkins has been of much service to him at times in interpreting between him and the Chinese. . . . .

13. TO HER MOTHER.

CHEFOO, *6th January* 1861.

I CAN only write a short letter to-day, as I have got what is wonderfully common in China—sore eyes, at least one sore eye. It is red and inflamed, and while I

write a bandage blinds it; still, it is getting better. Our missionary party arrived a week ago, and such a bustle and sensation it did make! Mr. John's arrival is best of all, he is such a true friend. The Holmes and Hartwells are now in their own house, but for the first few days they stayed with us, nurses, and babies, and all; and I had a busy time of it in our circumscribed quarters. I enjoyed it greatly; it was an agreeable change from what we have been accustomed to since we came to the north. Mr. Edkins and I cheerfully gave up our bedroom to the ladies and babies, and did the best we could for the few nights they were with us. They had nearly all had sore eyes in Shanghai, and as one of the babies whom I nursed had still her eyes sore, I have caught the infection, I suspect, from her.

It is very pleasant for me to have lady friends so near at hand, as Mr. Edkins now intends traversing the whole of Shantung province, accompanied by Mr. John, before we return to Shanghai, and I, of course, must often be left behind. I am trying hard to learn to ride well, so that they may often take me with them. They will come back, at least once a week, to see how the little girl is, as my husband calls me. I am glad Mr. Edkins will get this work done. He feels desirous to see and know where are the best localities in this northern province for establishing missions. It will be rather lonely for me, but I shall spend most of my time with Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Hartwell while he is away.

9th January.—It is some days since I began this letter, and yet no news of the mail. We are wearying for it. I wish you could get a peep into my little par-

lour just now. I am sitting by the table writing to you all alone. A nice small lamp burns brightly, and the fire with its wood fuel is crackling pleasantly in the stove. Our pretty bedroom carpet graces the floor, and the couch is drawn in by one side of the fire for my husband when he returns tired with preaching, though I must say he seldom uses it, I being the lazier of the two. We are meeting in each other's houses nightly for prayer this week. Messrs. John and Rau have just gone to the Hartwells to attend the meeting. We had an excellent meeting in our parlour on Sabbath night, which was conducted by Mr. John. He gave us some sweet abiding thoughts on prayer, from the parable of the importunate widow. Last night we met in Mr. Holmes' room, when Mr. Edkins presided.

Another date I must add to this letter. *January* 10.—Mr. Edkins came in from the Chinese service sooner than I expected, so I wrapped my plaid around me, and went with him to the meeting at the Hartwells'. They were half through by the time we reached, still we enjoyed the service. Our old teacher, Shen-sien-sing, is very poorly yet. He has had a tumour in his side, and a French doctor has opened it; still he does not improve. He was born and always lived in the sunny south till he came here with us, and old Boreas roars too loudly over these northern hills for his taste. Good old man! I have often, when alone, and wearying for Mr. Edkins' return from his labours, had a Chinese chit-chat by the fire with him. How funny you would think it, if you heard my tongue going pretty quickly, as it does now, in this wonderful language. Old Shen-sien-sing is quite

the Chinese gentleman, full of politeness, not devoid of flattery, but a good, simple-hearted Christian, I do believe. His devotedness to preaching is remarkable. When only just recovering, and still having large poultices at his side, he would go to the preaching-room and preach with great vigour. I remonstrated with him, but I was touched with his beaming face, and with his reply in Chinese, which, being translated, was, "Lady, so many men." I catch him singing, too, very often, though this also is forbidden by the doctor; and during the night Mr. Edkins and I often hear him engaged in prayer. My husband was instrumental in bringing him to the knowledge of the truth, and the old teacher's attachment to him is very strong. I hope he will recover, as his influence among the Chinese is decidedly for good. . . . .

LETTERS.—SECTION IV.

1. TO HER MOTHER.

SHANGHAI, *20th February* 1861.

ARE you surprised to find that we are again at Shanghai? We arrived here two days ago, after a pleasant passage in the French steamship "Contest." We intended being at Shanghai soon at any rate, to consult with the other missionaries as to our different spheres of labour, now that the Treaty is signed, and we hurried our return on account of the proposed expedition by Admiral Hope, to open up the Yang-tse-kiang river, and his kind offer of a passage to all the missionaries who chose to go. Fancy our mortification, then, when we found he had left two days or so before our arrival. Mr. Edkins yet hopes to be able to secure a passage to Hankow, but he is too late for Nankin this time, as the Admiral will be there ere this, and negotiations with the rebels will be past. I felt much disappointed on my husband's account, as I know he would have enjoyed being present, especially as the state of his health prevented him from going formerly; however, all these things are wisely ordered, and I trust I feel resigned to the disappointment. Consul Parkes, who left yesterday to join the Admiral, promised to secure him a passage, if

possible, in ten days, in the vessel that is to go to Hangchow with the Consul who is to stay there. Did you ever see any right account of Mr. Edkins' trip to Soochow last summer? You will find it well given by Mr. Burdon in the *Church Magazine* for November or December.

21*st of February.*—I began this letter last night up at Mrs. Innocent's, where we were spending the day, but became so much indisposed that I could not finish it. This morning I still felt very unwell, but managed after dressing to ride down in my chair to the house of Mr. and Mrs. John, where we stay. I am just now on a sofa, with pillows comfortably around me, writing you by a right good English fireplace with a blazing fire. It is long since I felt so unwell as I did last night. I can assure you I am well nursed. My husband watches every want when beside me, and I have Mrs. John, who is the kindest nurse possible, except mamma. Dinner is now on the table, and I must stop; but after it I shall add a few sentences, only they must be few, as the mail closes shortly.—We have dined, and I feel better. Mr. Edkins has gone out on business, else he would have added a note. He wrote a long letter to you on the anniversary of our marriage day, the 7th of this month, but, unfortunately, he cannot lay his hands on it to enclose it to-day. When I am fairly well, I must be busy getting a large washing looked out, and all things in order, before we start for Chefoo again. We must call there for our furniture on our way to the Peiho, and may spend a week or two with Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, before proceeding to Tientsin. We have already per-

suaded two missionaries to go with us, and hope to be able to induce a number more. Excuse this short note, and with best love to all, ever your most affectionate

JEANIE.

2. TO HER MOTHER.

SHANGHAI, *6th April* 1861.

I WAS hoping to be able to say that my husband, who went to visit the rebels at Nankin, had returned, but he has not yet arrived. I have been very lonely in his absence, but it was duty that called him to go, and instead of being discontented, I ought rather to feel thankful that the Lord is employing him in such a work. I have had two nice letters from him since he left, and they have helped to cheer me up wonderfully. He writes in very favourable terms of Nankin, the rebels, their chief, etc. He says Nankin itself is beautiful for situation, and that the Tien-wang (the chief) is, after all, a persuadable man on religious points. He presented a paper to the Tien-wang, containing a condensed yet full account of the way of salvation, and appended to it an utter denial of the views of the Arians being similar to his own, etc. The result of this communication is that the Tien-wang has sent him a reply, stating his thorough belief in the Divinity of Christ, and that he regards Christ equal with the Father. This cheered my husband much, though he adds, there are throughout the chief's reply many most exceptionable statements. He does not say what these are, but we shall hear all when he arrives, as he is keeping a

voluminous journal. On presenting a second communication to the Tien-wang, Mr. Edkins asked for a house, with permission to settle down in Nankin with his wife. What do you and papa think of this? Will it please you to have your son and daughter settled at Nankin, the rebel capital? I cannot but think it will. Wherever duty points us, and God calls us to go, *there* always, I am sure, you would rejoice to have us.

This moment I have got and read a budget from my beloved husband, and he is coming home to-night. Joyous news! His visit, it appears, has been crowned with success. His request for a house has been acceded to. The Tien-wang sent back a sealed edict to him, "Granted." Ask papa to forgive me not writing to him to-day. I feel rather inclined to let Mr. Edkins speak for himself on the rebels, in a long letter to him, which, I'm confident, he will be writing soon.

I was deeply interested in your last, which I received two days ago. It was a delightful account you gave in it of the hallowed communion-feast. Keep me close to your heart, my dear mamma, on such occasions, and, oh, pray earnestly and constantly for my advancement in the Christian life. Oh, how blessed it is to be the daughter of a praying family! Mr. Wylie has reached England. Have you heard anything of him, or from him? My best love to Simon when you write, and say surely his letters must be going to Chefoo, as I have not received one for two months—four mails—quite an unusual thing for him. I miss his brotherly letters very much. Ask him also to have patience with me till another mail. My love to dear Maggie, and all the

rest. Why did she not write by last post? But I must freely excuse her for once, as she rarely, if ever, omits an opportunity.

Mrs. John's servant has just come into my room to ask if my letter is ready, so I must be quick. Mr. Holmes, our Chefoo friend, made his appearance yesterday. He has come down to see what is to be done. Our American brethren are in great distress just now, and scarcely know what to do. The news from America is so gloomy, and then that affects missionary societies greatly. I enclose Mr. Edkins' letter to Mr. John, received last week. Papa and you will see from it how my husband's work progressed at Nankin. . . . . I must now say good-bye.

3. TO HER PARENTS.

SHANGHAI, 22*d April* 1861.

THIS is a lovely Sabbath morning. The sun is shining sweetly, the birds are chirruping amid the green trees, and the flowers are unveiling their beauty, while huge trees nod and smile, gemmed with beauteous rose-buds. Spring has come in all its luxuriance, and Shanghai is full of loveliness, especially in the first clear air of morning, when the dew is glittering on the long grass. Our windows are thrown open, and shuttered with venetians to prevent the too dazzling rays of the sun from entering, but the sweet-scented breezes are wafted in, making a spring in one's own heart.

You are sure now, aren't you, that my husband is

back again, and that my heart is chirruping as gladly as any of the busy songsters in the woods. He came two days after my last was posted, looking well, and feeling much pleased with his trip. I shall let him tell you about it himself, though he will be rather put to it for time, having to write at length to Dr. Tidman, and perhaps also to the *Times*.

I have been to chapel and returned. Mr. Wilson preached. He gave us a very good sermon from these words, "Ye are my witnesses." The chapel was well filled, chiefly with missionaries and merchants. One family sat clad in sorrow; a little one having been taken away last week. The funeral was yesterday, and Mr. Edkins and I attended it. It is the custom here for females to go to the grave and see the last. Our cemetery is situated in a pretty spot, a small chapel in the centre for service, with "the missionary corner" apart from the other graves. Here, under the shade of some beautiful trees, many of our missionary brothers and sisters, and their little ones, find their last resting-place. I often visit this spot. How short time is, and how sure eternity! Oh that we felt better prepared for the change that awaits us! A visit to the churchyard awakens a very useful train of thought sometimes. The cemetery is finely kept, flowers and shrubs, neat walks and tall trees throughout it. The white marble slab is frequently to be met with.

What do you think? We are yet undecided where to go. Mr. Edkins feels duty calls to Nankin, while inclination says the north. I don't know how it may be, but I am now longing intensely for my "ain fire-

side." It seems so very peculiar to be without my accustomed daily duties in house-keeping, etc. I am quite contented to go to Nankin could we get off at once, but there is much difficulty in this, as the feeling against the rebels is very strong at Shanghai. Mr. —— had a nice steamer that left yesterday. My husband, who knows him well, asked for a passage. He utterly refused, and added, he would do nothing to assist him to go among these "worthless fellows." It is very discouraging to find the public here are so averse to the rebels; but they all are. Mr. Edkins wrote a short article to last week's paper, which I enclose, but the *North China Herald* now breathes a most anti-rebel spirit.

The mail came in on Thursday morning, and I had your welcome letter, dear mamma, though it was shorter than usual. What joy it always gives to hear from you! Mr. John arrived to-night from Nankin. He left for it the day after Mr. Edkins returned. He brings back not a very bright report of the house the Tien-wang offers. How two families can live in it I cannot see. There are only three rooms habitable, still, I suppose, we shall go and try what can be done.

23*d April*.—We have just *decided* to go to Tientsin. This will appear strange to you, after saying so much about Nankin; but the difficulties were so numerous, that we have had to give up thoughts of it at present. We could not arrange with any other family to accompany us, and indeed the house-room offered was barely sufficient for one family. Mr. Edkins did not consider it proper to take me to Nankin all alone, and nobody

thinks it would be right. I would necessarily fetter him in his work were he to do so, as I could not at any time be long left alone. Taking all things into consideration, he has resolved to go to the north. I trust we have done what is right in the sight of the Lord in deciding for Tientsin. There will be a very interesting work to do among the soldiers. Many of them are pious men, and the officers have offered rooms for service on Sabbath to Messrs. Blodget and Innocent, who are already there. Our next letters will likely be dated from Tientsin, at least I trust so.—Your ever affectionate daughter, JEANIE.

4. TO HER MOTHER.

SHANGHAI, 1*st May* 1861.

MAIL time is fast approaching, and though we are busy packing, I must snatch a few minutes now and then to pen a few lines to my ever beloved mamma. This is Wednesday forenoon, and we leave on Friday. This morning I have been constantly on my feet, trotting between the bedroom and verandah, packing away. Mr. Edkins has been sitting in the bedroom writing letters, and correcting the press for his new publication—a Mandarin Glossary. I fear he will not be able to complete it while we are in Shanghai; still, in a few months it will be out.

I have felt thankful and happy since we decided where to go, and am rejoicing in the prospect of right settled work again. We are to leave in the "Daniel Webster," a small American ship. It is now getting

very hot. We shall soon have to don our white dresses; even as it is, we can only bear very light clothing during the day, though we are still able to wear a silk dress in the evening. Mrs. Innocent goes north with us. It will be pleasant to have even one lady at Tientsin. Mrs. Innocent's husband left six weeks ago to find a house, and get things in order, and he writes in a glowing way of Tientsin. I shall be sure to tell you all about it when I get there, if spared and well. It presents a noble, unbroken field of labour to the missionary, and to his wife too; and I mean to be doubly more of a missionary, and of all that is good, than I have ever yet been.

Pray for me, dear mamma, that all I plan and long for, and wish to be, may be realized, and that I may be in deed, and in truth, a missionary of Christ. The China tongue is such a hard tongue to learn fast, and I seem to want patience so often with it; still I know I am getting on as quickly as most people, and I fondly trust, ere another six months expire, I shall be able to hold women's classes without assistance. What a busy time I am contemplating at Tientsin when we arrive, in unpacking and putting my new house in trim. The troops remain at Tientsin for another year, which is so far well.

Friday afternoon.—We leave to-morrow morning very early. Mr. Edkins has gone on board with the last of our furniture. Since I began this letter we have had rather a gay time. A large soldiers' and sailors' meeting was held in our little chapel two nights ago, which we thoroughly enjoyed. The tea was excellent, as were

all the arrangements, and the speeches were lively and racy. Many of the soldiers spoke, and the sailors too. One of the latter, an odd, though very good fellow, remarked, "They had better sign the charter, Christ's charter, *to-night*, or they might drift into the eternal haven stern foremost." It was a comical expression, yet striking. Some of the officers spoke very well indeed. Mr. Edkins, and several other missionaries, addressed the meeting. We spent last night with Mr. and Mrs. Dawson. To-night Mrs. John's baby is to be baptized; and after the baptism, which is to be by my husband, there is to be a little farewell tea party. Best love to all.—Yours most affectionately,

JEANIE.

5. TO HER MOTHER.

TIENTSIN, 21*st May* 1861.

WE have at last safely reached Tientsin, after a fortnight's passage, being double the time we expected. We encountered a terrible gale on our way, and the ship rocked and reeled with its fury. We were running among the Mia-tau Islands when the storm broke out, and the captain feared we should be driven on one of them. What a sad and solemn group we were in the cabin when he announced this to us! We all knelt down and prayed, Mr. Edkins leading our devotions. I may say in truth that we all *cried* unto the Lord, and how merciful was He! "He heard us, and delivered us out of all our distresses;" for, while Mr. Edkins was yet praying, the wind changed, and we were enabled to alter our

course, and were thus preserved. Oh, "what shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits toward us?"

I was sorry as well as glad when the time came to say farewell to Shanghai. We have many valued, kind friends there, and it is sweet to have the fellowship of those who are striving after the same end—the conversion of China. There is so much in common then; still, I was rejoiced at the prospect of a wide field for my husband, and by and by, I trust, for myself; and now here we are, and I am satisfied. Tientsin is all we could wish as a mission-field, but it is another Shanghai for flat scenery. Though we have been only two days here, Mr. Edkins has inspected the greater part of it, and finds one part even more crowded than another. The city seems ancient, with deep old gateways and huge iron doors, at each of which a red-coated soldier paces with his gun over his shoulder.

Yesterday Mrs. Innocent and I went in chairs through a part of the city. We were universally admired of course, and our presence was heralded to all the different parts where we passed by little barefooted rogues, who were rejoiced to run before and attract attention to us. Coolies hurrying along at high speed suddenly halted, and, with staring eyes and mouth agape, gazed at the "barbarian women." What a jostling there was to get along! Our chair-bearers had to keep up a constant song to warn the bustling people to be out of the way. The streets are wide and tolerably clean, and the shops very gay and pretty, but I had only a peep. By and by I shall be better able to tell you about them. We rode on to the house Mr. Innocent has rented, and

there we halted. Mr. Blodget, an American missionary, shares the house with him. The first room we entered, and which we much admired, was the long, neatly papered preaching-room. The brick floor is tastefully matted, and little red-painted seats dot the place. It was opened last Sabbath. We next passed into another court-yard, where Mrs. Innocent's parlour is, all ready-roofed and papered for her,—very neat and pretty it looked. Then into another court, in which stands a fine green tree, old and gnarled, and yet fresh, and beneath the shade of this we entered the bedroom division. Then we passed into a third and a fourth court, until we got to the back door, which opened on another street. All the rooms here are on the ground-floor, and run back in courts after this fashion.

We have not yet fixed on a house, nor whether we shall live outside or inside the city; more likely the former, as the population is even greater outside. Such a busy, busy place this is! We are staying beyond the city walls, at the house of Mr. Henderson, agent here of Messrs. Lindsay and Company, Shanghai. He appears to be a very good man, and though much younger, reminds me a good deal of our worthy friend Mr. Irvine of Quoylow. When we came I was perfectly wearied out by our long tedious drive from Taku, where we disembarked, and his kindness was very great. I got away to my bedroom almost immediately, and the first thing I heard next morning was his kind Scotch voice at the door, asking how we were, and having with him at the same time a nice cup of tea for us. He then ordered the large bath to be sent into the room. Having tossed

about the most of the night, and been very sleepless, I felt the bath of great benefit. This is our second day here, and we both feel more rested. Mr. Edkins rests himself by running about the city. He has been all business this morning, still I think he will find time to write papa by this mail.

How often my heart was with you all in the dear manse at home that long fortnight we were on board ship. The time of danger, too, draws the heart toward God. I often thought, and vowed, that if life were spared to us, I would live more to Him, and less to myself and the world. Now that He has mercifully preserved us, may it be for some good and great purpose: may I remember what I vowed, and live up to it through His grace, and may I be better fitted daily for His work!

Our old friend, Mr. Rau, the Swiss missionary, is here. He has visited Pekin, but is not permitted to stay there. Mr. Blodget and he are coming to tea to-night, and I shall learn some particulars respecting the Chinese capital, and communicate them to papa in my letter to him. . . . . I must now say good-bye, etc.

6. TO HER FATHER.

TIENTSIN, *May* 1861.

. . . . WE are still guests with Mr. Henderson, who is a very kind Christian man. Mr. Blodget and Mr. Rau were here the other evening. They had both returned from Pekin, and spoke highly of it as a city.

The streets, they said, are very wide, and comparatively clean; altogether it is very superior to any other city they had seen in China. But Mr. Bruce has put an interdict on all foreigners visiting it. He says it is only idle curiosity, etc., and he will not permit it. . . . .

The inhabitants of Pekin, generally, are very favourable to foreigners; and the reason Mr. Bruce assigns for his preventing them going to the capital is, that it is expedient to do so, as a party in Pekin are very wishful that the Emperor should not return, and magnify the fact of the foreigners crowding the city, as if it were to intimidate him. The royal party, of course, wish his return, and have begged of Mr. Bruce to adopt the policy he is now acting on. We met the celebrated Mr. Parkes yesterday. He was on his way to visit us. He is brother-in-law to Dr. Lockhart of our Mission, and is frank, open-hearted, and of agreeable manner. His relation, Dr. Lockhart, is to leave England in June, and we expect he will be joining us here. Have you seen his interesting work, entitled *Twenty Years in China*, by a Medical Missionary?

We had a visit this morning from a Mr. Heine, a Prussian, who is going over land from Pekin to Kinchta, afterwards to Ochotsk. From Ochotsk he intends to go to Nicolaiesh, at the mouth of the Amour, some 1500 miles or so, on to Berlin. It will be a most interesting tour, but a most fatiguing one. Judging from his robustness, however, he is just the sort of man that could undergo the fatigue. He goes alone, with the exception of a single attendant, a sea-faring man. Mr. Heine is a naturalized American as well as a Prussian,

and belongs to the Prussian *Expédition Scientifique.* He starts to-morrow morning, and expects to reach Kinchta in August, and Berlin sometime next spring. I trust we may hear of him again. It seems rather a perilous undertaking.

Did I tell you of another party that left Shanghai about three months ago, with the intention of travelling all through China to Tibet, and from thence to Calcutta? The party consisted of a captain, whose name I have forgotten, Dr. Beiton from Shanghai, a sketcher, and Mr. Sheriffshaky, a converted Jew, an American missionary to the Chinese. Nothing had been heard of them after they left the Admiral's fleet, then up the Yang-tse-kiang. I suppose they will scarcely be able to communicate with Shanghai until they reach Calcutta. . . . .

7. TO HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

TIENTSIN, 23*d May* 1861.

WE feel very sad indeed to think you are so far from strong. My husband *would* believe from the previous mail that you were very much better, and I did so too. I sincerely trust that ere this reaches you the warm sunshiny spring has had a most beneficial influence on you, and that our hearts will be gladdened next mail, not only by good news, but by your own delightful letters. We miss them very much. How often I have wished, since I heard of your sickness, that I could have been near you. I should have enjoyed very much to have brightened your wearisome chamber of sickness, but

so is not our Father's will. We two are your far-away children, and we can only pray for you. *That* we rejoice to do, and will continue to do more than ever. I am so glad dear Louisa is with you, and that Kate makes such a kind nurse. How God sweetens our sufferings, by giving us kind friends to soothe our wearied frames, and minister to them. I trust we shall get joyful letters next mail, dear mamma, telling us that you are yet to be spared to us all. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," is a consoling thought in the long night of trial.

We have gone through varied experiences since I last wrote to you. We have bidden farewell to Shanghai for a time, and to our many friends there, and we are again pilgrims. Still it is joyous work serving Christ, whether in patiently bearing his loving, though chastening hand, or in leading a life of fatigue and change in trying to do His work. I well remember what a minister once said to a good old Christian, when she complained how useless she was now in working for the Saviour. He answered, "You serve him now more than ever, by patiently, unmurmuringly bearing his chastening hand." The good woman was comforted with the remark, and replied, "Yes, and I will magnify His goodness. Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." I know it is even so with you, dear mamma. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," is the highest exercise of Christian faith, still I feel convinced it will be so with you. Your beloved son and I have felt that we ought to sing a loud song of thankfulness to our Father on high for His preserving goodness. On our way here we were in imminent danger. . . . .

Bless our Divine Preserver with us, that we are yet among the living to praise Him. I trust the Lord approves of my husband's decision to settle at Tientsin, and that he will be richly blessed in his labours. It is a pleasant feeling to have one's hands full, doing good. Life is so short, and so uncertain, and we feel that there is so much to be done, that I hope our best energies will be put forward in this our new and chosen sphere of labour.

Mr. Williamson says, in a long letter to us by this mail, that he and his two brothers hope to join us in a year or so. I must write Mrs. Williamson soon. I was very sorry to learn that she had been so ill. Mr. Wylie writes us also by last post. He is in fine spirits, and appears to be enjoying home-life greatly. He tells us he saw you, but that you were not very strong. He has collected £15 for my husband's scheme for training native preachers. Did you notice that Mr. Edkins had received £100 from the Tract Society to publish books and tracts in the north of China? This is very satisfactory and delightful, as strengthening his hands in the good work.

May 24th.—This morning we were awakened from our slumbers by the boom of cannon—a royal salute—this being her Majesty's birth-day. A review is to be held this afternoon, to which we have been invited by Major Brooks. There are some very pious men in the army here, which makes it pleasant to us. Mr. Edkins is to preach to the soldiers on Sabbath evening, if well. The strains of martial music are constant to-day. "God save the Queen," and other native airs, are frequently

played. These awaken a home-feeling in our hearts. But I must say good-bye, dear mamma.—With the earnest prayer that you may yet be long spared to us, I remain ever your affectionate

JEANIE.

8. TO MRS. KNOOP, A VERY DEAR FRIEND AT SHANGHAI.

TIENTSIN, 23*d May* 1861.

MY DEAR MRS. KNOOP,—I half-expected a letter from you when the mail came in two days ago, but I was disappointed. We reached Tientsin three days since, after a very dangerous passage, and we are very much pleased indeed with all we have seen here. The population is very numerous, and there is great room for missionary work. We have not yet got a house, but we are looking out for one. The houses are all one-story, no up-stair rooms, and the floors are flagged. I hope next time I write I shall be able to tell you that we have got a comfortable house, and have begun to feel settled, and ready for work.

I often wonder how you are getting on. I frequently take a peep, in imagination, into your bedroom, and picture you at work with that darling baby of yours. I can recall him so well, his large beautiful eyes, and good-tempered happy countenance. And wild Louis, how does he get on? How do his lessons progress? I shall expect a long letter from you, telling how you are, and what of your plans for the future, if spared and well. Whatever of the future we may plan out and

think about, my dear, always let us keep in mind that the present requires our best energies. How we live and enjoy the present is a fair test of how we shall enjoy what is to come; not the future of dream-land, but the actual future. You understand me, don't you? What a rich inheritance you have, dearest, in having besides your husband two such noble boys. Oh that you may seek guidance daily to discharge this duty aright—the duty of training them for God. Seek it where it only can be found. What a joy to a Christian mother to have her children good, and upright, and holy men; and I am sure nothing would rejoice your heart more than to have yours so. A mother's example is what we ourselves look back to. Will it not be so with them? You need so much strength, far more than earthly strength, to set a truly holy example before them. Every one does. Pray for it then, dearest, that you may be assisted from above. Let me be permitted to say, live close to Christ yourself, and turn to him in all your troubles, and you will find him an ever-present friend.

I am expecting to hear that every Sabbath finds you in the Lord's house. I most earnestly pray it is so. In our time of need, on board ship, I felt how little earth and earthly pleasures are and seem when death is in view. Then we must have a rock to cling to that is higher than they. I trust I may be benefited through life by the remembrance of that hour of trial. I felt like re-dedicating myself to the Lord and his work; and since He mercifully spared our lives, I trust it is that we may be enabled to do some good in bringing

sinners to Him. Pray for me, dearest, that our work here may not be in vain. . . . .—Yours very affectionately, JEANIE EDKINS.

9. TO HER SISTER MAGGIE.

TIENTSIN, *25th May* 1861.

. . . . ONE lady, wife of a captain in the army, Mrs. Innocent, and myself, are the only *foreign* ladies here just now, but more are expected soon. I very much like Tientsin. It is a very bustling, business place. Yesterday afternoon we witnessed a review. It was in honour of Her Majesty's birth-day. What a splendid sight! Thousands of soldiers, clad in their beautiful uniform, with swords glittering in the sun, marching and keeping time so perfectly. The "Fane's Horse," the regiment of Sikhs, with their crimson turbans, little flags, sparkling swords, and black chargers, had a fine effect. The artillery, with the Armstrong guns, were also there; and what thoughts of England did the pealing music awaken in our breasts! The Chinese were crowding round us a little more than we relished, which, when an officer of the Fane's Horse perceived, he, with two privates, dashed in among them, and put them to flight at a wonderful rate. It was very gallant and kind of the officer, and he was back to his ranks immediately. How admirably they managed their snorting, high-spirited Arabs! . . .

10. TO HER MOTHER.

TIENTSIN, 10*th June* 1861.

WHAT a rich treat I had on Friday! Your two delightful letters, papa's, Alexander's, and Maggie's, all arrived; and did I not feel thankful and joyful on getting such a budget from home! The tears blinded my eyes when I read your dear motherly letters; and oh, how rejoiced I felt, and how deeply grateful to our heavenly Father, that you are perfectly well again. . . .

This is Sabbath morning, and a charming one it is. The parlour doors and windows are thrown wide open, and a fine breeze plays about the room while I am sitting all alone by the centre-table writing to you. Mr. Edkins has just gone out with Mr. Innocent to Mr. Blodget's chapel to service. It is in Mr. Innocent's house we are staying, as our own is not quite ready yet. It is a sweet parlour this in which I am seated. A huge green date-tree flourishes in the court-yard, and its fresh leaves are most grateful to look upon in this hot summer weather.

This is the second Sabbath of June. How time flies, and this is one of the hot months in the north. How different, in many respects, are Sabbaths here, compared with those at home. No Christian religious service around, except among ourselves; and the heat being so intense through the day, it is almost impossible for us to have them, unless at early morning or evening. This morning Mr. Edkins preached to the soldiers at the barrack-ground, and had a large turn-out of men and

officers. It sounded strange and profane to hear the band playing "Love not" as they marched to the preaching spot, and again playing "Annie Laurie" as they returned. We ourselves all meet together in a large upper room, and have generally a very pleasant and edifying time.

11*th June*.—Yesterday week we had the communion, and a delightful time it was. It is long since I enjoyed a sacramental season so much. Our hearts all felt so united as we sat, pilgrims in a strange land, around the Lord's table. The very distance from relatives and home made our precious Lord seem more near. It was indeed a time of communion with better, holier things than those of earth. Last night Mr. Innocent preached to a crowded meeting, but it was so very hot we females did not enjoy it as we wished. We had to keep fanning ourselves all the time. . . . . I have often longed to see you all; but my earnest prayer is, that God would grant my husband and myself long life and health to serve Him in China. Oh that I could be a far more useful missionary! I have just returned from spending the morning at our new house, and to-morrow we think of moving into it.

I do trust our roaming days are over for a time, and that we shall now settle down in the north. Tientsin is a most inviting field for missionary work. Mr. Edkins gets crowded audiences in the street and the temple, and his preaching-room will be opened, I hope, on Sabbath. I feel anxious to be at housekeeping again, but almost dread teaching my servants. They as yet know *nothing*. . . . .

11. TO HER MOTHER.

TIENTSIN, *22d June* 1861.

WE are now in our own house, and what a comfort this is, wanderers for a time as *we* have been only can know. We have got a large, most commodious China house, with numerous windows and doors. We have three different courts. The farthest-removed from the bustling street is our largest, in which is our dining-room, study, guests' bedroom to the one side, storeroom, etc., to the other, and a large handsome parlour, and our own bedroom opening off that at the extreme end. We have a lovely verandah in front, and several steps leading up to the parlour. Pomegranate trees, laden with fruit, deck our verandah, and roses and other sweet-scented flowers besides; a large old tree bends its green branches in from another house most pleasantly. The preaching-room opens on the street,—a very large room, papered neatly, and with benches placed all over it. Mr. Edkins opened it last Sabbath, and a great crowd gathered round him as he discoursed on the way of salvation. I went in, a thing I don't often do, as I attract, or rather distract, the attention from the preacher, but I could not resist going in on the opening Sabbath, and a very pleasant sight it was to see my husband seated by the table, a pile of Bibles before him, and groups of ignorant souls around him. He was so busy speaking, he did not notice me until the crowd opened to let me pass, and to stare at the "foreign woman."

A Mussulman came into the preaching-room the

other day, and Mr. Edkins had a long conversation with him. He is a Chinaman, and said there were four thousand Mussulmans in Tientsin, and five Mahometan mosques. This surprised us not a little. We scarcely fancied that Mahometanism had penetrated so far north. How much faster error spreads than truth. Oh that the day were come for China to throw off her bands of sin and superstition, and sit at the feet of Jesus! In God's own time this will be an accomplished fact, though we may not live to see it. . . . .

I had a busy few days after entering our own home. My servant knew *nothing*, and I had to be in the kitchen to cook, and in the dining-room to lay the cloth, etc., and in short, to do everything for the first week, and I laid myself up, partly by over-fatigue in this hot weather, and partly too, the Doctor thinks, by my walking out before sun-down. I am now much better; but as Mr. Edkins has also been ailing of late with an attack of diarrhœa, we are thinking of a boat excursion down to Taku, where we shall smell the sea, and that will be so refreshing.

We had a pleasant walk the other evening on the city wall, and had a commanding view of the country round, and of the extent of Tientsin. The city looked pretty from our elevation, with its neat mud houses, its towering ornaments so picturesque and ancient-looking, its protecting tower, its red sides softened by the slanting rays of the setting sun. Trees were to be seen in every court-yard, and behind them, near the wall, many a timid face glanced up at us. We went along the deserted walls, passing a lonely sentry (English) here

and there. Iron helmets, worn by Chinese soldiers, were scattered in thick profusion where we trod. From the battlements we looked on the other side to the bustling suburb, and the immediate scene that met our gaze was a band of Sikhs (Punjabees) practising gymnastics, the admired of at least a hundred Chinamen, as they raised huge weights and threw them easily and carelessly over their shoulders. But our view extended far beyond that to the bustling money-making suburb, whence the sound of life and activity came up to us with a yet busier hum than that of the city. Here were the English Hongs, and passing to and fro were busy Englishmen,—always a pleasant sight in a distant land. . . . .—Your ever most affectionate

JEANIE.

12. TO HER MOTHER.

TIENTSIN, *3d July* 1861.

IT is nearing mail time again, and I must write, to have my letter in readiness, in case of interruption afterwards. This morning I feel pretty well, but for the past fortnight I have been labouring under diarrhœa, which has weakened me not a little. I am, however, now recruiting. Mr. Edkins, who was also very poorly, is now quite well, and is this minute as busy as man can be in his study with his Chinese teacher.

I have not been able to do so much as I could have wished to my Chinese studies since coming here, but I hope soon to be prosecuting them in good earnest. I am thinking of having a boarding-school for Chinese

children, but whether of boys or girls I have not quite decided. Pray, dear mamma, that the Lord may bless this humble undertaking, and make it glorifying to himself. I have a great longing to be at missionary work at once, and there is a vast field here. I must try to get orphans, if possible, and intend in a day or two to look about for them.

I have just been away shopping, and buying a mosquito curtain for our bed, and the tailor is busy at work with it in one of our little rooms. There are no mosquitos here, I think, but the sand-flies are very troublesome. They attack me dreadfully. My hands, face, and arms look as if I had had small-pox. I must wrap myself all up in net of a morning if I want to sleep. I hope the net curtain will prove of much service. No big flies at least can get in through it.

We have had, occasionally, rainy weather of late. When the day is rainy in Tientsin, ladies dare not think of going out except in chairs, and even then it is hardly safe. When the gentlemen venture forth amidst the rain, they are all booted in a strange fashion high up over their trousers, and then they go splashing through perfect mires of water and mud. The thermometer stands to-day 97° in the shade. It is impossible to work much during the day, and it is oppressive to take outdoor exercise. Our work and exercise are chiefly in the mornings and evenings. The evening breeze is cool and sweet. We always walk in the cool of the evening, and frequently after ten saunter up and down the court, enjoying the pleasant twilight, and the twinkling lovely stars. Here, in the east, there are numerous resem-

blances in everyday life to Bible scenes. Sitting in the cool of the evening, as Abraham did, in his tent, for example, is what we all enjoy to do. A neat little flower-plot now graces the centre of the court, made by the soldiers. It looks pretty and green, and the chirrupers are even now singing over it. In one corner of our court is the bath-room, an indispensable here. I have a bath every morning, and find it most refreshing. We take tea now always out in the court, unless there is a thunder storm. There we get all the breezes that blow.

Before I sat down to write, I was reading some of Wesley's letters to a Mrs. Bennis, and hers in reply. They are highly interesting; but such an amazing amount of love for the Saviour, and such zeal she displayed, as to make many others ashamed of themselves. I know, at least *I* felt so, on perusing her letters. How is it, dear mamma, that some people have such high exercise? Mrs. Bennis seems another Mrs. Hourston; and though she ought to believe in *perfection,* that being her creed, yet she constantly feels very far short of it, rather to the mortification of John Wesley. In his answers to her, he says, simply *believe,* do not go reasoning.

July 5th.—It is two days since I began this letter, and I must tell you how I have been occupied. I have been washing a fortnight's washing of clothes, and no joke this is here, I can assure you. I have just come in from starching them, and they are now hanging on the ropes, with a bright sun shining over them.

Mr. Edkins keeps himself busy as usual. His chapel is often well filled. Every morning at seven its doors

are opened, and he spends an hour in prayer, etc., with the servants and those who care to drop in. Some mornings he has a great many. He goes again to the chapel at four in the afternoon, and spends a considerable time in it with the people. Yesterday he had a noble congregation, the preaching-room being crowded, and he stayed long after the usual services conversing with inquirers. He was quite exhausted when he came in, his lips were colourless, and he was so faint that I had to run and get him some port wine. After he had rested a little, he took me to call on a Japanese woman, who is married to a Mr. Gram, a Dutchman, and storekeeper here. Poor thing! she looked thin and ill. I felt myself quite a strong woman compared with her, and I am little to boast of. My cheeks look paler and thinner since I last saw you. . . . .

13. TO MISS EDKINS.

On hearing of the fatal Illness of Miss Edkins' Mother.

TIENTSIN, *7th July* 1861.

How shall I begin my letter to you, my dear sister? The mail brought us sore tidings, that dear mamma was sinking fast. How your brother felt when he read the note, you can imagine. He never realized before that she was so ill, and both of us felt so sorry at heart. Such a sorrowful evening it was to us, though my husband felt more deeply—it was his mother, that holiest of all earthly relationships.

It is hard to feel that one is motherless, dear Louisa.

How I sympathize with, and grieve with you. My love, will you not come to China, and gladden our hearts now? Oh, so joyful to welcome you, and your dear brother Ebenezer, here. As to mamma, it is a happy change to her. To be for ever with the Lord, is something unspeakably blissful. Oh how happy she is, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb! Would I were there too! Forgive me for saying this, Louisa, dearest, I have so much to love and enjoy on earth; but here it is so hard to love Jesus, and his ways, enough. It is so very hard to have the mind that was in Him—that holy mind, that I often think how delicious it would be to be safely across the river, and at home in heaven. Oh how joyful it will be to have so many to welcome us when we get there! But I should prefer it, if it is the Lord's will, to be there to welcome my loved ones. Our times are in His hand.

After a while, last night, my husband and I began to talk of heaven, and how many, from both our home circles, we trusted, were gathered there already. Happy they! Why should we grieve? He has just gone to preach with a full heart. This is Sabbath, and I feel so very sorry that I am not able to go up to the house of the Lord; but I have been ill all this morning, and spent a sleepless night. The excitement last mail may have increased it, but it lingers too long with both your brother and me. His text this morning is, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." Beautiful! is it not? He passes by to comfort the mourner, and dry his tears, to beseech the sinner to accept of salvation, etc.; but you will think I am preaching. I love the text dearly, and

it suggests such a pleasant flow of thought and feeling in my own mind and heart. Oh that we all loved our Saviour more, and lived nearer to Him! Oh for more enjoyment in doing His work, and for more disposition to do it. Here we have such scope—so very many soldiers. We encourage them to come and see us, and we talk to them of the better world, and give them books to read. I do trust these visits may be blessed to them. God give me strength to live daily more and more to His glory. Pray for me, dear Louisa, and come and strengthen my hands. You know how much your brother and I would love you, and how very happy we would try to make you. How we shall miss your dear mamma's letters, always so long and interesting. I quite enjoyed getting them, and I feel so pleased, and so very thankful, that I wrote to her so often. There was a something in her letters that called out my heart to write in reply nearly always. And we shall miss her prayers. What happy exercise she had when cousin wrote! "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." But it is hard to get over the fear of death—death in itself, I mean. I wish I could say, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

Your brother has been very busy this past week, busy, too, with plans of the future. He is so wrapt in his work, especially since our arrival here. I hope we both feel more devoted to Christ and His service than ever we did. We are planning to have a boys' school, but have not quite decided on anything yet. This is very hot weather. One day it was 106° in the shade.

We have got a nice chapel. It is part of a large building, formerly a temple. It is matted and seated, and has got a pulpit in it, all since we came. Worship has now been conducted in it for two Sabbaths.—With much affection, dear Louisa, and with a sympathizing heart, I am always, your loving sister,

JEANIE.

14. TO HER BROTHER SIMON.

TIENTSIN, 10*th July* 1861.

. . . . WE have got our house in very nice order now. Pretty flower-plots all over the courts, and hollyhocks, etc. etc. Mr. Edkins' study opens on a sweet-scented little plot, and there he sits by the open window most of the day pursuing his studies until four o'clock, when the chapel-doors are thrown open. He spends from four till six daily in preaching and conversing with the people.

We have some pious officers stationed at Tientsin, and there seems also to be a spirit of inquiry at work among some of the soldiers. We know several of these officers. Major G— and Captain B—, two very pious men, often come to see us, and the soldiers are daily visitors. They have religious meetings every night. We attended lately the missionary prayer-meeting. Major B— gave a very good address, and prayed. Some of the soldiers prayed well. Their prayers were very earnest. Mr. Edkins conducted the meeting.

I have sometimes five or six of the soldiers sitting round me in our parlour, and they appear much

interested in religious conversation. It has quite the appearance of a class for Christian instruction. I urge them to do all they can to bring their comrades to a knowledge of the truth, and they assure me they will. Oh grant that great good may come to the garrison while they stay here. They have the means. A very neat chapel is fitted up now in a corner of the Temple of Fame, and service is held there morning and evening. . . . .

15. TO HER MOTHER.

TIENTSIN, 10*th July* 1861.

. . . . SINCE I wrote you, I have been very much out of health. I can't somehow get rid of diarrhœa. I am taking port wine daily, but no other medicines, except opium pills, when I feel *very* poorly. Dr. Bindon is an exceedingly kind and attentive doctor. To-day I am much better, better than I have been for a week. You must not be the least bit anxious, as this is what every body nearly has in this hot weather. We had such sad news from London this mail. My mother-in-law, I am afraid, is no longer living. But her heart was fixed on Jesus, and all is therefore well with her. *Our* time also will come, sooner or later. Oh, to die as the believer dies! How I wish I were growing in faith and love. May God increase these graces in me, and give me all the strength I need for His work.

Farewell, my beloved mamma, until another mail, if spared.—Your most loving

JEANIE.

16. TO HER MOTHER.

TIENTSIN, 21*st July* 1861.

I HAVE been very far from well since I last wrote you, and unless I feel much stronger before mail day, this, I fear, will be but a note. I told you in my last I had diarrhœa. Well, the day after the mail left, I suffered much from it, having severe pain and sickness. All I took I invariably vomited; and having been living only on beef-tea, toast-water, black-currant water, and champagne this past fortnight, I feel very weak. Two days ago I began to get a little better, but my appetite is feeble. I have no relish for anything. Dr. Bindon has been unwearied in his attention to my case. He has been a daily, often twice-a-day, visitor. I have had medicines until I am sick of them. The diarrhœa still continues, but in a modified form; and I hope to give you yet better tidings ere the mail leaves. You must not be uneasy, and fancy I am keeping back anything from you. You have it all exactly as I am; so I trust you will not be troubled on my account. Diarrhœa is a sort of climate disease here in this hot weather. You will wonder to hear I have been living on champagne, among other things. Mr. Platt, our friend from Chefoo, who is now established in business in Tientsin, came in and found me sick and exhausted on the sofa one evening. He immediately bethought himself of his champagne, and before I could stay him, he went and fetched me two bottles, and opening one, insisted on my taking some before he left. As it was the only

thing that would stay on my stomach, I was very glad of it, and soon after this he sent me half-a-dozen. What kind friends are raised up to us in the time of need by a gracious Providence! I find I must now rest myself on the sofa, and get cooled and comforted by use of the fan.

July 23.—I am still an invalid, and propped on the sofa with cushions to write to you. The doctor says I am much better to-day. Having slept well last night, I felt lively in the morning when I awoke, and got up and dressed myself, but the fatigue has been rather much, and I don't feel quite so well again. The diarrhœa is not wholly checked yet, still I trust it will soon pass away. I can take beef-tea, etc., without vomiting, which I could not do lately. Mr. Edkins is pleased this morning at my symptoms of improvement.

I found such a treasure the other day in his library. Can you guess? The *Olney Hymns*. How I did rejoice over them! Every one of them seemed to recall my beloved mamma, and her dear voice, and it rang so distinctly and sweetly in my ears while I read them. The Sabbath mornings at home I will ever remember, when, seated on your chair, and your children around you, you repeated them so frequently to us. Your voice and face, on these occasions in particular, are stamped indelibly in my memory. Thank the Lord, my dear mamma, that He put it in your heart, amid your many cares, to find time for the Sabbath-morning meetings, and for those other sweet times we so often enjoyed with you. They are my sweetest, happiest, sunniest

recollections of home; and how many fond recollections have I of it! You remember that hymn?—

"I would, but cannot sing,
Guilt has untuned my voice," etc.

And the next verse?—

"I know the Lord is nigh,
And would, but cannot, pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away."

But my favourite lines in this hymn are these—

"But if, indeed, I would,
Though I can nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due."
. . . . .

17. TO HER MOTHER.

TAKU, *5th August* 1861.

I AM afraid last mail's news would make you very anxious about me. I did then feel very weak and reduced, but since we have come to the sea-side at Taku for change of air, I think I am improving. This I know, the diarrhœa has greatly abated, and my appetite has increased, though my strength, I must confess, is small as yet. However, *that* too will be given me in God's good time, if it be His holy will. . . . .

I must tell you now of how we thought of coming to Taku, and of our trip down. One evening last week, a gentleman and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Alische—called to see us. They found me very weak and ill. Mr.

Alische proposed that Mr. Edkins and I should go in one of his ships to Chefoo, and offered us both a free passage. This was very kind, and brightened me up not a little. I thought how very nice it would be to go and see beautiful Chefoo again for a week or two, and I longed for the doctor to come, that I might ask him. He came in the morning, and gave me this reply, "Just the thing I wanted for you." Mr. Edkins had now to make up his mind on the subject. On the one hand, the newly-entered-on mission-field here, with his large daily audiences, and several inquirers; then, on the other hand, his sick wife. He asked the doctor if it was positively necessary for my recôvery, to which the latter said, "No, I do not think so;" and then we decided to come down to Taku, and try that first; failing Taku having the desired effect, to think again of Chefoo. Accordingly, last Monday we got a nice little boat engaged, and, about six in the morning, I was carried in my chair down to the boat, where my female servant had preceded me, and had my small cot-bed all in order. I enjoyed the river-scene exceedingly that evening, and the sweet, deliciously-cool breeze, but next morning brought a very strong sun, and we could get no shade for the boat all day, so were obliged to proceed amidst the heat, greatly against our will.

7th August.—These two past days I have not been feeling so well, but this morning I am revived, and feel so thankful that I am able to write you a little. We got a mournful budget of letters from London by this last post, containing an account of the last moments and death of my mother-in-law. This has thrown a gloom

over both of us, and I feel it, I daresay, the more that I have been so weak myself for some time past. My dear mamma, the Lord has been pleased to try me long by this sore illness. Oh that it may be in love! but ah, how unworthy of his love do I feel! What a volume the Bible is for the afflicted! Among numerous other parts that cheer me, I find great delight in many of the psalms. The 116th is an especial favourite. I have much enjoyment also in the hymns referred to in my last. If the Lord in His mercy sees right to restore me to health once more, what a loud song of thankfulness I should have to sing; and how re-devoted I should fancy my life would be to His service. But how little we know ourselves! I might but return to careless indifference. He, my gracious Father, knows what is best; and if it would bind me to Himself for ever to take me *now*, I'd joyfully relinquish earth, with all its fascinations, to be "for ever with the Lord."

> "When I can read my title clear
> To mansions in the sky,"

I would not fear death, but there is much doubt yet on this hanging over my spirit. Pray, dear mamma, that the Lord may enlighten my soul, and roll off my burden, so that, living or dying, I may be His. The doctors hold out good hope of my recovery, and I think repeatedly there is yet work in store for me on earth. But God alone knows. What a soothing thought is that, "Our times are in His hand!" Oh, let us try to leave all *there!*

Would you like that I should tell you something of our sea-side temple-house? I cannot attempt a full

description of it. To do it justice would occupy pages, such a quaint, old-fashioned building it is. But how did we get into it, you will ask. Through the kindness of Mr. Hart, Commissioner of Customs at Tientsin. He wrote a note down before us, requesting Captain Hodder, Custom-house agent here, who occupies a part of it, to have some rooms prepared for us. So, when we arrived a week ago, we found the temple tower dedicated to our use, and busy paperers papering the windows, etc. I call it the *tower*, as it is the only up-stair room in the whole building. There is a nice verandah all round it, and we have a delightful breeze every day, and a most exquisite view of river and sea. Our room up stairs (for we have two, one below, which is used for the servants, and cooking) is very large and airy. The roof is one of the most beautifully painted I have ever seen in China. It is divided into three compartments, by wide beams running across, painted tastefully red, green, and yellow. In the first compartment there are fifteen storks, painted in little squares,—a square, beautifully edged, for each bird. The storks are all painted white on the wing, with fine red combs, and carrying a rose in their bill. The centre compartment is heavier, and richer. It fronts the huge niche where *Quan Yien*, the goddess, once stood, but whom the ruthless hands of foreigners have carried away. A splendid dragon—the Imperial one—coiled up in a fantastical shape, done in rich, and yet pleasing variety of colours, occupies a little square space, like the storks. In the third and last compartment are storks again. The niche which Quan Yien once occupied reaches the roof, and is gilded richly

with brass ornaments, and a quantity of beautiful green rockery at the foot, on which she rested. Before the niche is a large red table of incense, which we "barbarians" desecrate by using as a sideboard.

Two mandarins who reside in one part of the building told Mr. Edkins they thought it great profanation to have the temple of their much-loved goddess occupied by foreigners. I suppose they cannot recognise in the pale-faced English lady who, wrapped in a great brown plaid, walks about the verandah after sunset, much affinity to their goddess! The view from this verandah is delightful all day, but especially when the sun is setting. I sat out and enjoyed it to my heart's content the other evening. A rich glow, lent from the departing sun, reddened the long barren fields of the plain, while the river lay like a stream of lovely sheeted silver so fair and pure, and the numerous junks in the twilight looked like "things of beauty" (an assertion you would not dare venture respecting them by day), while up to our tower-like home came the melancholy strain of the Chinese boatman, as by night he plies his boat.

August 9th.—I had a visit yesterday from Dr. Bindon, of Tientsin, and I am sure you will be right glad to know he thinks me much better. Now, you must think and believe I am improving. The doctor, who is a capital judge, says so, and I want for nothing I require. You know what an affectionate husband I have, but you can form no idea what an excellent nurse he makes. He and I had a long talk about Scotland this morning, and how delightful it would be to revisit it some seven years hence, if spared. There is a nice ship going to

Chefoo in a week, by which we could get very comfortably, if the change shall then be thought necessary. In the hope that by next mail I shall have more cheering tidings to communicate,—I am your most devoted

JEANIE.

18. TO HER MOTHER.

On board ship off Taku.

22d August 1861.

MY OWN DARLING MAMMA,—I hope I shall be able to send you a long letter by next mail. I fervently pray the Lord may restore me to recruited health by this trip to Chefoo. He *can*, and He *will*, if he see it best. *I leave my all with him.* We are on board ship, and start in a day or so.—Deepest, fondest love to all,

JEANIE.

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO NANKING

BY

THE REV. JOSEPH EDKINS.

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO NANKING.

CHAPTER I.

Shanghai to Sucheu—River Scenery—Rebel Customhouse Officers—Iconoclasm—Desolate Streets—Attempted Literary Examinations.

On a spring morning in March 1861, two boats were to be seen anchored on the left bank of the Hwang-pu river for some hours after sunrise waiting for tide. They had come from Shanghai, twenty miles farther down the river, which distance they had traversed in the night. They were on their way into the interior of the country, intending to proceed as far as the numerous rivers and canals of this region would let them in a western direction.

In the vicinity of this river, all around is flat, well cultivated land. There is present every mark of thriving industry. Numberless clusters of cottages, separated only a few roods from each other, are seen to send forth their occupants at early morn each day to perform the labours of the field. The casual observer would notice no signs of the neighbourhood of war; yet, not many miles from these scenes of plenty and peace, the country is agitated by a cruel civil war, and the conflicts of armed bands, paying slight respect to the rights of property, or the sacredness of human life.

To the disturbed region, occupied by the new party, whose movements have kept the empire in a state of turmoil for the last two years, these boats, occupied by two or three Europeans,

were proceeding. A thick mist hung upon the river. They were passed by many trading boats sailing in the opposite direction, and coming into view only fifty or more feet off, their large white sails suddenly emerging one after the other from the fog into the neighbourhood of the travellers, and then as quickly disappearing on the other side. A thick hoar frost lay on deck and shore, which the sun was fast dissolving, when the writer and his companions leaped on the adjoining bank, and strolled through grass and bushes, forming a border to wide fields of wheat.

The tide at last turning, the town of Minhang was reached at mid-day. The river is still half-a-mile wide at this place. Boats are seen at anchor in large numbers, or are plying up and down the stream. On such a lovely spring morning as that which happened at the commencement of the contemplated excursion, a Chinese river like this is a picture of activity and happiness. Cheerfully the boatmen, standing at the stern of their boats, with both hands resting on the long scull, propel their craft deftly to the tune of some rude irregular melody. Silently the fisherman, perched high on his bamboo framework, watches for some sign that the rapidly-moving tide has brought fish into his net. After many a disappointment his patience is still unexhausted. With sinewy arms the dredgers lift from the bottom successive basket-loads of mud, intended to fertilize the neighbouring fields. Porpoises, or, as they are called by the natives, "river pigs," are seen frisking in the sunlit water. Smaller inhabitants of the river jump after insects that the warmth of spring has vivified. Lights and shadows play upon the rippled surface of the stream, which reflects a dazzling ray from a thousand little mirrors, and presents to the eye as many minute shaded hollows in close proximity. We soon passed the pagodas of Sung-kiang, a large city, held by the Imperialists, four miles to the north of the river, and then left behind the group of hills which here dot the plain, and relieve its monotony by their bamboo woods and picturesque temples. *Towards* evening we entered the lakes, extensive sheets of

water covering a large part of the country to the east of Sucheu.

The boats halted for the night at the pagoda, which stands on an island in the lake of Mau. Three brothers of this name, in the Han dynasty, were distinguished for their virtues, and became objects of religious veneration to the sectaries of Tau after their death. The lake and pagoda are named from them.

This is one of the numerous establishments where Buddhist priests, for years shorn of their hair, take a vow to wear that appendage, unshaven for three years, or for life, and to remain during that time constantly in a cell, engaged in telling beads, chanting prayers, and in unworldly meditation. This they do to increase the revenue of the monastery, by exciting the superstitious to almsgiving. Although this may be the intent of the institution, and much money is unquestionably obtained by means of it, no one could conclude that it is adapted to make the devotee himself more devout, from the example of a priest who, a few years ago, resided here. A lively man was he, who could enjoy the world among all the voluntary sacrifices of his monkish life. He argued briskly for the dogmas of his religion, but while he insisted that a table and the wood of which it was made were not real entities, because capable of destruction by fire, it was sufficiently evident from his manner that he believed in their reality as much as any one else does.

The boatmen recommenced their toil early the next morning. Had the wind not been fair they would have been unwilling to pass through the lakes, because they are infested by robbers. Another route to Sucheu, and a safer one, is that by Tsing-pu and Kwenshan, two cities, both in possession of rebel garrisons. As the breeze then blew, nothing was to be apprehended, and it was soon decided to adopt the direct and expeditious route by the lakes.

The extent of the water communications in these parts has caused an immense boat trade. Goods and passengers proceed much oftener from one place to another by the "water road," as it is termed, than by the "dry road." These boats

were then united in large combinations during the unsettled condition of the country for mutual protection. At Cheu-chwang, a town the travellers reached in the forenoon, they found that a rich and influential man, named Vi-a-niok, who resides there, was at the head of ten thousand confederate boats. They are armed, and engage in trade, or obey his command to fight, as the case may be. This chief is on good terms with rebels and Imperialists, as they happen to prosper; an example for those who

"Seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour."

When the rebel army approached Sucheu in the fatal spring of 1860, he lent a thousand boats to the governor of the province residing at that city to assist in opposing the invaders. For this he received a blue button, and other distinctions. It must not be supposed that he was animated by any true loyalty, or would make more sacrifices than he could avoid in return for these honours. No sooner did the dreaded Taipings arrive, than he entered into communication with them. His old patron the governor fell consistently at his post, and his new patron, the Chung-wang, "faithful king," honoured the boat chief with a long and pompous title, which described him as the "standard-bearer before the king, and the merciful general." Never was a renegade more promptly rewarded; and the poor people around him, doubtless in bitter contradiction to their own hearts' feelings, united to present him with a huge umbrella, to be borne before him when he paraded the streets in the dignity of his new titles. We saw it afterwards in a rebel Yamun at Sucheu. It was made of red woollen cloth in a cylindrical shape, like the half of a drum, and bore the inscription, "The teaching of the holy men is widely spread." Such a gift is called a "ten thousand people's umbrella," and is considered as a wonderful mark of respect and gratitude on the part of those who present it.

In this part of the route, lake and island alternate. The water-courses are so numerous and so wide that the alluvial *flats, which* the resident small farmers cultivate, have usually

no communication but by boat with the nearest market-towns and cities. We hailed as we passed some boatmen whom we met hastening across this debatable and dangerous ground to a safer region. Several of them came from the island of Tung-ting-shan, after conveying necessary supplies to the unfortunate fugitives from Sucheu, who have congregated there in great numbers. They told us that they had paid a charge of two per cent. on their cargo to a rebel customhouse officer, and proceeded on their way without further molestation. Happy fellows they thought themselves, not to suffer wholesale confiscation, for well they knew the fate that may befal any brother of their craft as he plies his scull along the multitudinous inland streams of this vast plain at present. What security can he feel when he comes among armed men, who, whatever be the words inscribed on their banners, whether Imperialist or rebel, take ready advantage of a time of anarchy to strip innocent men of their property, or carry them away to become soldiers against their will?

We now came to a newly-decorated building of small dimensions, which bore on its front the four words, Tien-fu-hung-ngen—"By the great favour of our heavenly Father." This inscription told us that we were fairly in rebel land, and had reached the first out-station on the east side of Sucheu. The only warlike appearance was that of a breach-loader and a small cannon placed on the river bank. Two or three officers presented themselves, the chief among whom we found to be a native. He was recognised by a Chinaman in our party as an old acquaintance in the quiet Imperial times.

After crossing yet another lake, the gate, towers, and walls of the great city came into view, and a sinking sun saw us pass into the grand canal, and under the large bridge which spans it, where it leaves Sucheu, and proceeds southwards towards Hangcheu.

We emerged from the bridge, to be hailed by two customhouse officials, looking very piratical and neglectful of soap and water. An order had recently been issued to charge five

taels for each boat trading to Sucheu with foreign goods. We landed, and pleaded that our object was not to trade, and that we had nothing to sell. This, however, was not enough to persuade into civility the two ill-looking Cantonese, with whom we now had to do. In response to an invitation to search the boats, they nimbly ascended them, and, to our surprise and discomfiture, soon discovered a small red trunk of foreign handkerchiefs, and one or two pieces of chintz. The trunk belonged to one of our party, a Chinese friend, bearing the family name Ting, and usually denominated by his friends "Bamboo Grove." He had brought it with the intention of making presents of the contents to rebel friends, whom it might be important to conciliate by a small gift. This little store of saleable articles was sufficient ground to our suspicious friends of the custom-house to justify them in levying on us a boat tax as traders. Glad to proceed on any terms, evening being near, we went forward underneath the strong and well-defended walls of this great city, held for a year past by the revolutionary forces. We were traversing the moat of the eastern wall. The silence of desolation reigned along the banks, lined by fallen houses and broken furniture.

An appeal to the guard at the gate, known as the Fu-men, was unavailing to gain us admission. A request to convey a note over the wall to a neighbouring chief, whose authority might have opened the gate, was steadily refused. Old men and boys joined in denying us any assistance. We felt a little mortified that juvenile rebels, of twelve and fourteen, should make themselves prominent in opposing our wishes, and meet us with the firm reply, that entrance or communication by that gate was impossible. These youths add much to the gaiety of rebel life by their vivacity and ardour. None are so ready as they to shoulder a musket, or carry pistols in their belts; not permitted to engage in active military duties, they amuse their older companions by their affectation of military attitudes, and lessen their inconveniences by the readiness with which they carry their arms for them, and wait upon them as servants.

The results of such a life on boys entering their teens must be extremely mischievous. Daily familiar with scenes of blood and plunder, they must become quite unsusceptible to kindly emotions, and must for the future lead a cruel and immoral life.

We went forward in the dusk to the Leu-men, or north gate. The six gates of Sucheu are all about two English miles apart from each other, and, after travelling this distance, we arrived at a suitable place to pass the night. The watchmen's clappers were heard echoing round the walls, and once or twice inquiries were addressed to our boats through the dim twilight as the splash of the sculls was detected. When those on the watch understood who we were, they ceased to show suspicion.

Here, as at the other gates, we might have entered the city by a canal, but, at this time of war, the water-gates are closed, except to such persons as are well known to the gate-keepers. Besides, most of the canals are impassable now, through the presence of large quantities of house-furniture, which block up the way.

The next sun saw us early in the city, where we were courteously received by the second insurgent chief. He was a man of easy manners, intelligent, and devoid of all desire for pomp and parade in dress, or in the mode of receiving his visitors. He at once granted us a passport to Nanking, given in the name of the *great peaceful heavenly dynasty*. This document was perfectly effective in securing us from all trouble on the part of customs' collectors, and intrusive rebel subordinates, for the whole distance to Nanking. Taiping flags wave on all city gates along this route, and the unhappy people, submitting without resistance to the sway of their new rulers, respect all their documents and regulations.

A celebrated temple in the midst of Sucheu gave clear witness to the uncompromising iconoclasm of these singular revolutionists. It is called Hiuen-miau-kwan,—"The temple of the dark and wonderful." All the host of Tauist divinities used to appear seated in pride and splendour in the niches and galleries of this building. The trinity of the pure ones, the

highest of all in rank, occupied a central position. Then there was the jadestone god, the god of the black north, and the god of thunder. There were the gods of time, who preside in succession over each year in the cycle of sixty, the gods of the stars, fixed and planetary, tabulated and not tabulated, the gods of the metals, elements, and essences, and so forth. This temple is the highest structure in Sucheu, except the pagodas. Gallery rises above gallery so high as to give a commanding view of the whole city and the neighbouring hills. The idols presented a sorry appearance. The larger were well battered and much defaced, and the smaller ones strewed the floors. The priests' books were lying neglected on the ground, forming, with other debris, heaps of rubbish. The rebels have shown their scorn of the idols, by chopping off their noses, and placing them in ridiculous attitudes. A blow has been inflicted on Chinese idolatry, by the actors in this movement, such as it never before received. Whatever mischiefs accompany this civil war, the onslaught on the senseless images of clay, which have sat in triumphant dignity in the temples of Buddha and Tau for fifteen hundred years, cannot but effect good on behalf of right reason and true religion.

From the upper gallery of this temple, vast masses of houses are seen stretching in every direction. A million of people used to reside in them, and another half million outside the walls, in habitations now almost entirely destroyed. Only a few of the occupants now remain, some of whom have entered the rebel service, and others wander sadly in and out of their once happy homes with a poverty-stricken expression on their countenances, harmonizing too well with the silence and solitude around them. Instead of busy commerce and pleasant domestic life prevailing through these vast lines of houses, bands of military chiefs, with their followers, and their horses, are quartered in the best locations, while all the poorer dwellings are deserted.

For the better defence of the city, the people are not allowed to return to their homes, nor are shops permitted within the walls, except here and there for the sale of medicines. The

medicine-vendors and gate-keepers are chiefly natives. At the gates it is necessary to employ natives, on account of their local knowledge and *patois*, by means of which the entrance of dangerous persons can be checked.

We met a crier, with a gong, going through the streets, whose duty was to publish a new order from the chiefs, prohibiting the wanton destruction of houses. There were proclamations posted at the gates, forbidding exorbitant charges for articles brought to the morning market by the country people. The surrounding country is under the control of the third chief in Sucheu. Head-men are appointed by him in all the towns and villages, who are responsible for collecting taxes and preserving order, and are periodically visited by detachments from the garrison in the city, called by its present possessors Su-fuh, instead of Sucheu, its old and best-known name. The distribution of responsible offices among the natives, and the regular system of taxation now introduced, have very much restored confidence in the neighbourhood of this important city, and trade is beginning to revive.

Another measure recently carried into effect by the insurgent leaders here, is the institution of literary examinations. Very few of the educated class will attend such examinations. Years must elapse before they could be prevailed on to do so. Only sixty attended the late examination. The theme was "Uniting to elevate the heavenly father and heavenly brother to the headship over all duty and morality." It is painful to find these men, who are prosecuting their enterprise with so much misery to the people, making a parade of Christianity. Those who perceive the nature of that religion, who are convinced of its truth, and sincerely try to obey its requirements, are at best but a small minority among them. Few or none of such are to be found among the chiefs who adopted the theme just mentioned—professing faith in God and in Jesus Christ—and who were nominally the examiners of the papers written upon it. Besides, they can lay just as little claim to the character of literary men. Did they not take the precaution to associate

with them the best scholar they could find, to perform the task of reading the papers, the whole affair would be nothing better than a farce. These examinations cannot be respectably conducted, unless the party should gain more power in the country, and attract to itself good scholars and men of ability, who may assist in reconstructing the ruined fabric of the political institutions of the nation.

The way to Nanking is by the Chang-men, as the principal gate on the west side of the city is called. It is there that the grand canal joins the city moat. Here we left Sucheu behind, and travelled westward.

CHAPTER II.

Sucheu to Nanking—Four miles of Ruined Suburbs—A distressed Country Doctor—Amusements of young Rebels—Conversation with a Chief—Complaint of Distressed Villagers—Last Battle-field of a famous Imperialist General.

THE great western road, leading from Sucheu, is simply the Imperial Canal. It is narrow in the immediate vicinity, and is lined by houses, now mostly in ruins, for four miles from the Chang-men gate. At the time of our arrival, there appeared to be no possibility of passing on, for a long succession of boats, large and small, were lying immovable in the sluggish waters. They were bound for Nanking, and were freighted with furniture, rice, etc., for the "heavenly capital." We knew that Nanking was meant by this denomination, and we at once began to adopt the new name, making so much of concession as this amounts to, to a power claiming the right to give new names to places, and being then in possession of the country through which we were travelling.

Noticing that the blockade of the canal was made thoroughly effective by the presence of some very capacious junks taking

in cargo from neighbouring warehouses, I went on shore, and, after some conversation, the men yielded, and opened a way for us. Their good nature prevailed over their selfishness at a moment which to us was very convenient, enabling us to proceed, and pass the night at the next town.

Such a mass of junks and junkmen could not be put in motion without many a little display of surly humour. This was not exhibited to us, but by the boatmen to one another. The noise was deafening as each boat was required to leave its snugly-chosen place of refuge. Chinese boatmen talk much, and in a high key, and woe to the passenger who wishes for a quiet sleep till the night is far advanced.

Emerging from the immense western suburb, we found the banks on each side almost uncultivated. The grass grows thick and high, affording cover for numberless pheasants, quails, and other wild birds. A few poor people were gathering herbs for the Sucheu market. The little hill called Hu-chieu, crowned with an old crumbling pagoda, is passed on the right. Another canal leads from it to the city. The "hill canal" used to be the favourite resort of fashion and pleasure, when this great provincial capital was still unvisited by the ruthless scourge of war. Now the silent waters no longer bear on their glassy surface the too celebrated "flower boats," gaily and luxuriously fitted up, where the youth of Sucheu learned vice in forms elaborately fascinating. No longer now do sounds of revelry, coming from large junks hung with painted lanterns by night, disturb the bats and owls which make their home in the upper stories of the pagoda. Footsteps are seldom heard now in the once busy street, with its incense shops, tea taverns, and restaurants, which leads from the water-side to the temple on the hill. Scholars from a distance, and students aspiring for a master's degree, have ceased to visit the monumental edifices where poets and philosophers, who once resided at Sucheu, are worshipped and kept in remembrance by pictures and personal relics. There is a plot of ground here which belonged to Peh-hiang-shan, a famous poet of the olden time; and it was in a

building on this spot that he entertained Li, Tu, and Su, contemporary versifiers, and all of them first-class names in the annals of Chinese poetry. Years must pass away before this and other literary antiquities in the neighbourhood can be restored, and become the resort of educated travellers from far and near. But all this is nothing in view of the misery of the people, which must continue more or less till the present revolutionary time is gone by, and a peaceful government established.

On the left many hills are passed, dotting the plain at intervals. Beyond them lies the great lake Tai-hu, thirty miles in length and breadth. We passed very near to some of these hills, and stopped for the night at the custom-house. This is ten miles from Sucheu. At the commencement of the town which surrounds it, is a little hill, and temple to the god of literature. A crowd of rebels, large and small, now appeared on the banks of the canal, shouting violently to us that we should stop to be registered at the custom's office. We showed our pass, and went on to the other end of the town.

The road to Wusih wears the same desolate appearance. Lands lie untilled for half-a-mile on each side, and long grass has taken the place of rice and other crops. No one gathers up the human bones, which here and there are scattered on the roadside. They have been bleaching in the sun for months, and as many more will pass before some charitable person will bury them. Wusih is garrisoned by two thousand rebels. The chief in command is reported to be a man kindly disposed, just, and considerate.

. . . . . .

Proceeding onwards we reached Changcheu. Posted at the gates we observed several proclamations from high chiefs and low. They forbade the destruction of houses, robbery, burning, and the abduction of women. The chiefs desire to establish social order, and to restrain the excesses of their troops. But it is a hard thing to effect this. They set a bad example to their followers, by taking several wives from *among* their captives ; and even if they were strictly moral in

their own life, their followers are too undisciplined and lawless in their dispositions to obey these proclamations. Yet a large number of women from the distant provinces of Kwangsi and Hunan accompanied their husbands, and are now living with them at Nanking and other cities. An active trade in provisions was proceeding in the market, and moderate prices were required.

The most of the insurgents met here were from the provinces of Hupeh and Hunan, in the interior of the country. When, ten years ago, the rebellion extended north from its cradle in Kwangsi, the insurgent troops swept these provinces like a whirlwind, and added immensely to their numbers by forced and voluntary recruits. Many of these, by length of service, have been promoted to important posts, and are only second in influence to the original rebels, who accepted Hung-sieu-tsiuen as their religious teacher, and then fought for him as their king.

At the insurgent custom-house here our boats were challenged, but permission was at once given us to proceed when it was known who we were. Young rebels in their teens were very noisy and peremptory in their demands for us to remain for examination. As soon as we had given satisfaction to the clerks, whose duty it is to register and inspect boats as they pass, these juvenile adherents of the Taiping movement returned to a congenial occupation. It was their appointed task to pull down a temple. Strong ropes were placed over a high wall with its remainder of roof. About fifty young men and boys applied their strength to pull these ropes. They did so with the most lusty shouts. After a few minutes the old pile of bricks and timber began to totter. Then still louder vociferations were heard, and above them the crash of the falling ruin. Truly these young rebels have their amusements, a pleasant change from the war of cannon and the brunt of battle.

The canal near Tanyang pursues a course straight as an arrow. A high pagoda, visible from a great distance, marks the city. Some hillocks and entrenchments near the south

gate indicated a deserted camp. Entering the gates, we introduced ourselves to one of the chiefs in charge, a brother of Ying-wang, a young and successful rebel leader, who suddenly rose into notoriety during the last three or four years, and as suddenly has recently been captured and beheaded.

Chen, the younger chief, brother of this well-known leader, received us in his hall for visitors, in a yellow robe and cap. He was very willing to assist us in our object, and promised us a letter to the chief in the next town, requesting him to facilitate our arrival at Nanking. In reply to questions respecting the battle at Tanyang, when the great Imperialist commander, Chang-kweh-liang was killed, he told us that he came with his troops to this place after a hasty flight. His men had been too severely defeated at Nanking to recover their courage. They had no power to fight. He refused to enter the walls, and encamped in a bad position, with a river behind him. The Taipings, flushed with their victory, attacked him in his position. His soldiers thought of nothing but flight. Having the river to cross, they were slaughtered in immense numbers, and their chief himself died on the field, as our informant supposed. No one, he said, noticed what became of him. A soldier, who bore a banner before the general, himself afterwards told us that he was shot with a musket-ball fired by his own hand, within the city of Tanyang. This was probably the real end of the once trusted and dreaded Chang-kweh-liang. He was one of those characters who often appear in a revolutionary period. A pirate in early life, he became a Taiping, and fought in this cause for several years. He afterwards joined the Imperialists, it is said, hypocritically, to serve the interests of his old party. But he was so loaded with honours, so trusted and rewarded, that he became an Imperialist at heart. While besieging Nanking at the head of an immense army, his old associates, to pierce his soul with bitterness, brought out his wives and children, and put them to death with tortures before the walls, thus for ever rendering a reconciliation impossible.

The young chief with whom we were conversing, when the

subject of religion was introduced, wore a serious, convinced air. Their victories were gained, he said, not by the merit of this or that general, but by the favour of the heavenly Father. He had no opinion as to the time that would elapse before the establishment of peace. The issue of the present struggle depended entirely on the will of God. It might be decided to-morrow, and it might require several years. It is this serious mode of speaking that has impressed so many foreign visitors, at Nanking and elsewhere, with the belief that there is much religious earnestness among the Taiping chiefs. So long ago as Sir George Bonham's expedition in 1853 to their capital, then recently captured, intelligent observers who conversed with them were persuaded that there was reality in their religious faith. Less was known of them then. Since that time, civil war and a life of plunder have done much to demoralize them. Their religious character, as it then was, has suffered. It is less now in extent and depth, but the impression on many of those who have conversed with the chiefs during this and the last year still is, that there is a large amount of religious earnestness in not a few of these men.

Beyond Tanyang, the stream winds tediously on its way to Pau-yen, where we were to leave our boats, after travelling in them two hundred English miles. We came into the society of country people on our way to this place. Leaving the boats, we walked along the high bank of the stream, at an elevation of twelve or fifteen feet above the sluggish waters, a height caused by the annual throwing up of the river's sediment by artificial means. The flat plain on each side was only broken by those immemorial funeral mounds—some of vast size and some small—which everywhere dot the surface of time-honoured China, by shrubberies of trees, a few bramble copses, and blue hills in the distance. At the foot of a bridge we stood for a while watching a boat drawn off a mud bed in the river. A knot of villagers collected round us from an adjoining hamlet, and communication commenced by some inquiries addressed to one of them.

"Are you happy here under the government of the 'long hairs?'"

"Far from it. We are very wretched. We are called on for contributions of rice or money once a month."

"How many men in a hundred have you lost in these parts?"

"Fifteen or twenty have been killed, and thirty or forty have been carried away to join the rebel army."

"Where are the recruits taken to?"

"To places at a distance. To Sucheu or Kiahing, or some other province."

"Are your women also taken away?"

"Yes. The older and plainer among them are sent back, but the young and good-looking do not return."

"If you are wronged, can you not appeal to the nearest magistrates for redress?"

"Yes; we are told that we can do so; but we dare not."

A time of calamity in China induces many persons to publish short tracts exhorting the people to repent of the sins which have drawn down upon them the vengeance of their divinities. We noticed one of these, in the form of a printed sheet, pasted on the wall of a ruined temple. It urged the reader to reflect that the present disasters of the country were caused by the sins of the inhabitants, and promised, that on their repentance there should be peace and happiness again prevailing throughout the land. The gods, in place of being angry, would smile on them once more.

The author of this, a legitimist, had certainly clear and most excellent views on some points of morality, but he did not understand against whom the sins of the people were committed, nor from whom their punishment came. He needed Christian light.

At Pau-yen we met with a bold, impudent rebel, named Li, to whom we felt it necessary to be civil, because he was the only man there who could assist us in securing the safety of *our* boats while we were absent at Nanking. He was fond of

passing joking remarks on everything Imperialist as being "impish." He assailed our travelling companion, Bamboo Grove, with all the severity of a lively malicious tongue, laughing loudly at each sally of his own wit. "Your queue hangs like the tail of a quadruped. Your hat is out of fashion in these regions. Your dress reminds me of the equine race. The brethren of the Taiping banner will mistake you. You must really disguise yourself a little. A blue cotton handkerchief folded into a cap and tied behind will be a more becoming head-dress. That long black tail, shining with the oil of the fragrant *kwei hwa*, must be wound round your head. Then, how short your hair is! You will really be in danger of speedy decapitation if you are once out of sight of these foreign gentlemen. Your coat is impish. Your hat is impish. Your shoes are impish. Why not adopt our gay red and yellow costume?"

Bamboo Grove, as he listened to these provoking remarks, laughed and blushed by turns. He did not like to be ridiculed, nor did he deem it prudent to be offended. He at last saw the propriety of no longer suspending his queue at full length. He tied up a handkerchief in the proper way to screen his short hair; and though he did not adopt the revolutionary red or gaudy yellow of our new acquaintance, he quietly introduced such reforms in his exterior as to pass suspicious brethren without exciting their remarks.

It was not safe for our boats to remain at Pau-yen. They must return to Tanyang, where the chiefs, being higher in rank, could undertake the responsibility of protecting them. Li wrote a letter for us, which was intrusted to the boatmen. They received it with trembling hearts, and under protest. How could they return twenty miles without an Englishman to accompany them? The first party of the rebel brethren they met would seize the boats and dismiss them penniless. With a little pressure they consented, and on our return, sixteen days after, we found them at Tanyang, in good spirits, with placards forbidding to meddle, under the seal of several high rebel

officials, pasted on the boat doors and windows. The despatch of our friend Li to those in command at Tanyang, said that it was not safe for the boats of the "ocean brethren" to remain at a place like Pau-yen, where large numbers of the "brethren" were constantly passing and repassing. He had therefore advised their return, requesting the chiefs to whom he wrote to protect them. Not only, he added, would the three foreign brethren be very grateful for this, but he would esteem it as a mark of particular kindness to himself.

This document did not seek to conceal, or blush to acknowledge, that strangers' property was unsafe in the vicinity of the "brethren," unless under special protection. We were told that the seal of a king would alone be a sufficient guarantee. On arriving at Nanking, the necessary seals were granted on application, and forwarded to the boats, where we afterwards found them.

The road from Pau-yen we traversed partly on foot, and when wearied were borne on the backs of coolies in a sort of primitive chair. It was constructed of two bars of wood, fastened together with three cross pieces, a board for a seat, and another to rest the feet upon. This is a vehicle that comes into existence only when the country is disorganized, and there is no skilled labour. The roughness of its construction was soon tested by a misfortune that happened to our fellow-traveller, Bamboo Grove. No sooner was he elevated to his position on one of these rude-looking chairs, than he suddenly fell to the ground, causing shouts of laughter among a crowd of young rebels, who stood watching the operations. He resumed his seat undaunted, after some slight repairs to the fastenings, and we went forward over a rolling plain, high and barren. Streams are few here, and the country being dry, is much inferior in richness of soil to the well-watered plain through which we had for several days been travelling.

The city of Kü-yung is built on high ground, and has a broad moat. It is naturally well suited for defence. The *Imperialist* commander, Hiang-yung, a few years ago, besieged

it for a long time in vain. It was then the limit of the rebel territory east of Nanking. There was no decisive action. This general fell sick and died. The insurgent power gradually declined, and they at length abandoned Chenkiang and Kü-yung, retiring towards their capital. Then came the time of their greatest weakness. The legitimist generals pursued a Fabian policy, step by step approached almost within gunshot of the walls of Nanking, and sat down to keep their victims closely besieged, and watch them die. Such was the state of things in the beginning of the year 1860—but this is anticipating.

The chief at Kü-yung gave us a hospitable entertainment, and lodging for the night. He inquired much more about muskets and cannon than respecting religion, of which he professed to know little, being, he said, a fighting-man.

Setting out again, with a retinue of twenty-five coolies, whose number was increased by the want of wheelbarrows for our luggage, we passed over the same kind of rolling surface as the day before. The country was in most parts a waste, as that we had traversed the previous day. On the tops of the rising grounds the land had never indeed been cultivated. It would not repay labour. But what we noticed with pain was that fields of productive soil were lying untilled for want of cultivators.

Women on the road, engaged in selling refreshments, gave us distressing accounts of the fate of the male members of their families. In many instances *all* had been taken away to serve as soldiers. The number of deserted towns we passed gave us a vivid impression of the terrors of a civil war in China,—in the border land between the territories of the contending parties. In some towns the inhabitants, returning from their temporary exile, were re-commencing trade. They left their homes in the spring of 1860, when the insurgents drove the Imperialists from their camp, and overran the country in their rear—that through which we were travelling. They fled to the north of the Great River, and stayed till the end of the year.

when the strong desire to go home and till their land prevailed over their fear of their new masters.

It is not without reason that the country-people fear the insurgents. They are obliged, without pay, to work for them as carriers of burdens, returning when their tasks are done to their own employments, till it is their turn again to labour for these hard masters. Head-men were appointed by the insurgents to superintend this system of forced labour. A ticket is given to men while employed, which protects them from liability to be impressed as soldiers.

We found on the second day that our own coolies were compelled, like others, to work without pay, and we therefore from that time took care that they should not do so, although we were still indebted to insurgent chiefs for obtaining their services.

At a town twelve miles from Nanking, called Shun-hwa, we were very hospitably received by the chief in command, a native of Chang-sha, the capital of Hunan province. Finding it too late to proceed, we remained here for the night. The chief has prayers daily in the hall of his residence, at morning and evening meals. Rice is brought into the hall, and placed in three bowls on the centre-table, as an offering to the Trinity, before the family meal commences. After prayer, these bowls are again taken away, and the implements for writing and other moveables replaced. The chief told us, that on the Sabbath he assembles all his family, but on other days does not deem it essential for them to be present. Pasted on the walls of this hall we noticed a proclamation from the son of Hung-sieu-tsiuen, commanding the soldiers of the celestial dynasty everywhere to preserve discipline, and requiring the officers in all parts to protect in their rights the cultivators of the ground, the traders, and all the people.

The chief has his family with him from his distant home. He brought in his son, a boy of eleven, of a pleasant manner. He reads the religious books published by the Tien-wang, with the assistance of a tutor. I asked him to bring the book he *was now* reading. He disappeared, and returned from the

schoolroom almost immediately with the Three Character Classic, and the Book of the Commandments. He then read part of the one, and his father, the chief, turned over the pages of the other to show me the prayers and doxologies addressed to the Heavenly Father, constantly used by them.

That the publications of Hung-sieu-tsiuen are used extensively as reading-books in the families of his followers, is unquestionable. They are employed both for educational purposes and as guide-books in conducting religious services, and in communicating religious instruction. But, in general education, they can never supply the place of the Chinese classics, or be anything more than first reading-books. Supposing that he conquer the country and establish peace, of which the prospect at present is extremely slight, these works can only be employed as books of instruction in the system of religion professed by the Taipings. They cannot form the basis of a national education, not being suited for it. It would appear, indeed, that the chief himself has views not yet developed publicly on the subject of a new system of universal education. He is said to be engaged in revising the national classics. If so, he will doubtless conform them to his own religious opinions, and leave them in other respects much as they are.

The room where we slept at night was the back hall of the house, a good specimen of a country mansion in this part of China. Each hall was about twenty feet in width, by thirty in length. The roof was lofty, and unceiled. The south face was not closed in by any wall, the roof resting on two large wooden pillars. A small paved court separated the two halls, called the "heavenly well." Over the centre door, entering this court from the front hall, were several friezes, elaborately carved. Grey bricks, a foot square, are used for this kind of ornamental work. The subjects are historical scenes, with flower-patterns arranged alternately. One of these scenes, we were told, was a passage in the life of Kwoh-tsi-ü, a faithful statesman in the reign of the Emperor Tang-ming-hwang, in the seventh century. He was seated at a table, with his attend-

ants. Fishes, lions, and other emblematic animals, fill up intervals. Rich men rival each other in ornaments of this kind. Where marble can be procured, it is used in preference to brick, as in the province of Chih-li.

The chief Chu, before we left him, introduced to us his mother, a woman of venerable age. She had been ill of ague. He asked us for medicine. Some quinine was given him. Old and weak, she was supported by a female attendant. She was ready to talk, and her topic was her various ailments. It is commonly assumed in China that a foreigner knows how to cure diseases. In return for her confidence, we advised her, in addition to the medicine, to go back to her native place, six hundred miles distant, as soon as circumstances allowed. Her affection for her son must have been great, to induce her, when approaching seventy years of age, to join the rebel army, and share in the fatigues and dangers of a life among fighting men in an enemy's country.

The next morning we left Shun-hwa at eight, with a new party of burden-bearers, procured for us by the chief. They were twenty-five in number, and glad they were to find that they were not to do this day's work without wages, but that payment was to be made them at the conclusion of the journey.

The road now led us by the Tsi-kin-shan, "Purple forbidden mountain," on the heights of which the Imperialist general Ho-chun was encamped, till the terrible disaster which resulted in the loss of Sucheu. Chang-kwoh-liang's earthworks, continued for ten miles on the east of Nankin, crossed our route. Where we met them, we learned that on the right they extended seven miles to the river, and on the left, three more into the country. On the fatal day of his defeat, about a year before our visit, he was assailed in the rear by Ying-wang, at the head of 200,000 men. The insurgent champion was successful, and the boasted defender of the legitimacy became a runaway, and then terminated his own life, the victim of *despair.*

These works are five miles from the city. Proceeding beyond them, we reached a bridge with seven arches, the most advanced Imperialist post previous to the defeat. It is but two miles distant from the nearest gate. This gate, however, is closed, and the city can be entered, under the present regulations, only by following the walls to the south gate. The bridge was strongly fortified, and it must have been a great advantage to the Imperial troops to have it in their possession, on account of the broad canal which it spans, and its nearness to the rebel capital.

CHAPTER III.

Nanking—Massive City Gates—Residence of Kan-wang—Mr. Roberts appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs—Interview with a high Chief—Letters of Hung-sieu-tsiuen—Visit to the River Anchorage—The Wall, Hills, and Batteries.

Our long journey in chairs was at last nearly completed, by our arrival at the south-east corner of the city. We had left the Ming tombs, and the hills in which they are embosomed, behind on our right, and proceeded along the south wall, outside the broad moat which skirts it. Three-quarters of a mile conducted us to the vicinity of the principal gate on the south side. A long street leading to it was crowded with traffickers. Fresh provisions were heaped on either side of the road. The shops were well stocked with clothing and shoes. Red and yellow silk and calico were piled on shelves, ready for the extensive and indiscriminate use of these articles by the Taipings. The bearers pushed their way through the crowd of rebel soldiers and villagers, too busily engaged in buying and selling to give much heed to the foreign visitors suddenly coming among them. A multitude of ponies, ridden by men and women in rebel costume, were swiftly crossing in various directions the

open spaces at the bridge, and in front of the gate. We threaded our way carefully between them, and passed through the long and imposing city entrance without challenge from the janitors and watch-beaters, that had often checked us on our way. But we were now within the line of external defences, carefully kept at a distance beyond the city wall, and consisting of palisades, earthworks, and gates.

It was now our turn to wonder, as others have before done, at the gate. It was not till after a long tunnel-like arched passage, and a succession of six or eight arched gateways, that we were within the Taiping capital. The massive proportions in height and thickness of these ancient walls, gives us a vivid impression of the power and pride of the Ming dynasty, of which, in the first years of its success, this city was the capital.

A broad paved street, much wider than those of the great cities to the eastward, such as Sucheu and Hangcheu, conducted us without turning for a mile. Then we proceeded to the left, and after another mile reached the Kan-wang's palace. Here we expected to find the relatives of that chief, and also Mr. Roberts the missionary, whose relations with Hung-sieu-tsiuen have become so widely known. That the Kan-wang, "Shield Prince," was absent, we felt to be a misfortune. An old acquaintance of my own at Shanghai, a baptized convert at Hongkong, in good standing for several years in the community of native Christians there gathered, a catechist of the London Missionary Society there, and as such trusted and respected in a high degree, his presence would have been welcome. The necessities of the Taiping warfare, and the politics of Nankin, had obliged him to leave recently for an army in the south.

Opposite the *fu*, which is occupied as a residence by the Kan-wang, was a painted wall, decorated with fantastic figures, and having an immense character in the centre, known as *fuh*, and signifying happiness. The eight beatitudes of the fifth chapter of Matthew were also written on tablets in gilt letters, —*a public* indication of the anxiety felt by Hung-jen, the "Shield

King," to maintain the authority of Christ as the great teacher of mankind.

The front of the *fu* was very gay with gilt coloured paper, and paint. Passing through it, we arrived at the quarters occupied by Lo-hiau-tsiuen (Mr. Roberts). He resided in two rooms up stairs. Here he had been placed on his arrival a few months before, when conducted with great show of respect from Sucheu to the rebel capital by a well-known rebel chieftain styled the "Faithful King."

We heard from Mr. Roberts that he had recently received a letter from Tien-wang, his former pupil, the head of the movement, in which, speaking like one raised to the position of universal sovereignty, he appointed Lo-hiau-tsiuen to be his minister for foreign affairs, and judge of all criminals belonging to the "outside countries." Matters of more serious difficulty were to be referred to the young prince for decision.

This document is a good example of the rebel chief's unfortunate habit of acting in political matters. Everything political he regards as subordinate in importance to that which concerns religion and his own inspiration. He had been divinely informed, so he believed, that Lo-hiau-tsiuen was a good man. He therefore concluded that he was the fittest person to conduct negotiations with foreign countries, and to act as judge in all foreign criminal cases. He ordered it to be notified to the various foreign ambassadors and consuls that this appointment had been made, and that all trade carried on by the merchants of their respective countries was to be under the superintendence of Mr. Roberts.

Mr. Roberts very properly represented in reply that he was a minister of religion, and could undertake no other office. The nomination was repeated by the rebel chief, and was persistently declined by the missionary. Doubtless he desired to honour his former friend, at whose table he had eaten, and whose instructions he had received in years past at Canton, but he should have paid more respect than he did to Mr. Roberts' repeated refusals.

The reason why the young prince was appointed to be arbiter in all matters of difficulty, lay in the fact, that Tai-ping-wang wished to restrict his own duties as far as possible to the sphere of religion, while his son and intended successor controlled the ordinary affairs of government. It was to a boy of thirteen that he attempted to intrust the reins of the Taiping administration. When this fanatical chief professed, at the time of introducing this change, that "heavenly things" are more important than those which belong to this world, and selected for himself the religious duties of his position, by so doing he indicated the true character of his pretensions. He claims to be a religious teacher. Believing himself to be in some high sense a son of God, he considers it his duty and destiny to destroy idolatry, and restore the worship of God among mankind.

For more than a decade of years he has held consistently to this belief, and the scenes of death and wide-spread carnage in which his enterprise has resulted, have never been able to relax the maniacal sternness of his resolution.

The secular administration of his son is of necessity more a form than a fact, but it is unfortunate that the chief, though still governing in reality, should believe the direction of public affairs to be so unimportant as to be, if only in name, intrusted to the tender years of youth. This, with the fanatic perversity of the father, and the want of administrative talent among the subordinate chiefs, prevents the establishment of peace and order in the broad tracts of country controlled by the Taipings.

I informed Mr. Roberts, that the object for which I had come was to bring to the attention of the rebel chief the views held by the Christian Church on the divinity of our Saviour, and of the Holy Spirit. For this purpose it was necessary to see a high chief, and prevail on him to convey the manuscripts I had brought on this subject to the leader himself. Mr. Roberts consented to accompany us the same afternoon to one of the high chiefs. We also learned that he had for some time been in *written* correspondence with Hung-sieu-tsiuen, which had given

him several opportunities of bringing to his notice briefly the points where he is at variance with the common faith of Christians.

The residences of the chiefs are painted and ornamented in as lively a mode as the circumstances will admit. Immense birds and other animals are painted on the centre of the inner walls. Bright-coloured flower-patterns wind round ceilings and panels. Scroll sentences are inscribed on pillars, or upon broad pieces of cloth, partly expressive of the religious opinions of the insurgents, and partly of their political position as the would-be founders of a new dynasty. Some rooms we saw had in front of them small pools of water, square in form, and surrounded by high stone balustrades. While, from Nanking, commerce is excluded, and with it the innumerable artisans of a Chinese city, little can be accomplished in the way of art according to the established national ideas. These homes of the chiefs must have been erected with great difficulty from the debris of ruined houses, and ornamented by a limited number of skilled workmen accidentally included in the Taiping fighting host.

In the afternoon of our first day in the rebel capital, we walked with Mr. Roberts for a mile through the broad and sad-looking streets, to call on the chief denominated Tsan-wang. He was an old man then, and an invalid, unable to transact business. Since that time he has taken his farewell of the world altogether, and done so more peacefully than a multitude of his former associates, who have bravely fallen in battle, or been captured and ignobly beheaded. We did not see him. In his place we saw his son, a young man, "the heir of Tsan," about thirty years of age. Mr. Roberts sat on his left—the place of honour,—robed in Taiping costume, a blue satin fur gown, and yellow embroidered jacket over it, with red hood, and satin boots. The young chief and the grey-haired missionary held a conversation in the Canton dialect, a lingo to which ears accustomed only to northern dialects listen with slight chance of catching what is said. But "the heir of the Tsan nobility" could also speak in mandarin, and held a conversation

with me in that dialect. He asked our names and titles, and politely received my papers on the Divinity of Christ. He commenced reading them, but after a page or two returned to conversation, and volunteered a long statement of the principal chief's ascent to heaven. This foolish story, which describes a sort of trance into which he fell many years ago, is found in the rebel books, and has been translated into English, and published in the newspapers. The young chief also related the descent of the Holy Spirit into the person of Yang-sieu-tsing, the once notorious "Eastern King." This person the Taipings believed to be the subject of a divine possession, the spirit that descended on him being, in their view, the Heavenly Father in the form of the Holy Ghost. Among the utterances of the "Eastern King," while in a state of possession, was a command to Hung-sieu-tsiuen to exterminate the Tartars, with the help of the eastern and western kings, and establish the Christian religion in China.

These things were told us by the narrator with the air of one who thought them true, and very important, and, as in the case of other chiefs that I met before and after, there seemed no reason to doubt his sincere faith in them. The delusion which has seized on these men has been very extensive and enduring. It is this that has added vigour to their movement, and kept alive their fighting power. They believe Hung-sieu-tsiuen to be divinely commissioned, and he believes it himself. They also believe that his first great helper, the "Eastern King," was divinely possessed, and he probably believed so himself. If so, the Taiping enterprise has originated not in imposture, but in fanatic delusion. This, in fact, is the key to the right understanding of it. It is this that explains the first successes of these men, their perseverance under discouragement, their boldness, their contempt of death, and their unwavering confidence in the ultimate success of the movement.

The position the Taipings assume is, that they have a new *revelation;* and we of the west, among others, ought to give it

credence. But whether we do so or not, they regard it as authoritative upon them, and will adhere to it in the face of our scepticism.

When I remarked to the young chief who told the story, that the religion of Jesus came to them from the west, he replied, that he had a history to relate that I might not perhaps believe, but still he would tell it. Then followed the Tien-wang's vision.

When he came to the command to destroy idols, and the impropriety of using images in worship, I said "God is without form or image, and it is forbidden to make an image of Him." On hearing this, he paused to consider, and at last replied, that it was wrong to say, absolutely, that God is without form, for the Tien-wang had certainly seen Him in heaven.

Tsan-sï-kiün promised to finish the perusal of the papers intrusted to him, and if he saw nothing in them to prevent, he would send them to the Tien-wang the next morning.

The evening was spent in reading over letters to Hung-sieu-tsiuen from Mr. Roberts, and the answers. Among other matters, the attention of the chief had been called to the titles he has bestowed on the eastern king. This deceased champion of the Taipings is styled by the chief, "Saviour from disease." This was shown by Mr. Roberts to be improper, as placing him in comparison of Christ, who will not give his glory to another, and who is the only Saviour. To this the vermilion reply is, that the eastern king was the beloved Son of God, and that, though he does not save from sin, he saves from sickness.

Another subject taken up was the Church and its Head. It consists of converted men, of such as are regenerated by the Holy Spirit, and baptized. Christ alone is Head of the Church. To this it is replied, that the church referred to by the American teacher of the holy doctrine is the spiritual Church, while that which he (the chief) is seeking to establish in the world is the temporal universal church or kingdom, of which the Heavenly Father, the Heavenly Brother (Jesus), himself and his son, a sacred quaternion, are the common head.

His mode of writing is thoroughly respectful and friendly in its tone. He looks upon the Christians of England and America as those who have had Christianity in its earlier forms, and as good men who seek the welfare of the Chinese by teaching them the true religion. But he looks on himself as divinely appointed, in subordination only to Christ himself, to destroy idolatry, and to be the head of a regenerated world. He has divine authority (so in his madness he is convinced) to impose on the world new revelations, and found "the heavenly kingdom of great peace" (Taiping-tien-kwo). He cannot, therefore, in replying to the communications of missionaries, do other than repeat these pretensions, based on his visions, and add, as he best can, arguments in self-defence, derived from his careful and extended reading of the Holy Scriptures.

In the daily evening service maintained by Mr. Roberts we gladly joined. A part of a small catechism was explained, a chapter of the Bible read, a hymn sung, a prayer offered, and then a doxology was sung. Mr. Roberts remarked that it was the same doxology that he had used from the time when the chief of the Taipings was for a time his catechumen at Canton, now nearly twenty years ago.

On Friday morning, our second in Nankin, we left early for the river. Our friend of yesterday, belonging to the Hung family, a distant cousin of the chief himself, furnished us with a passport and a guide. A mile on foot to the city gate on the western side, and five miles more partly between the western wall and a broad canal, and partly by boat down the same canal, led us to the river, in sight of H.M.S. "Centaur," and the "Grenada" schooner at anchor. There were batteries on the river front on each side of the canal mouth, and new ones were in course of erection. The guns, we noticed, were all pointed at the "Centaur," and were so placed, we were informed, from the time she took up her position, by order of the British Admiral.

Objections were at the time raised to the continuance of an *English* ship of war by the rebel leaders, and the chief himself

gave orders that it should leave, but it does not appear that he asked afterwards if his orders were carried into effect.

The wall is called thirty-two English miles in circuit, and is about twenty-five. In walking back we could notice the bright colour of the red sandstone rock, over which it is partly built. Sometimes it skirts hills of this stone enclosed in the city. Elsewhere it crowns such hills, and the stone is then cut away till the hill is perpendicular. The height is in portions as much as sixty feet. In one pool of clear water, which we stopped to look at on our way back, the red shadow of the lofty rock above was brightly reflected by the descending sun on our right. Length of years has not destroyed the fresh hue of the sandstone. It was a quiet scene, no red-jacketed sentinel peeped from his hut on the wall above in this retired part of the city defences, nor was any noise heard except the distant hum of the market, and the splash of little fish jumping into sunlight from the crystal pool.

The great river Yang-tse-kiang sweeps past Nanking to the north-east. A fine range of hills appears on the north side. One of their summits has on it a pagoda, seen from Nanking. We asked the Taipings why that edifice was not, like others of the kind, destroyed. "We have not yet found time for such a thing," was the reply; "when the conquest of the country is completed, we shall be in a position to destroy the temples and pagodas which remain." On the Nanking shore two hills frown at one another. One of them is the "Purple forbidden hill," on the southern slopes of which are the tombs of the founder of the Ming dynasty and his father. The other hill is inside the walls, and has been included within the palaces of ancient emperors, when Nanking was the temporary capital. It is now used as a site for a high look-out by the rebels. Beyond it and the north wall are batteries placed on the river-side.

The guide who conducted us down the canal to-day was amiable and willing to converse. His home was at Yo-cheu, a city on the Yang-tse river, far up on its inner waters to the westward. Though he had been for many years with the Tai-

pings, he knew little of their religion. He had not heard that there was a Son of God. On matters personal and historical he had more to say. He was formerly a small tradesman, and, on falling into the hands of the revolutionists, during the four months' siege of Changsha, capital of Hunan province, became the servant of a member of the Hung family. The army, after descending the river, was but ten days at Nanking before entering the city. He believed that 100,000 people were killed, including 25,000 Tartars. Of the rebel chief's own clan there are about twenty individuals in Nanking, the guide's master being one. The last who arrived was Kan-wang, who had come two years before, and was now absent fighting the Imperialists in the south, at Hweicheu, a city a few days distant.

CHAPTER IV.

Nanking—The Taiping Chief urging Mr. Roberts to recognise his Divine Commission—Interview of Mr. Roberts with the Chief—Rebel Sabbath—Public Preaching by Chiefs—Movable Types—New Publications—Warehouse for Publications—Taiping Students of the Bible.

THE evening of the day was occupied in part with the perusal of edicts from the insurgent chief to Mr. Roberts. One contained nine reasons* for maintaining that Christ is inferior to the Father. In another he said, "The Heavenly Father is my own father, and Christ my own brother, born of the same

* Among them he assigned as one reason, that Ai-yo-se (the writer of this narrative) had stated that, in the Christian Church, Arius had formerly held Christ to be inferior to the Father, but that a council had coincided with Athanasius in condemning the opinion. Assuredly, adds the Tien-wang, the council was wrong, and Arius right.

The allusion here is to a short account of the Festal Letters of Athanasius, inserted by me in a Chinese monthly magazine, published in the year *1857, at* Shanghai.

mother. I am made ruler by the Father and Brother, to testify to the gospel, and destroy the works of the devil." Elsewhere he says, in defence of his visions, "In the Revelation of John, John saw with his own eyes the Lamb standing before the Father. The Lamb is the Elder Brother." He also says, "I have written to you many letters. Do you cordially recognise the fact that I have gone to heaven, or do you not? Do you, with all the western brethren, perceive my meaning? Do you acknowledge the holy will of God? Think of the risen sun (the chief himself) shining in the heavens. Will you not awake? Will you not believe? Believe for happiness. Add faithfulness to faithfulness, and loyalty to loyalty. Then you shall see greater things than these."

It was in this tone that the missionary was addressed, from the depths of the Nanking imperial residence, by his quondam pupil. The disciple has become a divinely-commissioned prophet, who has gone up to heaven, at the time of a trance, and there seen God, and been informed that he was himself a son of God, and brother of Jesus.

Such was the effect of Christian teaching on the mind of a visionary, who, by the report of what he saw when in a distempered state of mind and body, attached to him a band of deluded and devoted followers. First he met with Christian books. Then came visions. Then followed his intercourse with the missionary at Canton, who did not comprehend much of his extraordinary story. After this ensued another period of seclusion at his native village near Canton. He receives revelations, becomes a sect-founder, communicates his enthusiasm to his adherents, and then emerges from his obscurity to undertake the achievement, by force of arms, of a political and religious revolution in the country.

The presence of a foreign instructor, of judgment and experience, among the Taipings, at the beginning of their religious excitement, might have resulted in the establishment of a peaceful and healthy Christianity in the Kwangsi mountains, by the interposition of a counterpoise to the overpowering in-

fluence of the chief, by the training of these men in the legitimate use of the Scriptures, and by directing their aims to the realization of the true Christian life.

Lacking this, they were urged on wildly to a point where they were beyond the control of any human adviser, and now, when at last the way is open for Christian missionaries in China to enter on communication with the chief, he requires from them faith in his divine mission, and a public acknowledgment of him as a sort of son of God.

He wonders, and is grieved, that his old American friend should doubt his claims. He writes to him, "Add to your faith. Do not suppose that I am deceived. I am the one saviour of the chosen people. Why do you feel uncertain of the fact of divine communications to me? When Joshua formerly destroyed the enemies of God, the sun and moon stood still. When Abraham sat under the oak, three men stood by him. Carefully think of all this. Do you become conscious of it? Do you believe? I am grieved at heart, having written very many edicts on these matters, and all men being with me as one family. When Kan-wang came to the capital, he also had a revelation. To recognise these divine communications is better than being baptized ten thousand times. Blessed are they that watch. Your Father, your Lord, comes to you as a thief, and at a time when you know not. He that believeth shall be saved. You will see greater things than these. Respect this."*

While Mr. Roberts remained in Nanking (for he has now returned to Canton), it was in this tone that he was addressed by the chief, who regarded him with great partiality, on account of a revelation made to him, "that Mr. Roberts was a good man." On one occasion, in consequence of this favour, he was admitted to a personal interview. The difficulty in arranging the interview, was in the persistent refusal of the missionary

* "Respect this" is the closing sentence in all imperial edicts. Whatever an emperor writes is thus concluded.

to kneel to the Taiping chief. After consultation between the high chiefs, or kings, it was agreed that he need not kneel. He was told, however, that all present would kneel to the Heavenly Father, and that he could not decline to do so likewise. Even this, however, he would not undertake to do, for fear of being misunderstood. On entering the hall of audience, he stood at the end of one of the long rows of high officials, who were ranged, to the number of about twenty, on the east and west sides of the hall. All, including the missionary, appeared in their court-robes. When the time of worship came, Kan-wang, the *ci-devant* preacher in the London Mission at Hongkong, called out in a loud voice from where he stood, near the principal chief, "Lo-hiau-tsiuen pai Tien fu"—*Mr. Roberts, worship the Heavenly Father.* Taken by surprise, the missionary, after a moment's hesitation, knelt, with his face turned away from Hung-sieu-tsiuen, while Kan-wang offered an extemporaneous prayer. Then all rose, and made many genuflexions to Hung-sieu-tsiuen, the missionary alone excepted. A long conversation ensued between these old acquaintances. The Tien-wang asked if Mr. Roberts remembered him, who replied that he scarcely did. Many years had elapsed, and there was a great difference in their appearance.

There were strange anomalies in this audience hall. Perhaps the strangest of them all was, that these chiefs should make an extemporaneous prayer to Almighty God, by one of their number, a part of their court ceremony, when paying a state visit to their lord paramount. The prayer, too, would be no medley of blasphemous expressions, such as many would expect from men like the Taipings, but would consist of appropriate Christian sentiments, such as the converts of the Protestant missionaries learn to use. Such is the prayer the same chief has published in his recent book, and such was the prayer which I myself heard offered by him as a part of his daily worship months before in the city of Sucheu.

The next morning was Saturday (March 23), the rebel Sabbath. We heard that the young chief before mentioned, the

son of one of the so-called "kings," was to preach on the parade ground. Proceeding there we found a large concourse of Taipings. A sea of flags and streamers, red, yellow, white, and green, floated in the wind over them. There was also an assemblage of horses and sedan-chairs. The preacher of the day, who is also in temporary charge of the affairs of the city, and whom we had visited on our arrival, came in a large yellow chair. Beneath the open sky there was a platform made of square tables, and a table on these covered with a red and yellow cloth. On this the preacher stood with his pasteboard yellow coronet, and addressed the listening crowd for twenty minutes. He spoke on the soldier's daily duties, his care of his family, attention to prayer in the night at the appointed time, and observance of the watchword when on guard.

The orator spoke with a weak voice and hesitating manner. He was followed by a more fluent speaker, a high chief, middle-aged, who discussed various moral and political matters. He gave reasons for the exclusion of traders from the city, except such as dealt in medicines, and mentioned locations in which trade may be carried on without the walls. He also referred to the practice of women riding to market; the elder women might do so, but it was not becoming for such as were still young. They had better not be seen in public. He also urged the cultivation of a kind spirit towards the aged and destitute, of whom there were many, and he urged that their case demanded sympathy and aid.

After these addresses, all the listeners, standing on the green sward of the review ground, within a large semicircle of flaunting banners, knelt towards the table where the young chief also knelt. There was silence for a few minutes, as if they were all praying to the Heavenly Father. Then they rose and separated, feeling perhaps that when a political and moral exhortation had been delivered, and a silent prayer offered to the Heavenly Father, the object of the assembly was gained.

This act of Sabbath worship ended, a good portion of those

who were present remained to hear what was being said by the foreign missionary, who now began to address those who stood near from a neighbouring terrace of earth and stone. The opportunity was seized upon of expounding some of the central truths of Christianity.

The spot was one of no slight interest. To the south-east was the large yellow wall of Hung-sieu-tsiuen's palace at a little distance. On the right lay a little hill, once enclosed in the palace of an ancient dynasty, that of Liang, which made Nanking its capital in the fifth century. On the left was the Manchu city, its houses a heap of indiscriminate ruins, its inner and outer wall dismantled, its once-thronged gateways and handsome approaches entirely deserted. Such an utter desolation reminded us strongly of descriptions by the Hebrew prophets of cities wasted, and without inhabitants; whose young men fell in the streets, and all whose men of war were cut off. To the west, on an eminence, rose the drum tower, a very ancient building in the centre of the city, and to the north of it lay a large vacant space, where once stood the palace of the Ming dynasty.

In the afternoon, when we accompanied Mr. Roberts to preach in a crowded street, a large number of persons stood to listen, and perfect order was maintained while they were addressed upon the truths of Holy Scripture. Mr. Roberts addressed the Taipings who came from the south in the Canton dialect, and I followed him, speaking to the remainder in the Mandarin idiom.

Sunday, March 24.—Large audiences gathered round us in the streets while we stood at convenient points and preached Jesus and eternal life. That the most of the Taipings are very ignorant of Christianity, may be gathered from their answers to inquiries. A soldier, when asked, Who is the Holy Spirit? replied, "The Eastern King." Such ignorance is the result of the unhappy errors of the insurgent chief, who has misunderstood the doctrine of the Trinity, failed to apprehend the distinction of the Persons, and interpreted the promise of

our Saviour respecting the Comforter as having its fulfilment in the person of one of his own first followers.

A religious service was held at our lodging, and another in a large building, part of which was called the "Hall of the Heavenly Father," and part the "Hall of Worship." Many were present to hear.

In the afternoon, in conversation with the young chief who had preached the day before, I remarked, that a proclamation recently issued by him contained much which appeared to us to be very excellent, recommending, as it did, kindness to the poor and unfortunate. He said, in reply, that it was according to the nature of the Christian religion to be benevolent, and that Jesus came into the world to save and bless men; for this he had died on the cross.

In answer, I said that I was delighted to hear him speak in this manner. It was what we felt to be most important truth; and I would beg to ask, why, having such views, he did not refer yesterday, while preaching to the soldiers, to the crucifixion and atonement of Jesus; for I had noticed that he spoke only of moral and political duties. He said that the officers were all expected to teach these doctrines, each in his own house, on occasions when the family met for daily worship and instruction. They did so to a great extent. He then expressed his satisfaction that foreign teachers came to teach what is good, and to do good, thus doing what was very meritorious. I replied, that Jesus commanded his disciples to say, after having done what he had enjoined, "We are unprofitable servants," and that they could not in any case claim as their own any real goodness or merit. He remarked, that he had that day been rebuked at court by the great chief for his faults, and that he felt the need of the Holy Spirit to touch his heart, and move him to goodness. I could but answer to this, that the sentiment he had expressed was most excellent, for the aid of the Holy Spirit is above all things necessary to the right performance of our duties, adding, "but the doctrine of the *Holy Spirit* is misunderstood by your people. A soldier, when

asked this morning what was meant by this expression, said, that it referred to 'the Eastern King.'" "Ah!" said the young chief, "he is wrong; the Holy Spirit is God, and the Eastern King is *feng*, 'wind.'"*

The conversation showed that while this young Taiping officer had been accustomed to think that the Holy Spirit is the same with the Father, he believed in an influence on the heart, which he called "obtaining the Holy Spirit."

During the next two days some of the notable spots in this vast and ancient city were visited. Where the porcelain tower once stood, there is now a mass of glazed bricks, whole and broken, white and coloured. The Taiping people, had they the power, would destroy all the idol temples and pagodas in China. Their religious fanaticism is too essential a part of the movement to allow of any change in this point. If they are to be exterminated by their opponents, they will continue to be iconoclasts, as they will continue to call themselves Christians till their power is broken. To abandon their religious creed and customs, would be to weaken their system to a fatal extent. Nanking was famed for the grandeur of its monasteries, and the number of its priests. They have all disappeared.

Hung-sieu-tsiuen lives within a double yellow wall, with imperial dragons painted on the gates. Every morning a few scribes may be seen copying new edicts, written on yellow satin, and pasted on boards near the palace entrance. They are in red ink in the chief's own handwriting, and consist in great part of statements on the subject of the Taiping religion. In some I read he attempted to define the relation of our Saviour to the Father in regard to his divine nature, and in doing so, expressed Arian views. The door of the palace is called "The holy heavenly gate of the true God."

* The word *feng*, "wind," has been used by some translators into Chinese for the Holy Spirit, because the Greek πνεῦμα means "wind;" and also because wind is a Scripture symbol for spiritual influence. But it is an extremely inconvenient term, and is liable to be misunderstood, as by the chief in the above conversation.

A walk in the Manchu city helped us to appreciate the intense hatred of the Tartar rulers felt by the Taipings. Only one house was left standing in a city of 25,000 inhabitants. The city walls and gates, too massive to be thrown down, are overgrown with wild flowers and weeds. All ornamental structures of coloured bricks which once stood upon them have been carefully destroyed. Broken bricks and porcelain of many colours lie along the wall and near it.

On one day this week, Mang, the young chief, invited us to join him at the mid-day meal. There was no wine, or any fermented drink. One Chinese guest was present, beside the host and our party. The chief asked a rather long blessing in a somewhat low tone. The sentiments of his prayer were, so far as I could catch them, correct and Christian. The conversation turned upon the productions of foreign countries, the prices of Chinese produce abroad, the price of steamers, and so forth.

28*th*.—The chief styled Kan-wang is anxious to introduce among the Taipings a taste for European improvements. Near his residence we saw his printing-office, where he has a staff of printers engaged in carrying through the press, with moveable types, works prepared by himself. These books are partly explanatory of the religion of the Bible, and partly political. They recommend various improvements in the constitution of the state, the institutions of social life, and in the arts. They describe the advantage of railways, of the electric telegraph, of a post-office, of newspapers, and of steam machinery. These he would have set on foot in China upon the re-establishment of peace. Unfortunately these visions of future prosperity, indulged by some of the Taiping chiefs, are not accompanied by the genius for conquest and for government, which alone could afford the opportunity of realizing them. They live upon the plunder of the people, and therefore the country is against them. They have no friends among peaceable citizens; and without extraordinary victories, and unexpected turns of good fortune, they cannot drive out the Tartars, or even reduce to

an orderly state a single province. They would do better to busy themselves in forming an efficient government for the territory now under their power, than to be dreaming of possible improvements when the present era of anarchy shall close.

But the Taipings are not statesmen. They have a certain system, and strong convictions regarding some great religious truths. They have entered upon a political enterprise too great for them. Under the influence of those convictions, and undaunted by difficulties which they cannot surmount, they are careless of the future, and indulge in imaginary creations of a re-constituted China, modelled by themselves, or rather by some force of fate, which is to work the change for them.

Be this as it may, Kan-wang amuses his leisure with literary occupations, in pursuing which he hopes to pave the way for beneficial changes in public education, and in the diffusion of knowledge. His moveable types were captured by the Taipings at Yangcheu, which was taken by them when they first came to Nanking, ten years ago. They were made some years since at Canton for a native of Yangcheu, then residing there as a high official. The compositors were some engravers of wooden blocks for printing, who had learned to "compose" the (to them) new-fashioned moveable metal types.

Another house we visited, at the distance of a few streets, proved to be a warehouse for the publications of the Taiping dynasty. Here we found arranged on shelves the complete New Testament, as printed by the insurgent chief, and the Old, as far as Joshua. His own compositions, religious, fanatical, and political, were all here, including those written by the Eastern King, and by Kan-wang.

In the evening of this day I visited one of the old followers of the movement, named Hwang. He is a personal friend of the chief, who has mentioned him in some of the Taiping publications. Hwang was glad to see me, and showed himself to be possessed of a warm-hearted disposition, as well as religious feeling. He produced a volume of the New Testament, containing the Epistles to the Galatians and Thessalonians, with

the intervening epistles. It was black on the edges with frequent fingering. There is no doubt that he was constantly in the habit of reading this and other parts of the New Testament. He complained that the majority of the Taipings do not read either the publications of the insurgent chief, or books given them by foreign missionaries. For himself he stated, that he valued them too highly not to read them. He invited me to engage in a religious service with himself and some members of his family, and remarked that it was his daily custom to have prayer in the hall with the members of his household, performing the service himself.

A friend of his came in during the evening, a native of the province of Canton, named Li. He came from his home by an inland route in 1852 to Shanghai. Here he saw an English missionary, and visited him at his house. The missionary gave him a Christian book, and a native friend another of considerable thickness, called "The Ten Commandments of God." He represented himself as having been converted while reading this book. Before, he said, he was proud and thought himself of some consequence in the world, but this book made him humble. He who would become, said he, a believer in the doctrine of truth, must begin with humility.

Observing that this man was not of the common sort, I continued the conversation by asking him, "Through whose merits is the believing man forgiven?"

A. Through the merits of Christ.

Q. What makes the death of Christ effectual?

A. He was without sin. We are sinners, and cannot atone for sin.

Q. What were your feelings as you read the "Ten Commandments of God?"

A. I thought this is the doctrine that is true. When I came to the word, "Steal not," "Do not commit adultery," I felt indignant at the perpetrators of such crimes, and could have killed them for their acts.

Q. *It is* not right to indulge our passions and to commit

deeds of violence, such as taking the lives of men. Jesus, when he was reviled, reviled not again ; when he suffered, he threatened not. We must imitate the Divine forbearance of our great example.

A. Yes ; if thine enemy strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.

Q. You appear to have read the Scriptures much. What fault did Paul find with the Galatians in his letter to them ?

A. That they listened to the instructions of false teachers.

Q. How is a man justified before God ?

A. By knowing himself to be sinful.

Q. But for whose sake is he forgiven ?

A. For the sake of Jesus.

Here the older rebel Hwang made the remark respecting his friend, that he was a great student of the Scriptures, and better able than any one he knew to give an account of them.

Q. What other books have you read upon Christianity ?

A. Fu yin kwang hiün (Village Sermons by Dr. Milne), and several others which were given me at Shanghai.

Q. How were you then occupied ?

A. I was engaged on grain junks at Sung-kiang, and came twice to Shanghai on grain business.

Q. Did you live as a Christian after reading these books ?

A. Yes, and as far as I could kept the Seventh day.

Q. How did you come to Nanking ?

A. In pursuit of my occupation, and was here when the Tien-wang arrived, whom I joined at once.

Q. Why did you not, like others, run away ?

A. I asked the soldiers of Hien-fung who these people were. They said, The same as you, for they worship Shang-ti (God), and they also forbid opium and wine. I thought this a good character for men to bear, and determined to stay where I was.

Since that time, for eight or ten years, this man has been living among the Taipings, reading the Scriptures, and other books published by the chief, and writing upon them.

Very few such men are found among them. Their presence cannot be held to have a powerful influence on the multitude of their fellow Taipings. Far from it. A few possess light, but it is light in darkness, and it fails to prevent the commission of the greatest atrocities. War, as carried on between the rebels and the Imperialists, means the destruction of a vast proportion of the lives and property of the people, to whatever part of the country it extends. Invading hordes desolate the successive provinces like an inundation, and their leaders show no signs of the ability to reconstitute peace and order in the regions they conquer. A Christian foreigner cannot give his sympathy to this movement, because it is disfigured by enormous crimes; but he will not fail to regard with interest the character of those connected with it who, though limited be their number, study our Scriptures, and believe in many of the doctrines of our religion.

CHAPTER V.

Nanking—A Witness of the alleged descent of the Heavenly Father questioned—A Taiping's defence of his religion, in answer to objections by a Missionary—Replies of Hung-sieu-tsiuen to theological communications sent him—Pernicious effects of his notions of an anthropomorphic God—He permits the residence of Missionaries in Nanking—Inexpediency of attempting to reside there.

One of the most painful peculiarities in the books of the Taiping chief is the reiterated assertion of the descent of the Heavenly Father to make revelations respecting the new religion and state of Taipingdom. The Eastern King is represented as having become possessed, and in this state to have uttered the words of the Heavenly Father, who made use of this favourite leader as his mouthpiece whenever anything important was to *be communicated.*

A certain Cheu-sih-nang plotted to betray his comrades, and take the life of Hung-sieu-tsiuen, in the first years of the movement. He was pointed out and mentioned by name in one of these professed revelations. A trial in consequence took place, and witnesses appeared who proved the guilt of Cheu, and consequently the truth of the revelation through Yang-sieu-tsing, the Eastern King. One of these witnesses was our friend Hwang, spoken of in the preceding chapter. The other principal witness had died in the interval. A full account is given in one of the rebel books of the supposed revelation, and of the trial and the testimony of these two witnesses.

Our relations with Hwang were so friendly, on account of his evident cordiality and religious sincerity, that the hope was indulged of obtaining from him a confession on the matter of the revelations. It seemed likely that, on the occasion adverted to, Yang had been supplied privately with information such as might account in an ordinary way for his knowledge of Cheu's guilt. If any one knew the facts of the case it must be Hwang, and I accordingly plied him with questions upon this point. He persisted, however, in denying that Yang had been previously acquainted with the plot in any way whatever. He repeated again and again, with an air of earnestness, that the circumstances made known were all specially revealed by the Heavenly Father through Yang, and that Yang was elsewhere at the time of the treachery. Hwang refuses to admit that he had already told Yang any one of the facts to which he bore testimony, when called upon by the voice of the Father (as it is irreverently related) through Yang to do so.

After what I saw of this man, I prefer to regard him as a victim of the Taiping delusion, rather than as wilfully a party to any collusion in this or other visions.

I asked him if he really believed that the Heavenly Father came down into the person of Yang, the "Eastern King."

A. Yes. I saw him myself when it took place, and there were other witnesses of it.

Q. You do not suppose that the Heavenly Father appeared

in any other way, or spoke by the medium of any other person?

A. No. He spoke only through the lips of the "Eastern King," who fell into a trance at the time.

Q. You also believe in the visions of the Tien-wang?

A. Yes; and many other persons saw him at the time of the visions. His mother, his two brothers, his relative Kan-wang, and a sister. They all saw him in his entranced state. It was not his body that went to heaven, but his soul.

Q. Which do you consider the most important, the visions of Tien-wang, or the death of Jesus Christ?

A. Both are important, but I suppose you regard the death of Jesus Christ as much the more so.

Q. Yes; because the visions of Tien-wang are new, and we cannot examine the evidence for them for ourselves. What we know respecting Jesus is old and well-established truth, for which there is abundant proof.

A. I must call on Li-sien-seng to defend our doctrine. I am not myself competent to do so. But I have this to say, that your books, speaking of things that happened eighteen centuries ago, will be thrown aside by our people as recording what is ancient, and less interesting on that account, while our books relate that which is fresh, and contain scenes, names, and events which impress by their familiarity.

During further conversation with him and his friend, I learned that they have never had among them, properly speaking, the observance of the Lord's Supper. From their acquaintance with the Scriptures they are well aware of what it means, but the chief has not appointed it. They practise baptism by washing the head and chest with water.

I inquired what they understood to be meant by the Holy Spirit? In answer, they asked who we took him to be?

When informed that he is equal with the Father and the Son, and alike called God, different in order, but the same in nature, power, and glory, they stated that the Tien-wang *taught* them to regard the Holy Spirit as the Father, de-

scending into men's hearts, and affecting them like wind and like fire.

Sunday, March 31.—By invitation, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Wilson, and myself, went to-day to the house of Hwang, with whom we had already conversed so fully, to worship the Heavenly Father. At twelve o'clock we proceeded with him to the hall, and joined in a religious service, Mr. Roberts offering prayer. On the table were displayed, as offerings to the Trinity, three cups of tea, and nine bowls of food. On objecting to this custom of offerings, we were told that it was appointed by the Tien-wang as a visible act of homage to God, suitable for those who had lately embraced Christianity. The question was then asked, "Whether, on the establishment of the dynasty, and of their religion with it throughout the country, this custom would be discontinued?" "That," they said, "would depend on the will of the Tien-wang."

During the conversation that followed round the dinner-table, Li-sien-seng said that he had long wished to call on Mr. Roberts, but had not found time to do so.

When asked what had so closely engaged his attention, he said, "Writing books. The Heavenly Father calls on me to write such and such things, and I write them."

On being requested to show what he had written, he went to his room and returned with a book of metrical compositions. It contained a poem on each of the Ten Commandments,—on the reception and recognition of the truth, on repentance and faith, and on the spread of the Gospel.

"What sound is to music," writes this rebel poet, "such are the tidings in the word 'gospel' (Fuh yin) to the good they announce;" or, "Happiness has its annunciation, as music has its sounds."

It would have been impossible to borrow this book from the careful and cautious author, of whose innermost thoughts it was the record; but, it is needless to say, that I felt some interest in looking rapidly over a volume on such subjects, by such a writer, in such a place.

He also brought a letter written by a missionary who had visited Nanking in 1860, the late Rev. J. L. Holmes, who was cruelly murdered by a party of the rebels called Nien-fei, near Chefoo, a year later. The letter was written for the insurgent chief to see, and contained several charges against the views and practices of the Taipings. The chief himself never saw it, but subordinate chiefs did, and they would know, from its emphatic condemnation of their errors, that their views widely differ from those of British and American Christians.

Li-sien-seng showed me, with the letter, his own answers to its successive items.

The letter asked, "How can the wife of the Western King* be the wife of the Heavenly Father?" This is an allusion to one of the most irreverent and revolting circumstances of Hung-sieu-tsiuen's anthropomorphism. The Taiping champion replies, "It is a mistake to suppose that the two female personages are the same. She that the Tien-wang saw in heaven may have been formed as Eve was from Adam. The Deity, though he has not a human body, has a soul which possesses eyes, ears, mouth, hands, and ribs."

For ten years the Taipings have been shut off far more than the Mormonites from the influence of common human society, so that there has been no check upon the grossness of their anthropomorphic ideas. A large portion of them live but to slay and destroy. The few who have religious feeling are beclouded by fanatic errors, based on fancied visions which take the place of the healthful truths of God's Word.

The letter asked, "What is meant by the Tien-wang going up to heaven?"

To this the advocate replies, "The soul of Tien-wang went to heaven, not his body, and there is no reason why the soul may not leave the body for a time. He simply stated to others on his return what he had seen."

After reading this answer, I remarked to the author, that

* One of the earliest Taipings, and a relative by marriage of the chief *himself.*

the Scriptures say, "Whom no man hath seen, nor can see," turning to the passage.

A. We can all see the Heavenly Father. I have seen Him.

Q. How have you seen Him, and when?

A. In a dream. He told me things that I should do. If he did not speak, I felt that I must do this or that by a sort of compulsion.

When his attention was called to the Scripture statement, he looked to see if it was God the Father that was spoken of, and remained silent for some time.

Hwang took advantage of the interval to introduce a word by the way. "We have had miracles, too," he said, "among us. When we were preparing to fight on one occasion, the wind was in our faces. We knelt on the green sod, and prayed that it might change. It did so, and began to blow against the enemy. Is not that a miracle?"

Another question in the letter of the missionary was, "How can the Tien-wang say that he is the brother of Jesus Christ, Jesus being God?" (The term used for God was *Shen.*)

To this the Taiping advocate answered, "Jesus is man, and not *Shen.*"

Taking a copy of a version of the New Testament lying on the table, in which the word *Shen* was used for God, I pointed out several passages in which Jesus is called *Shen.* "But," said Li, "if Jesus is *Shen*, he is not Ti" (the other term used for God in several versions).

I then took the Taiping edition of the New Testament, and referred to passages where Jesus is called Ti, as in the confession of Thomas in the Gospel of John.

Further, the letter had asked Tien-wang, "How can you call yourself *chu*, "lord," when Jesus has said, 'Be ye not called masters, for one is your Master, even Christ?"

The reply to this by Li was, that Jesus meant in the passage quoted not to prohibit lordship over a kingdom, but the assumption of a superiority like that of masters over slaves.

The kingdom of heaven spoken of in Matthew as about to arrive, is come (he thinks) in the Taiping enterprise.

I endeavoured to convince him, by an examination of the verses in which the kingdom of heaven is spoken of, that it came with the teaching and first results of our Lord's own ministry.

He was more puzzled by the passage, "Whom no man hath seen, nor can see," than any other. While sincerely desirous to defend the views of his chief, he was also anxious to hold to Scripture. The contradiction between them, when apparent, would necessarily place him in difficulty.

Unfortunately, he proved himself to have an unsafe theory of interpretation, by finding an uncertain mystic sense attaching to passages, whose natural explanation is simple and safe. A mystic additional interpretation is encouraged by the chief himself by numerous ill-founded renderings of the sense of certain passages.

As a specimen of Li's unsafe hermeneutical method, it may be mentioned, that he explained the "twelve manner of fruits," in the 21st chapter of Revelation, as twelve *books*.

To the passage, "I and my Father are one," he assigned a Socinian sense, saying that it meant only "oneness in object." I explained it to him as embracing also oneness in power, nature, and authority.

The words, "In the image of God created he them," were considered. The Taiping argued from it that God is like man in body, and pleaded for the offensive and blasphemous notion that there is therefore in heaven a female divinity, corresponding to Eve in paradise.

He was informed that the likeness here meant is a likeness in power, in reasoning faculties, and in virtuous dispositions. This he readily admitted; but when I begged him to place such an explanation beside his own in his manuscript, he refused to promise that he would do so.

I urged him to consider the degrading character of the *Taiping* anthropomorphic conceptions of God, and the sin of

speaking lightly and dishonourably of the Ever-blessed One. Christ, in his Divine nature, existed eternally. He was born of woman as *man*, but as GOD he is the eternal Son of the Father. It would be the height of sinful absurdity to invest His Divine nature with human conditions, and impute to it any quality or circumstance which is finite or earthly.

It is highly disappointing when men, such as Li-peng-sheu, on many grounds claiming sympathy, as careful students of the Scriptures, do not blush to defend views which, when presented to the attention of the enlightened Christian, can only distress him. The Taipings live alone, and encourage each other in the maintenance of opinions which cannot bear comparison with those of ordinary Christians more favourably situated. But the truth is known by them now more than it has been during their years of isolation. The Shield King (Hung-jen) is perfectly conversant with the points of difference between the theology of his fanatic relative and that of European and American Christians. His prudence has not allowed him to recommend radical changes, but his ardent wish is to introduce improvements both in creed and practice when a good opportunity occurs. He has now been seconded, in whatever aims he may have of this kind, by conversations and written communications of missionaries, so that the Taiping chiefs know what points of disparity exist between their religious sentiments and practice and our own.

A few days' residence in the southern part of Nanking convinced us that, in its present circumstances, it would, as a place of abode, be far from agreeable and healthy. There is no free access of day-labourers to the city, and the well water is affected by the introduction of noxious matter. We noticed that our Chinese companions took in the mornings a large basin of medicine as a precautionary measure. To the inquiry, what was this substance, which looked like treacle and hot water, the answer was returned, that forty-four different drugs were employed in compounding it. It was to counteract any ill effects from the impure water of the rebel capital.

Monday, April 1.—We again visited the young chief. He gave us communications he had received from Hung-sieu-tsiuen. There was an answer to a memorial, sent a few days before, asking if permission could be given for missionaries to reside in Nanking. To this request he gave an affirmative reply. He was at that time in a good humour with missionaries, and was pleased to have them at his capital. Perhaps it gratified him, as an indication that foreigners were become aware of the establishment of his dynasty, and would also recognise him as a prophet divinely commissioned.

In an edict, of which we received a copy a few days before, he made great professions of regard to all the foreign brothers and sisters. Addressing by name those missionaries then in Nanking, and Rev. G. John, who had recently returned to Shanghai, he urged on us the reasonableness and importance of recognising him as the sun in the heavens, and the sovereign of the world. "The Father and Brother now descend to rearrange in the world the order of things. On earth and in heaven only the Father is the most honourable. To recognise the Brother without the Father is to lose sight of the distinction of rank. The Father is greater than the Son—the Elder Brother than the younger. All the world should together recognise the Elder Brother, and the Ruler."

"Christ," he adds, "ought to be revered as God. To regard the Son as the Father, agrees with the Father's will.

"The Father gave forth the Scriptures, and whatever faults there are in them, he has commanded me to correct them, and publish them to the world in their amended form.

"The books you present to me, I, for the Father receiving, will correct, struggling in the Father's behalf.

"Besides the Brother, there is only one man who elevates the Father to the supremacy.

"I praise the disciples from the western ocean. They are indeed faithful and true in showing gratitude to the Heavenly Father and Brother. The heavenly kingdom of the Father *and* Brother is eternal and unending. Let all the disciples

combine with brave heart to elevate the Father, the Brother, myself, and the young prince, that the empire may be established for myriads of years. So the predictions and promises of happiness in the Bible will be realized, and all men will see that they are so. Respect this."

There are in this document the same foolish and wild pretensions which occur in almost all the writer's productions. He writes as if he entertained the hope of persuading the foreign missionaries to recognise him as a sort of Son of God.* In this point there appears to be good ground to suppose that his reason is affected. If so, it is a monomania which does not prevent his holding the reins of power over his followers. After more than ten years, during which he has maintained his mixed political and religious pretensions, he is still obeyed by them without question, and treated by them with the highest reverence and respect.

Doubtless it would gratify him extremely to have any of his religious claims admitted by his foreign visitors. He represents himself as divinely appointed to proclaim and establish a new Christianity, to issue a Bible corrected by himself, and to institute festivals and other observances with divine authority attested by visions and dreams.

Most Europeans in China, and most natives, believe that he is an impostor and deceiver of the worst kind. But it appears more probable to me that he is deceived by his own visions, acting on a mind heated by fanatical tendencies. Possessing a monomaniacal predisposition to be strongly affected by religious notions, the reading of Christian books, combined with the effects of sickness, in fact turned his brain. From this unhealthy state of mind he has never recovered. But he did not lose the power to command and control the people who surrounded him, nor has his position among them ever been seriously insecure.

If this be true of Hung-sieu-tsiuen, it is not difficult to un-

* He says that, when taken to heaven, the Heavenly Father told him that he was his son.

derstand why he should continue to set forth his religious pretensions, and show himself very friendly in his tone when addressing foreign missionaries.

He said, in another document received at the same time, in the rough poetical measure which he constantly writes :—

" Men's words are not trustworthy. Heaven's words are true.

" In heaven and earth there is one true God.

" Because men had forgotten the Father, and despised that which they should honour,

" Christ gave his life to free them from sin.

" Christ is the eldest Son of the Father.

" By turning away the Father's wrath, he saved mankind.

" Christ ought to be honoured as God.

" To regard the Son as the Father, agrees with the Divine will.

" My eyesight fails, and I have not corrected all the books and papers you have presented.

" When I have completed the perusal, and decided on what shall be retained, the book will speak for itself.

" Not having seen God, do not say that He has not been seen.

" The Elder Brother and I have seen the Father, plainly and certainly so.

" In the year 1837 I went to heaven, taken there by the Father.

" He appointed me to slay the dragon and devil, causing me to be supported on angels' wings.

" My eyesight failing, I cannot correct all the papers you have presented.

" I will issue them afterwards as an approved book.

" The books formerly presented have already been approved and printed,

" After I had seen that what they contained was correct, and that they were free from falseness and delusion.

" The Father and the Brother have now come down into the *world.*

"Their holy will is to save men from the paths of error.

"Respect this."

This curious memorandum of the Tien-wang was his answer to the treatises which had been forwarded to him, in defence of those articles of Christian faith on which he holds mistaken views.

Though admitting that our Saviour is to be honoured as the Father, he avoids the use of any language which an Arian would not employ, when his attention is called to passages requiring divine honour to be paid to Christ.

One treatise, prepared by Rev. G. John, he returned with alterations, complaining that it was written in too small a hand.

Another treatise of considerable extent, prepared by myself, and which happened to be transcribed in a large and plain character, he retained.

In it was embraced a series of proofs of the proper deity of our Lord Jesus Christ from the Old and New Testaments, with testimonies from the Fathers of the ante-Nicene period, and a translation of the Athanasian creed with the Nicene creed.

It was necessary to enter minutely into the controversy, because the Tien-wang had on more than one occasion expressed his preference for the views of Arius over those of Athanasius.

A defence of the deity and personality of the Holy Spirit was also appended.

Hung-sieu-tsiuen's anthropomorphism and gross materialism have kept out of his view, in the reading of the Scriptures, the pre-existence and eternity of the Son of God. He has looked upon the birth of Jesus as a marvellous event indeed, but not as the incarnation in time of One who existed from eternity. How could he conceive at all of the Divine nature of our Saviour upon the basis of anthropomorphism? By this unfortunate *vitium originale* he has disqualified himself for apprehending rightly the true Scripture doctrine of the person of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit. He has not been living during these fifteen years in the light of the sublime views of

God held by Trinitarian Christians, but in the dim and flickering illumination of a materialistic theology; and that a theology formed by himself out of visions, and a coarse and sensuous interpretation of Scripture.

When light came to him, he preferred to hold fast by what he had said and written. A copious treatise on God, by the late Dr. Medhurst, he republished, after first removing all passages which taught the spiritual nature of the Divine being.

He will not hesitate to take the same liberty with the Scriptures themselves, in the new edition he is now publishing, professing, as he does, that he is divinely appointed to promulgate a fresh revelation, and to correct what needs change in the old.

It appeared necessary to attack his materialistic notions of God, and I accordingly sent to him, through the young chief who forwarded the other papers, one upon the immateriality of God. It was transcribed in a large hand, and came back, a few days after, covered with vermilion corrections and notes, dashed off roughly with a very thick-pointed pencil.

In the Chinese language, the same word, *hing*, is used for *visible form*, and for *material substance*. The title to the paper said that where God is spoken of as having a visible form, the language is figurative; but where it is said that God is without visible form, the words are to be taken according to their natural sense.

This was erased, and the remark, in red, appended, "The sacred countenance only the Son of God can see." Here he alludes to John i. 18, "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him."

Some remarks were made at the commencement on the superiority of spirit to matter, on the necessity for the Creator to be a spirit, and so forth. These statements were passed by without remark.

To the passage, John i. 18, which was then cited, he added

the remark, that "men have not been permitted to see God, lest they should make an image of Him."

In the manuscript there followed the words, "God has no form; Christ is His form." Beside them he wrote, "that men might easily see Him;" and, "for the Son is as the Father."

Farther on, he erased the word "figure," and replaced it by "reality," where the description in the fourth chapter of the Book of Revelation of Him that sat upon the throne was cited as figurative.

He also erased the word "only," where Jesus is spoken of as the "only-begotten Son of God," evidently as implying want of faith in his own pretensions.

He comments also on the doctrine recommended for his adoption, in the following words:—"According to what you say, Christ, having a visible form, was evidently not God. Yet He is to be revered as God."

In a concluding note he repeats his absurd claims to be received as a Son of God, and as divinely called to the throne of the heavenly empire.

This pretension he never for a moment loses sight of, and he considers himself as in a position to decide authoritatively on all matters of religion. When, therefore, the American or English missionary offers to correct his published opinions, he cuts controversy short, by laying down the law *ex cathedra*. In no matter will he allow himself to be overruled. Whatever is said to him on the subject of his errors, he contradicts in a decided but good-humoured tone. He maintains a friendly disposition towards all the Christian missionaries who have communicated to him their criticisms on his writings and his heresies; and while correcting in return what appears to him to be wrong in their statements, he seems to take pleasure in expressing his high approval of the faithfulness and zeal of men who come from distant countries to teach the Christian religion to the Chinese. This approval does not make him at all more willing to modify any of his opinions on account of what such men may say to him. He imitates their persistence

in urging the importance of particular doctrines, by pressing on them the necessity of certain changes in the opinions they entertain. They must regard the Taiping dynasty as the divine kingdom, which stands alone in the world, and Nanking (which he calls Tien-king, "Heavenly capital") as the seat of religious supremacy and universal empire. The word *king*, "capital," must be applied to no city but Nanking. The term *kwoh*, "kingdom," must not be employed for any country but China, as ruled by himself. Nanking is the metropolis of the empire of God and of Christ; and he, with his son, are the visible representatives on earth of God and of Christ. He professes to be the head of the Taiping dynasty on this basis simply. In harmony with common Chinese ideas, he prohibits the use of the name Jesus alone for our Saviour, at least in writing. Jesus Christ, or rather Christ only, should be used, because it is more a title than a name.

On one occasion he sent a message, through Hung-jen, his relative already referred to, to the foreign acquaintances of the latter, condemning the character of a recent publication he had seen. He complains of the use of the word Ti, "Emperor," for the chief ruler of foreign countries, when it ought to be limited to God. The writers, he complains, seemed to take pride in the nations to which they belong, instead of simply in the gospel of the kingdom of God. They ought not to belong to any kingdom but the kingdom of heaven. They should teach the doctrine of that kingdom, and know no other.

As to the Person of Christ, they ought certainly to teach that he is inferior to the Father, but superior to angels; and it ought not to be held that the Father and Son are equal. On this point the Nicene council, as recorded in that book, had, he says, decided erroneously. The verse relied on as proving that Christ is equal to the Father, was, "He thought it not robbery to be equal with God." But, in fact, this only showed that Christ was previously not equal with God, and that, because the Son is of the nature of the Father, it is not arrogance for *Him to be co*-ordinate with Him.

The Taiping chief having mentioned me by name as his authority for the statement respecting the views of Arius, both in this communication to Hung-jen, who sent it to Hongkong for publication, and in letters to Mr. Roberts, it was a duty to give him fuller information on the subject of the Divinity of our Lord, and this I did in the manuscripts submitted to him.

From the bold and uncompromising way in which he puts forward his own claim to be the second son of God, it has been concluded by some that he requires his followers to worship him as God. This conclusion is probably erroneous. He has no proper conception of the Divinity of our Saviour, only of his humanity. He knows Him as a man, and understands the title, Son of God, to be applicable to Him as a man elected and adopted as the Son of the Father. So he looks upon himself as similarly elected and adopted to be the head of the new theocratic kingdom which the Taiping revolution is intended to inaugurate. Hence, too, he also calls the Eastern King a son of God.

One of his most dangerous tenets is that he himself is divinely sent to alter the Scriptures. He has changed the name New Testament to Former Testament, and his own revelation is the New Testament, according to the nomenclature he has recently introduced. The evidence to which he appeals in support of this claim is simply the visions and dreams of himself and some of his followers.

The system he has formed can therefore only be regarded as the work of one who has lost the proper balance of his mind, and it is surely vain to expect that he will become convinced of his errors. When, then, in compliance with a request made to him, he gave permission to reside in Nanking, the reflection could not fail to occur, that, in addition to the great political difficulties in the way of taking up an abode in a besieged city, closed against trade for ten years (and which proved insurmountable), the design of converting the Taiping chief to correct scriptural opinions was a hopeless one.

The truth has been laid before him, and all his cherished errors exposed and assailed. But he has not abated an inch of

the contested claims. He has shown himself decided and unyielding, while maintaining a kindly manner.

The self-styled prophet and iconoclast proceeds with his enterprise, unimpeded by the presence of those from whom, as he well remembers, and cheerfully acknowledges, he received the knowledge of Christianity.

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CHAPTER VI.

Is the Rebel Chief a Deceiver?—Chinese Opinions—Return from Nanking—Sufferings of the Inhabitants—Rebel Thefts—Severities of the Taipings—Sufferers telling their sorrows—Arrival at Shanghai.

THE view given of the rebel chief in the preceding chapter, supposes him to be a self-deluded fanatic, a prey to fancies, on which his mind has fed to its own injury. This estimate of the man differs from that of many intelligent natives, who have watched his course with a terrified interest, as being themselves sufferers by the destructive war which he has for so many years carried on with alternate failure and success.

Some of these observers represent him as a man of great ability, and a most accomplished deceiver. His expression of kindly feeling towards foreigners is, they think, intended to blind them, and all his religious edicts and his use of Christian phraseology have beneath them a political purpose. Openly, they say, he holds to his early pretensions, but in reality he shows evident signs of vacillation. As an instance of retreat from a position formerly held, they refer to his words in a letter to Mr. Roberts, in which he says to that missionary, "You also are a son of God." He also calls the Eastern King a son of God, thus, in fact, yielding no small part of his claims to special veneration as a son of God. While he would not *openly allow* that any change had taken place, he inadvertently,

by these admissions, prepares the way for the supposition, that his own faith is shaken in the visions that led him astray.

They also think they see a difference in the language he has recently employed respecting the reverence due to our Lord Jesus Christ. In saying that he should be honoured as the Father, they suppose him to have taken an important step towards the acknowledgment of our Saviour's Divinity.

According to this estimate of the Taiping chief, his attachment to the Eastern King (Tung-wang), is accounted for by the renown he acquired as the captor of Nanking. Revered by the older Taipings as their most warlike commander, it would be impolite not to use in speaking of him the most respectful terms. They are thoroughly attached to the memory of 'the Tung-wang, and therefore it was not to be expected that the witness called by his direction to testify to the guilt of a traitor in their camp, would do otherwise than assert positively that it was not by private information, but by express revelation that the discovery was made.

There are also men among the Taipings themselves who are incredulous with regard to such things, as the descent of the Heavenly Father into the person of the Eastern King. Some of them I conversed with. There were several men of some literary ability in Hung-jen's residence, who are connected with the very rudimental system of government which has been established by the chiefs. Among other things, there has been an attempted imitation of the literary examinations, and a volume has been published of essays written by candidates upon the respective festivals of the Taiping calendar.

One of the writers I questioned regarding his own faith in the subject of his essay. He does not believe in the alleged descent of the Heavenly Father. He admitted that he wrote as he had done respecting it, only because the rebel chief required it.

When I further asked him what his opinion was of the visions of the chief himself, he evaded the inquiry, and left it to me to say what I thought. I told him that supposed

revelations in dreams and trances must not be taken as divine, or as teaching important truth, but as the mere play of human fancy.

He talked on other matters, telling us of a printing-office near the palace of Hung-sieu-tsiuen, where we might see a map of China, cut on broad wooden blocks, with the altered names of cities and provinces, appointed to be used under the new régime.

Before leaving Nanking we visited (my companion, the Rev. Robert Wilson, and myself) this office, where we saw the map, measuring eight feet by four; and also the tomb of the founder of the Ming dynasty.

Tuesday, April 2.—Having paid some farewell visits, we left Nanking on our way home. Reaching Shun-hwa, we found that the mother of the chief in charge was much better than before, and ascribed her recovery to the medicine which had been given her, when we passed through on the way to Nanking.

The incidents of travel that occurred on our further route homeward was such as must be looked for in a country so unfortunate as to be the seat of an eastern civil war. Complaints perpetually met us of those who had wrongfully suffered by the oppression to which they were exposed.

At one town we slept in a large upper room, in company with a considerable number of rebels occupying different portions of the same loft. It was an insignificant town, and the rebel chief in command quite refused to aid us in finding a resting-place for the night.

On the way to this town we travelled by a new route, which led through a country that we were pleased to notice was better cultivated than that we had previously gone through, but all the hamlets had been visited by bands of rebels, who had carried away with them what property they pleased.

As we walked along the banks of a canal to Tanyang, we met two parties of women, all deprived of their husbands. *They had* been taken away to fight. The women said they

were all very poor. I remarked, "Your husbands may come back rich. They will have become rebels, and will perhaps plunder others as you have been plundered." "No," said one of the women, "they will forget us, and have other houses and other wives elsewhere. They will not return." We gave them money from a small parcel of Spanish dollars, sent to us by Hung-sieu-tsiuen, and which, after reimbursing ourselves for the amount wrongfully taken from us at Sucheu, we resolved to bestow on sufferers whom we should casually meet with, such as these poor women, victims of the present rebellion. It was returning them a part of what they had lost.

These poor people must continue to suffer till great changes take place. The Taipings are strong enough to hold their own against the armies of the Tartars, but not to restore order by forcing a peace. Their compulsory impressment of the able-bodied labourers in the broad districts of country they visit, is to them a necessary measure, but to the country is most exhausting, seeing that it deprives the soil of its cultivators, and the cottage families of their prop and stay.

On reaching Tanyang our fears lest the boats should have disappeared were dissipated, by our finding them lying quietly in the canal, where they had remained for seventeen days. Some depredations had been committed, but the early arrival of protection papers from Nanking to be pasted on the boats, had been of great use in guarding them from further robbery. These we had asked for from the young chief in Nanking, and they had been sent accordingly. A custom-house officer saw something belonging to the boatmen which he thought he would like to make his own. He consequently did so. After some strong remonstrances and repeated threats, he consented before our departure to make partial restitution. A yellow-robed chief, whom we had conversed with when here before, examined the boats again after we had gone. He thought he would like a pot of jam, left there for the return journey, and he was too powerful a man to be refused permission to take it away. Some follower had imitated the example, and abstracted a tea-

pot belonging to the boatmen. With these exceptions the boats were unmolested.

In the evening, before we left Tanyang finally, a brother of the boatmen appeared. He had been retained to work for the Taipings as a groom. Though he knew for more than a fortnight of the arrival of his brothers, he had not ventured to make himself known to them. He was content to look at them from a distance, and return each day to his duties. When at length he heard that the foreigners, for whom the boats were waiting, had come back from Nanking, he watched his opportunity in a retired spot, and came to the boats soon after they commenced moving. He was too cautious to allow it to be known by any of his companions that he had relatives in the boats, for if they had suspected him of an intention to abscond, he would have been prevented. He went on with us, and reached Shanghai safely.

Many are those who remain reluctantly, as this man had been doing, among the rebels. They like not their position, but there is no opportunity for them to escape. The Taipings rule the country despotically. Unable to obtain the good-will of the people, they are obliged to obtain their service by force. In addition to the practice of forced and unpaid labour, there is the further evil of frequent foraging raids by bodies of men from the garrisons. The poor victims only can know the extent of wrong and misery inflicted on these occasions. Such a mode of carrying on a war must have a most demoralizing effect on those who engage in it, and it is an exceedingly painful reflection that, having among them our Bible and some portions of our Christianity, there should be no more check on these evils than that which is found to exist. The Taiping chiefs often make examples of the worst of their followers, decapitating them, or condemning them to wear the *cangue* for the crimes of robbery and incendiarism. But such instances of just severity do not suffice to restrain from various atrocities a vast number of unprincipled men, who follow the Taiping banner in *order to* be free from the obligations of honest labour.

What then of the chiefs? Are they guilty of the anarchy that prevails, and the immense destruction of life and property that occurs? This question must be partly answered by the result. Should they succeed in establishing an independent kingdom, and reducing their territory to a state of order, their rebellion would become a revolution. At present their prospects are gloomy. They seem little likely to attain their object. But what efforts do they make to introduce an equitable system of government? To this it must be answered, that many among them wish it, and express a strong desire for it, but they want the power and skill to enforce it, and they have all a vast amount of cruelty and lawless brigandage to answer for.

Hung-jen is a man of the class referred to. He writes books expounding his views, professedly making the Bible his rule of faith and practice, and drawing the outline of a Christian state, in which all modern civilized usages and improvements shall be encouraged and promoted to the utmost. His relative, the Taiping chief himself, reads these books, corrects them according to his own ideas in matters spiritual, but approves of all besides, including, with the telegraph, the railway, and the steamship, such institutions as trial by jury, and the various philanthropic schemes of the Western world.

Such men are grieved at the evils attendant on their system; but their standards are followed by an uncontrollable multitude, and they find it beyond their power to hinder the commission of countless hateful crimes, crimes done by their people, and in their name.

Since he cannot carry out his ideas, it would be far better for him to be occupying a humble and more peaceful position suited to his talents. He might be doing good yet in a quiet sphere, and have preserved with a consistent profession of Christianity the answer of a good conscience towards God. This was prevented by the recollection of his early life. The visions of his cousin, the formation of a sect, the religious meetings, in which the now deceased Eastern and Western Kings bore a prominent part, the consequent persecution, the

dispersion of his cousin's adherents, and his own flight—these things he could not forget. An exile from his relatives and associates, his mind was never at rest till, after an adventurous journey from Canton, through the interior provinces, he rejoined them at Nanking.

In the profession of friendship for the missionary body made by the Taiping chief, he has been influenced by his cousin's account of his residence among them at Hongkong and Shanghai; but the absence of any willingness to accept their guidance in theological points, sufficiently indicates whose will is the stronger. Hung-jen, well trained in Protestant theology, is compelled to defer to the despotic will of his relative, who *will* be regarded as inspired from heaven.

Meantime, while this man of strong and obstinate determination is busy with the defence of his absurd religious pretensions, the people through the region held by his armed hosts are suffering heavily, with feelings of the bitterest resentment against the authors of their wrongs.

On the 5th of April, we remained a few hours at the home of the boatmen near Wu-sih. They went to see their friends, to purchase rice, and to shave their heads before returning to Imperialist territory. Walking through the villages we found the people busy repairing boats, rebuilding houses, and cultivating the ground. Eighty out of a hundred of the men remained. The rest had died or been carried away. On the arrival of the rebels a year before, they had all deserted their homes for three months by common consent. Now, in the spring, they had recovered sufficient confidence to commence working their fields. Officers to collect revenue, and maintain order, are appointed by the rebel chief in the adjoining city to reside in each village. Such officers are natives.

We found the villagers engaged in preparations for a heathen festival connected with the time of the year. The idols were gone from their temples. On being asked if they thought this a great calamity, they admitted that it was of little importance. If only the people were not carried away, and their

houses and property destroyed, they could be, they said, content without the idols.

One young man told us a sad story. He had been carried with his father into the city when the rebels came in the previous spring. His father is a fortune-teller. He was promised his liberty if he would heal a rebel chief of a sickness. He did so, and also obtained his son's liberty, who is a schoolmaster. Five females of the family drowned themselves to escape falling into the hands of the Taipings. The father was now ill, suffering from ague, and the son took with him some quinine to relieve him.

Our boats now pursued their course night and day. We did not remain long at Sucheu. We caught a glimpse, however, while there, of the assembly of Taiping officers for worship on their Sabbath. They met in full costume, with yellow robes and caps, in a large hall in the residence ofthe principal chief in charge.

Lieu, the chief whom I had met here before, confirmed in conversation what other Taipings had said. From what he stated, there would seem to be no difference of opinion among them, at least among the older ones, in regard to the divine voice speaking through the Eastern King. Lieu would not allow that there could be any doubt on the matter.

Passing rapidly through the remainder of the rebel territory, we soon left their last strongholds behind, and at length came in sight of the Shanghai shipping.

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